THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^o^ D^t^ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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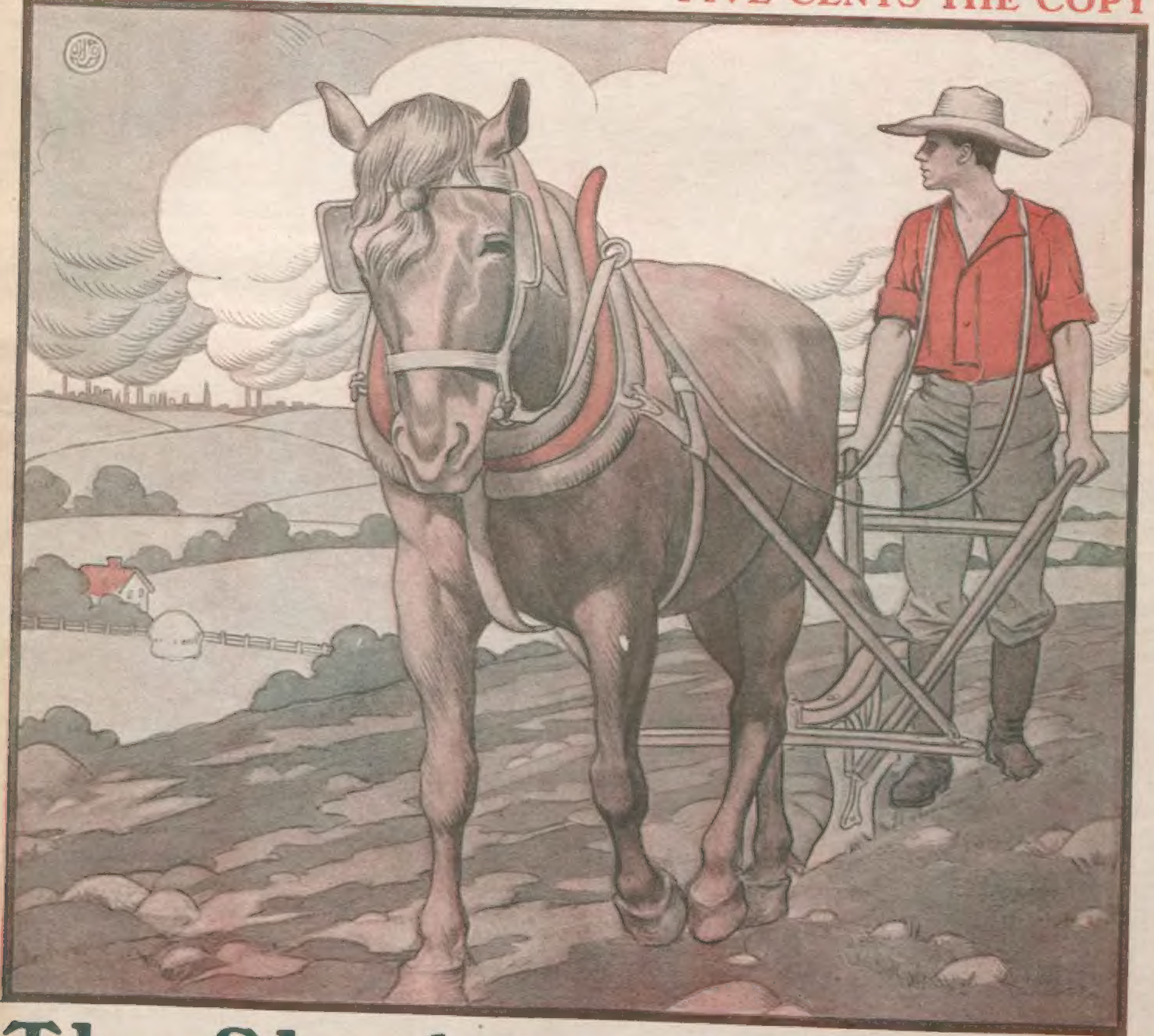

DRAWN BY J. J. GOULD

The Shadow of the City

By Former President GROVER CLEVELAND

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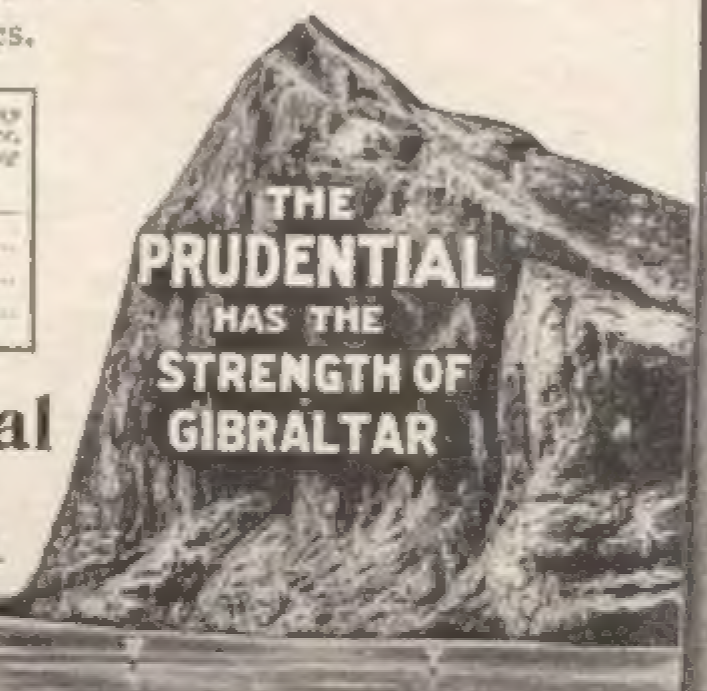

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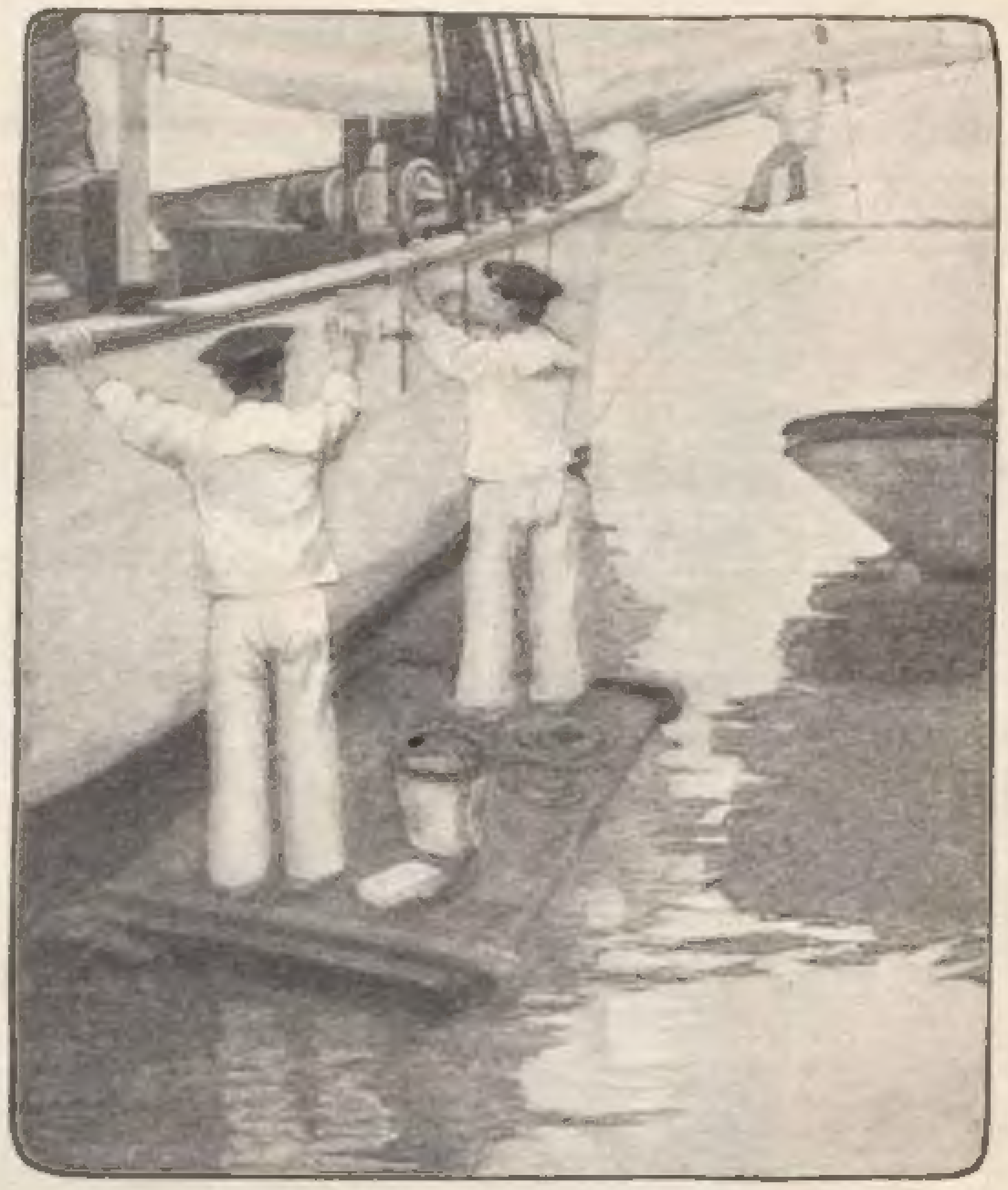

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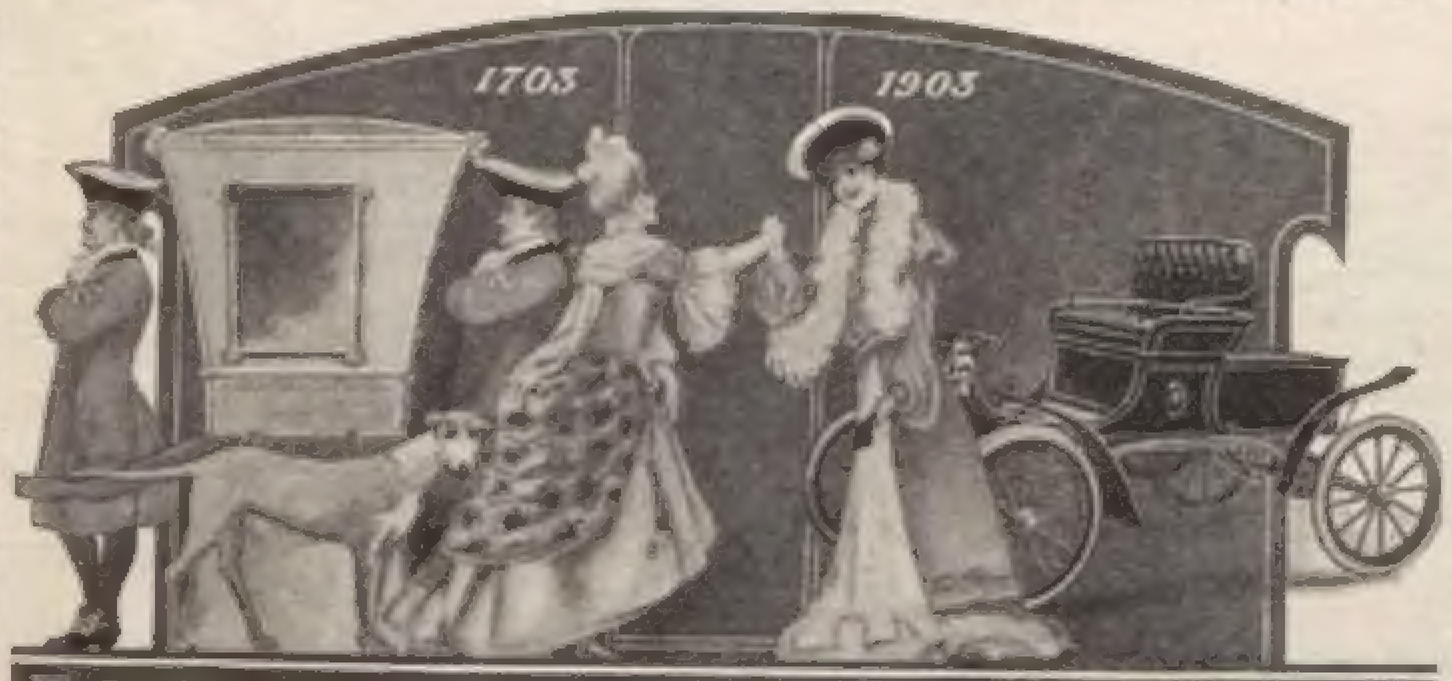

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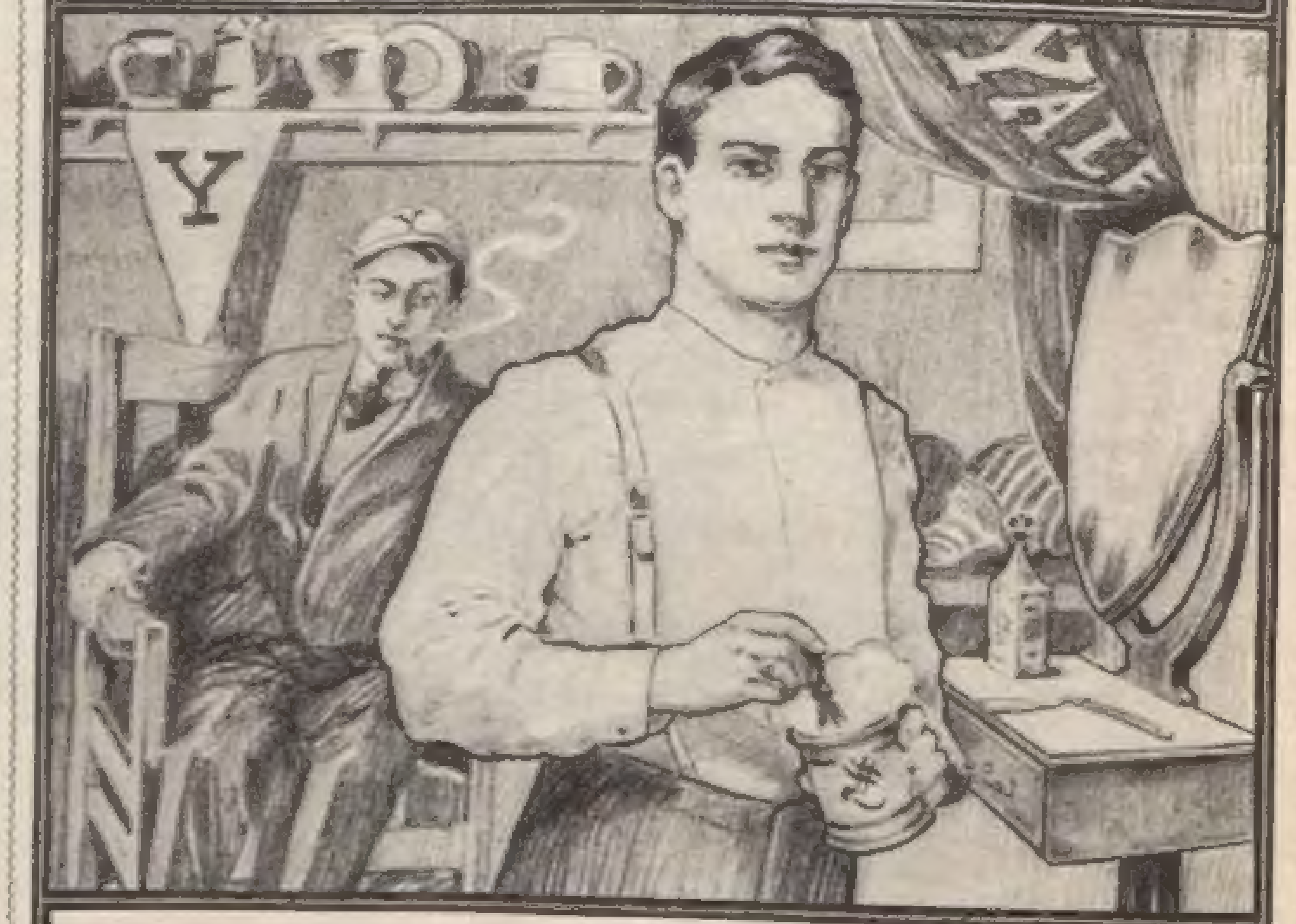

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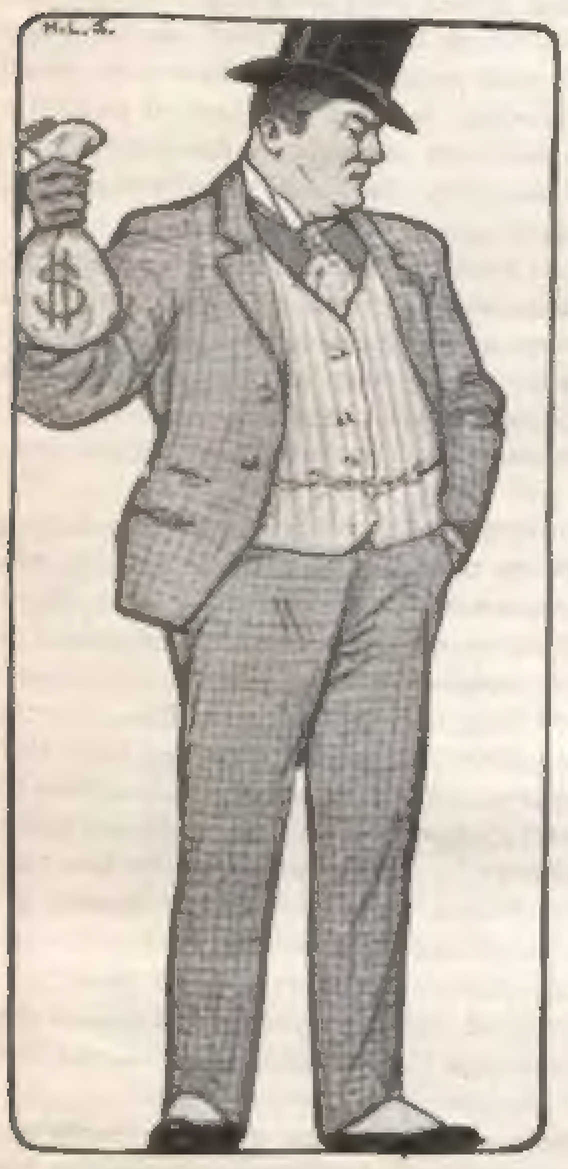
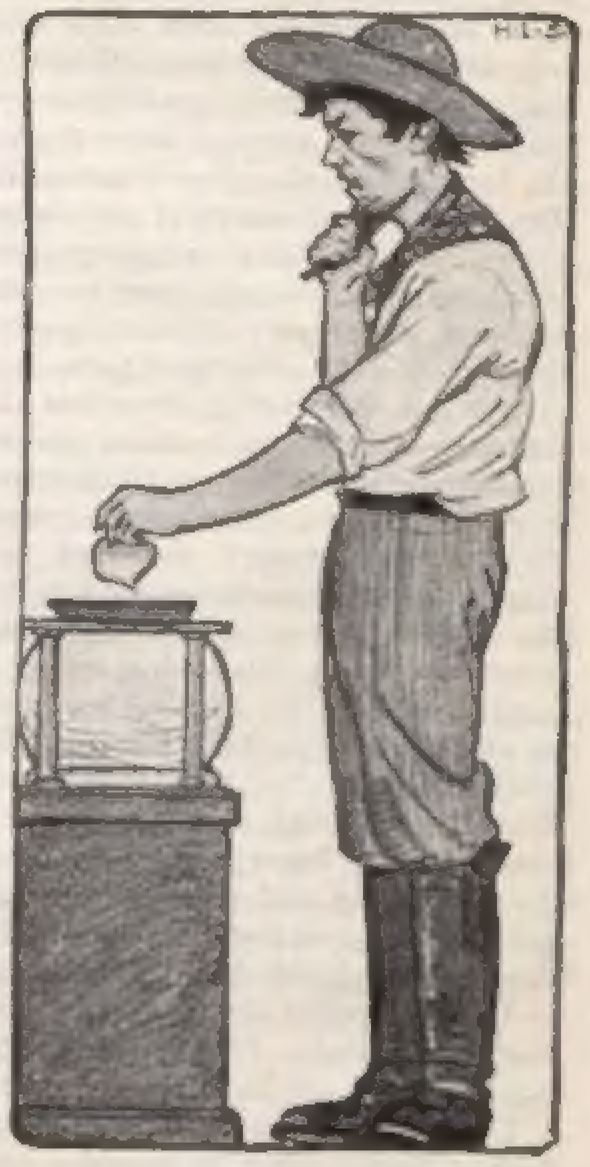
The Shadow of the City

The Decadence of Rural Political Independence

By Grover Cleveland





IT MUST be abundantly apparent to all who have studied our beginnings as a Nation that its structure and its institutions were adjusted to the needs and aspirations of a virtuous, industrious and patriotic people—whatever might be the difference in their surroundings. It is not so apparent, however, that any especial consideration was given to the relations which should exist in the future of the Nation's development between its rural population and the larger communities which its trade and commerce might create. Generally speaking, it may be said of our pioneer settlers and of the makers of our Nation that their standards of life and their sympathies were most in accord with those who lived simply and whose occupations brought them near to the soil and scattered their habitations. Doubtless it was contemplated that cities would grow up, and that centres of trade and business would be established; but it may well be doubted if the minds of the fathers of the Republic compassed the expectation that in the future there would exist so many points of divergence between the populations of city and country as have actually supervened. It was utterly impossible for those early believers in American sturdiness and simplicity to foresee a time when the growth of cities and the prevalence of their ambitions and methods might threaten to overwhelm the wholesome sentiment which they loved to associate with rural life. It seems unprofitable to pursue our conjecture concerning their thought and intentions further than to suppose that if these questions were considered at all, their solution was left to the good sense of succeeding generations.

So after several generations have come and gone, we of the present day find ourselves confronted with a very serious problem concerning our urban and city life. How should these elements of our social and political existence affect one another, and what should be the ratio of influence each should exert on the other? We know that, naturally, each has its peculiar characteristics, and we believe that the mingling of these in proper proportions will assure our Nation's greatest strength and safety. In other words, we believe that the separate influences attaching to these modes of life should so supplement each other as to create a harmonious national development.

This, however, is predicated upon the theory that the influences and conditions of our city life are such as naturally grow out of its activities, unperverted and uncontaminated by baser motives; and that the conditions and influences of our rural life are of that sterling conscientious kind which keep alive a strong sense of public and private duty, and stimulate constant patriotism.

Unhappily, instead of finding this to be the present situation, we are obliged to admit that these urban and rural elements are not precisely in readiness to confer, by their joint action upon our body politic, all the benefits we have in mind.

We are proud of the commercial and financial prominence of our great cities, which have given to our country an honorable place among the nations of the earth. We contemplate with satisfaction the large fortunes accumulated in our centres of trade, and we applaud the frequent princely gifts of our rich men to objects of charity and to projects of benevolence. At the same time, we know that in our cities fortunes are lost in a day, that there speculation leads the unwary to destruction, that there false promises of sudden wealth allure the credulous to distress, and that there vice and crime defiantly flourish. We know, too, that our Nation's political health is endangered by the corruption of suffrage in our cities, and that unfaithfulness among municipal officials has made scandalous malfeasance in public life dangerously familiar to all our people.

These things have been in our sight long enough to cause us almost to regard them as expected results, or at least as natural concomitants of our city life. We cannot overlook the fact, however, that certain untoward incidents have lately intensified their power for harm. A perfect mania has broken out in our cities for indulgence in tremendous and often unsubstantial business schemes, while far extended aggregations of business establishments creating an immense margin of baseless capitalization are quite the order of the day. Unusual extravagance and the ostentatious display of newly-acquired or fictitious wealth invite the dissatisfaction and envy of those obliged to work and economize in order to live moderately; and stubborn contests between labor and capital, generated in our cities, spread their distressing results everywhere throughout the land.

This combination of social, political and industrial dislocations has caused grave apprehension among thoughtful citizens; and their fears are aggravated as they contrast present unpromising conditions with the incidents of an earlier American life, when simplicity, genuineness and contented industry were valued and cherished as the happy possessions of an independent, frugal and practical people.

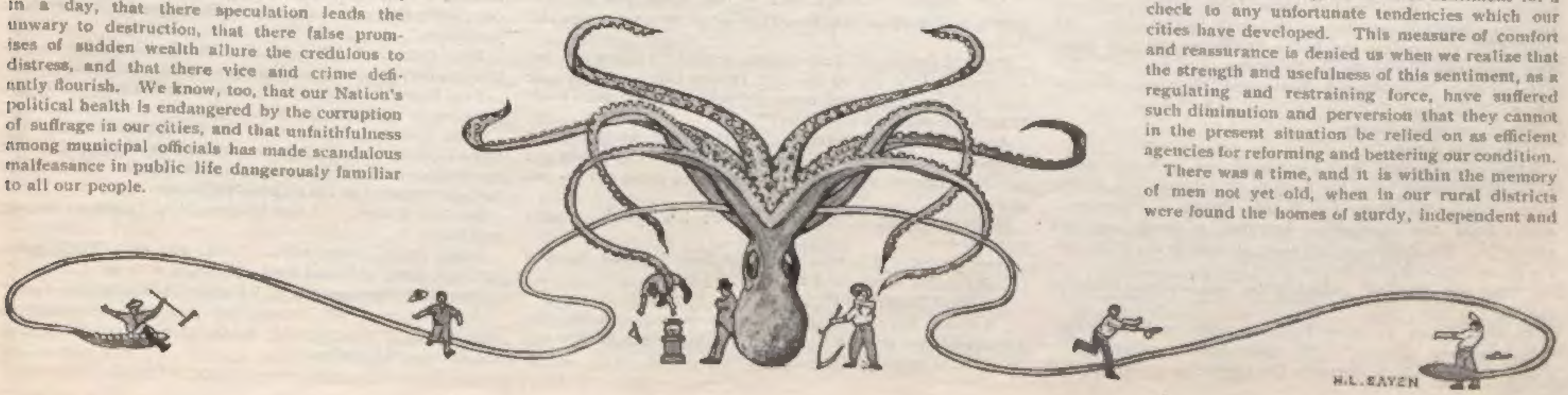
These perturbed citizens are too substantial and too numerous to be disposed of by calling them unjustified pessimists. Nor is it wise for us to attempt to shut out the unpleasant features of the situation by a foolish and boastful reliance upon our Nation's ability to face all dangers unharmed. If changed conditions are desirable, a promising beginning will be made in this direction when we are honest with ourselves, when we frankly admit the need of readjusting our social and political relationships, and when we sincerely address ourselves to the task.

There should be no shadow of complaint because our business enterprises have expanded, and rich men have multiplied in our cities; nor because new standards of wealth have been created. It would be a national disgrace if in this land of opportunity, legitimate and substantial business had not made great advances and brought new riches in its train; and though we were once accustomed to speak of millionaires as those among our citizens who had reached the summit of the American estimate of wealth, we ought to be able so to revise our ideas that, in new circumstances, we can regard a millionaire as one only started on the road to real wealth.

Nevertheless there should be a kindly toleration of the old-fashioned conscientious folk, who would be glad to see riches honestly and fairly earned. In any event there are those among us who are alert in their patriotism, and who are entitled to a hearing when they demand that however wealth may be acquired it should keep its place, as an independent factor in our national life, within such limits as will prevent its interference with the useful action of other elements of our country's welfare.

As we thus contemplate certain unfavorable features of life in our cities it would be a comfort if we could be sure that the wholesome counter-balance of uncontaminated rural characteristics and influence had been so far preserved that we could look to a safe and steady operation of genuine rural sentiment for a check to any unfortunate tendencies which our cities have developed. This measure of comfort and reassurance is denied us when we realize that the strength and usefulness of this sentiment, as a regulating and restraining force, have suffered such diminution and perversion that they cannot in the present situation be relied on as efficient agencies for reforming and bettering our condition.

There was a time, and it is within the memory of men not yet old, when in our rural districts were found the homes of sturdy, independent and



intelligent Americans, not by any means unfriendly to city ways and occupations, but still insistent upon the value and dignity of their own mode of life. These men were independent and strong in political thought and action. They were stubborn in holding to their ideas of right, well informed on public questions, ready to resent all patronizing efforts of unsolicited leadership, not ashamed of labor and frugality, and proudly content with their lot and opportunities. Their sons succeeded them on their farms or in their occupations, and perpetuated their habits of thought and their traits of good citizenship. If one of these sons left the old home for a city life he took with him the energy and industry he had gained in rural surroundings, and contributed to his new environment the love of honesty and clean methods learned in a rural household. Now it is the exception in small communities where the sons continue the farm cultivation or the occupations of the fathers. They are more apt to become possessed early with a preference for city life, which results in their becoming city men; and when the hard labor of the deserted parents is interrupted by the incapacities of age, the farm or small business either passes to strangers, or a forlorn, decrepit old man closes the gate or turns the key, and adds another to the long list of abandoned farms and forsaken occupations. The depletion of our rural population by the removal of its young men to cities and large towns has continued in a steady stream so long that the disproportion in numbers between our urban and rural population is enormous — and the current does not appear to be diminishing.

It is not, however, in numbers alone that our small communities and farming sections have retrograded. They have lost largely in their saving, distinctive characteristics. They have become in a sense infected, and certainly weakened, in their natural strength and fibre, by the touch of constantly extending city boundaries, and by the wonderful increase in the facilities for intercommunication between city and country. A city life which seems to be an easy one, with large opportunities for rapid accumulation, is presented in an alluring way to those who have been accustomed to hard work and have only been able to anticipate as its rewards a decent subsistence and the possibility of slow and meagre savings. Our knowledge of human nature suffices to suggest the disturbing and unwholesome influence upon the rural mind of the contrast thus constantly presented. With the advent of envious discontent, the hard work once willingly and even proudly done becomes irksome; and the loss and degeneration of a safe rural condition and disposition has begun.

This threatening loss and degeneration take on a more gloomy aspect when we consider how their consummation is apt to be accelerated by the operation of the immense business combinations and trusts which are so rapidly filling our areas of trade and industrial activity. In former days the smallest of our rural communities contained its independent men of business. Their transactions may have been insignificantly small when compared with city dealings, but they were large enough to make those managing them responsible citizens — individually concerned in the Nation's material prosperity, and copartners in the profits of their country's success. As an inevitable consequence of this situation, rural political thought and opinion were intelligent and discriminating. Political affiliations and valuations of governmental policies were determined from the standpoint of sober and dutiful citizenship, instead of merely indicating the whims and caprices of indifferent and irresponsible spectators on the political field.

Paving the Way for the Boss

AMONG the changes in this happy situation none is more sad and ominous than that which has followed the invasion of those small communities by the agencies and influences of the huge business aggregations which cast their shadows far and wide. The mission and purpose of this invasion is the control or strangulation of the small business enterprises and occupations, which have not only proved adequate for neighborhood needs, but have created and fostered a healthy, robust rural independence. With the success of this destructive mission, the men of business in small neighborhoods become employees and underlings, or at best are reduced to dependence upon the will of these trusts and combinations for the privilege of continuing their trades and occupations. If the evils traceable to this movement should go no further than this, the country would incur a tremendous loss in the suppression of so large a volume of the saving vigor of opinion which is born of assertive membership in the guild of business, and of so much of the sedate and deliberate political thought and action which arises from a direct, personal, and distinctly individual stake in public affairs.

These distressing consequences, though serious enough, are negative in character since they only represent a loss or subtraction of wholesome conditions and sentiment. They, however, prepare the way and open the door for another evil — active, aggressive — absolutely ruthless of the public good, and hardened against every patriotic impulse. In the constantly nearer approach of city influence to rural communities, and the closer relationship between them, in the tendency toward rural discontent born of increased familiarity with the apparent wealth and ease of city life, and more than all, in the listless indifference to political conviction prevailing among those in small communities who have by ruthless monopoly been crushed out of business life and banished from an independent and proprietary participation in their country's material development, the political boss and the unscrupulous manipulator of politics for ignoble and unpatriotic ends find their opportunity. Their agencies, usually radiating from the larger centres of population, meet no longer the opposition of rural independence in political opinion, intelligently conceived and patriotically held. They easily enlist in their service those who gained the confidence of their neighbors when their political advice was based on patriotic reasons; and these are kept in line with the interests of their employers, by the promise of partisan benefits.

It would be bald effrontery even to suggest that political action either in our cities or in rural communities has become utterly unpatriotic or corrupt; but it would be foolhardy to deny that the purity and integrity of our suffrage is threatened.

With the sordidness and greed that infest our cities, and their exhibition of indifference to the obligations of good citizenship on one hand, and with the decadence of rural political independence, tending toward the loss of patriotic effort on the other, who will say there is no danger that the body politic will languish from the lack of disinterested devotion and watchful care.

It is well for us again to recall the undeniable fact already mentioned, that our Nation was created to meet the needs and aspirations of a virtuous, industrious and patriotic people; and let us constantly remember that not one among the millions who rejoice in American citizenship can be dutiful to his country if he turn away from any danger that menaces its safety or prosperity.

Whatever else may be done by the body of our people as a matter of public concern to meet the suggested hazard, the preservation of the saving strength and efficiency of a patriotic rural political sentiment must be mainly intrusted to those having it in their especial keeping.

Our fellow-citizens dwelling in small communities, for the sake of their own manhood and honor, should see to it that the independence of their political thought and action is safeguarded against stealthy approach as well as open attack. Moreover, they should always be impressed with the fact that their honest and patriotic fellow-countrymen everywhere are looking to them as the custodians of a sacred trust, and calling upon them to shun alluring temptations, to resist the whisperings of discontent, and cherish unimpaired their faith in the outcome of our Nation's beneficence — to the end that they may be constantly prepared to join in political effort those who, whatever their surroundings may be, sincerely wish their country well, and are willing to labor for her glory and greatness.

COMMON HONESTY

By Robert Herrick

THE private office of Axel Potter on the third floor of the Stearns Building. Through the open door at the back are seen the general offices of Stearns, M'Cord & Potter, wholesale dealers in hardware, plumbers' supplies, etc., etc. Clerks are coming and going in the outer offices, and in a gallery to the right typewriters are working noisily. The private office is barely furnished. At an enormous roller-top desk near a window, Axel Potter is telephoning. He is a solidly built, healthy man of fifty; he speaks in a low, assured voice. At a small table by his side is seated a woman stenographer. She is young, tall and pale, and has an air of refinement.)

Axel Potter (telephoning). "Yes! Got that? Will meet you at the Metropolitan Club at one — no, my son is to get here this morning — say one-twenty. Very well — good-by." (Turning to stenographer.) "To continue, Miss Peters: 'All such matters of finish I shall have to leave in your hands. What I want, as you know, is the best — positively the best — nothing ostentatious or lavish, but all solid. We shall hope to get into the house by the last week of June. The stable must be ready for the horses even earlier.' You have all that, Miss Peters? Very good. You may sign the letter. That is all."

(He turns to his desk.)

"Oh, Miss Peters."

(The stenographer, who has closed her book and risen, pauses and barely turns her head in the attitude of a flitting bird. While she waits for further orders a young man enters from the outer office carrying a small bag and umbrella. Mr. Potter catches sight of him in the little mirror above his desk and rises to greet him.)

"That you, Barnard! Glad to see you — you're ahead of time?"

Barnard Potter (shaking hands heartily and laughing). "Only twenty minutes! We made that up after I telegraphed you — which accounts for my undue promptness." (Glances at stenographer interrogatively.) "Helen!" (His tone expresses incredulity and delight. The stenographer nods coldly in answer to his greeting, and the young man halts and drops his outstretched hand. Mr. Potter watches them indifferently, his hand drumming on the desk.)

Axel Potter. "Miss Peters, will you be good enough to ask your father to step up here at his convenience?"

(Miss Peters inclines her head almost imperceptibly, and sweeps out of the office.)

"I telephoned your mother the train was late, but she'll expect you for luncheon. I've some men to meet at the club — sorry ——"

Barnard Potter. "Well, mother and the girls will want to talk over things — What's Helen Peters doing here?"

Axel Potter. "Didn't your mother write you that old Peters went broke a year and a half — no, two years ago last August?"

Barnard Potter. "Rachel wrote something about it. But I supposed he'd got on his feet by this time. People over here fail so often and come up serenely the next year! What's the matter with Peters?"

Axel Potter (indifferently). "He bust completely. I guess the pieces weren't big enough to glue. His family got terribly strapped, and about a year ago he came in here one day ——"

Barnard Potter. "Whew! Didn't his friends — didn't any one ——"

Axel Potter. "It was just after New Year's. He was looking rather seedy, and asked for a job."

(Barnard Potter whistles.)

"I didn't have anything, really — a stumbling horse, you know — but we made a kind of place, and three months ago he asked to have his daughter —— "

Barnard Potter (seeing some one crossing the outer office). "Sh! Sh!"

(A gray-haired man, who might be battered forty-five or well-preserved sixty, enters hesitatingly. His blue eyes, buried far beneath shaggy brows, have a humorous, tender expression. A heavy beard streaked with gray grows far up his high cheek-bones. He draws himself up nervously on crossing the threshold. Seeing the young man, he starts forward hastily with beaming face.)

Isaac Peters. "Is that you, Barnard? I heard you were due some time to-day and was on the lookout. But you must have come in while I was up in the loft lookin' after some boys. I'm mighty glad to see you! You're lookin' real well — travelin' agrees with you? Didn't see much over there that could beat this town? Home for work, I suppose. Hope we're going to see you in the office ——"

Axel Potter (interrupting gently). "Mr. Peters, will you be good enough to see that those new harness-cases we were talking of are sent out to Maplewood? And some time to-day please send one of the boys to Slattery's for Mrs. Potter's jardinière."

Isaac Peters. "All right, sir. Mr. Doolittle was in yesterday afternoon, very anxious to see you. If he calls ——"

Axel Potter. "Tell him I am out. Send General Prince up when he comes in."

Isaac Peters. "Very well, sir." (Prepares to go, but turns to Barnard.) "Come out and see us some time. Isn't much of a place and its pretty far west, but Mrs. Peters'd be just glad to see you again, and Nellie, too."

Barnard Potter. "I saw Helen — Miss Peters — a minute ago."

Isaac Peters (nervously). "Oh! you did. Well, when you can, come and have hash and beans with us!"

Barnard Potter (warmly). "I will! The first chance I get."

Axel Potter. "Mr. Peters, will you be good enough to take charge of this parcel? Some one will call for it from the Richmond Company."

(Mr. Peters takes the bulky bundle and, without glancing around, leaves the room hastily. Barnard walks to and fro.)

Barnard Potter. "Well, I can't get over it! So the old sign, Peters & Frisbie, is gone for good. And nice old Mrs. Peters, who was so fond of good things to eat—where are they living?"

Axel Potter (brusquely). "Out west somewhere—Maywood, I think."

Barnard Potter. "Was this the best he could do? Couldn't you——?"

Axel Potter (impatiently). "And mighty glad he was, too, to get any job, I guess. A live American business has no place for foundered horses."

Barnard Potter. "Don't call Peters *that!*"

Axel Potter (swinging about in his chair). "I've only fifteen minutes now, and there are a lot of things—but we can go over them later. Did you see much of Prince's folks in London? They're cutting a pretty big swath, eh?"

Barnard Potter (laughing). "You can hear them climb. It must cost, though!"

Axel Potter (smiling knowingly). "Cost! I could tell you a thing or two about that. I hope, Barnard, you haven't got that fad. A good, solid success, I say, enjoyed in the community where you've lived and grown up and are known for what you're worth. That is the American idea, the patriotic way. Now, we built a good house on Eucalyptus Avenue ten years ago or more and have started this place at Maplewood that we wrote you about."

Barnard Potter. "Yes, I must see that! It will be jolly. Who's got the Peters' old place—for I suppose they had to sell it?"

Axel Potter. "I bought the place for a garden—it was all run down, and the house weren't no good. Young Adams, the landscape artist, has made a pretty thing out of the grounds. You must see it—we'll run down to-morrow."

Barnard Potter (looking out of the window absent-mindedly). "How this store has grown! You've added five stories."

Axel Potter (briskly). "And bought out the Stearns girls' interests. Had to—they couldn't meet their share of the enlargement. We'll take that sign down some day and put up a new one, *Potter & Potter*—how would that go? We're doing the biggest business in the Northwest, and we'll be doing a bigger business yet. When you've got your coat off—but there, we won't unpack all at once! See your mother and the girls first."

(A handsome, erect, distinguished-looking man enters.)

"Ah! General—glad to see you—sit down. This is my son, Barnard. You remember Barnard before he went East to school? He can tell you some news of your family, I guess. He's just in from Europe."

General Prince (shaking hands with the young man and eying him benignantly). "Glad to see you back. You have been traveling since your graduation? It is a great thing for a young man."

(He speaks slowly and finishes his sentences as if he were accustomed to think on his feet and speak at public dinners.) "Foreign travel enlarges the mind, develops the taste, broadens the vision. My people travel a good deal—in fact they have taken a place in Surrey this summer. I mean to go over as soon as I can, but we of the older generation have to provide the sinews of war—eh, Potter? We did not have the freedom that you young men have! How I have always regretted that circumstances did not permit my taking a college education in one of our older universities! The associations there formed——"

Axel Potter (he has been fidgeting on his wheel-chair, and finally interrupts). "Oh! well, we had to get out and hustle, and a good thing it was that we did, I say. The war was better training than any school!"

General Prince (with courtly deference). "Possibly. Possibly!"

(A tall, thin young man with a rather dissipated face enters the office carrying a sheaf of papers in his hand, and addresses Axel Potter abruptly.)

Alec M'Cord. "Grindle'll like to have you look these over, Mr. Potter." (Drops papers on desk and turns to Barnard Potter.) "Hello, Pot! When did you strike town? How's Lottie and Lou? Going to dust a desk a while, or play polo out at Maplewood?"

(The two young men talk.)

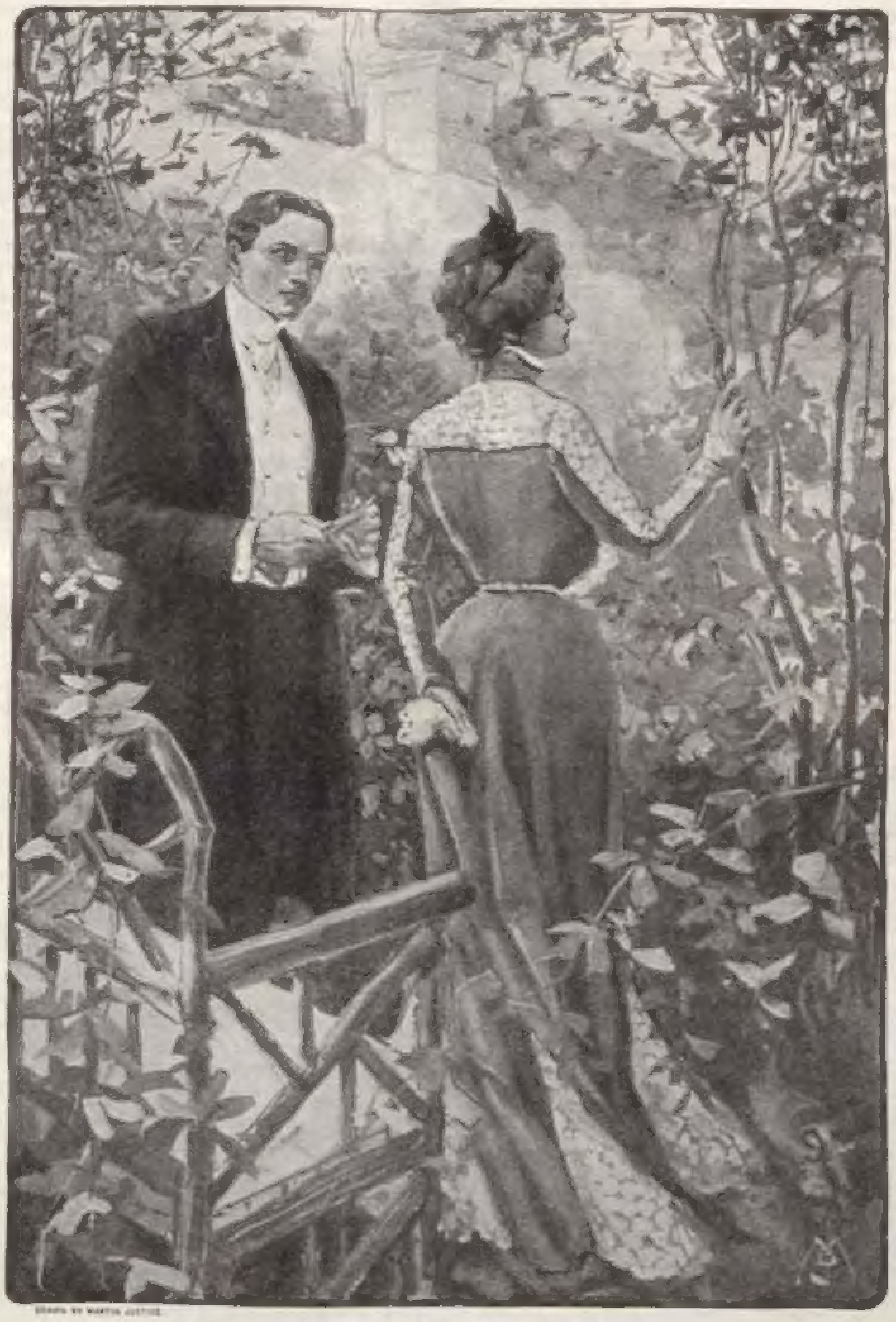
General Prince. "If I could see you, Mr. Potter, for a moment in private, I should like to continue that discussion——"

Axel Potter. "Certainly, certainly, General; I'll be free in just a moment. Let me dispose of this first."

(Glances over papers, checking some with a blue pencil. Meantime General Prince walks meditatively back and forth. Peters enters timidly, and then with his air of determined bravery greets the General.)

Isaac Peters. "Morning, General Prince! How's your health? I haven't seen you for quite a while."

General Prince. "Why, Peters! I'm glad to see you! My sister was asking after your wife only this morning."



"THERE IS SOMETHING YOU WON'T LET ME KNOW——"

(Axel Potter, who is watching them, presses an electric button. Miss Peters appears.)

Axel Potter. "Miss Peters, please verify this and bring me schedule B 2."

(Miss Peters takes the paper and with eyes on the floor walks out.)

"Now, General, I'm yours. Let's step into my inner den."

General Prince. "Excuse me a moment, sir." (Turns to Peters and talks apart with him. Axel Potter, left alone, walks impatiently to the two young men.) "Well, we'll see about that—you mustn't stand on ceremony, you know. We're too old friends. Shall I say to-morrow at seven, then? The carriage will go for Mrs. Peters."

Isaac Peters. "You're very kind, I'm sure. I don't know whether Helen——"

(Breaks off and speaks to Axel Potter, who has returned to them.)

"Mr. Doolittle has been here again, and is sitting downstairs. He won't go till he sees you, I'm afraid."

Axel Potter (winking at General Prince). "He's dying to get in on the ground floor. Let him cool his heels! I'll be down presently. Now, General!"

(Leads General Prince to a small private office at left.)

Isaac Peters (who is half out of the room). "Be careful, boys. No foolin' with the buzz-saw of business." (Laughs merrily.)

Alec M'Cord. "Come in here, governor—what's your rush? You've been hustling around since eight o'clock this morning."

Isaac Peters. "Seven-thirty, sir. Every morning, winter and summer, seven-thirty to a dot, sir. Good pattern for you."

Alec M'Cord. "Not much! What should I get out of it? A few more sour looks from Grindle and a lot more dirty papers to muss over."

Isaac Peters. "See here, Alec, don't make a fool of yourself, boy! Take a leaf out of my book, and be glad you've got such a place. Your uncle wasn't earning your wages at your age, and see where he ended."

Alec M'Cord. "In his grave at Rose Dale, with a ton of marble over him, and his widow's as good as sold out—beg pardon, Pot! These be family affairs."

Isaac Peters (leaving). "Don't be a fool, or you'll get hit in the head."

Alec M'Cord. "He's the finest old boy—would cut off his hand to help you out, and as cheerful as the day is long, running errands and doing every feller's business. Jove! If I were he I'd eat nails before—well, I must be off! So long, Pot."

(Goes out whistling and kicking some loose sheets over the floor. Barnard walks up and down, looking indifferently at the mass of papers on his father's desk, at the photograph of a large factory above the mantelpiece, and at the noisy street scene out of the window. Miss Peters comes in from the outer office, and lowering her eyes in order not to meet those of Barnard Potter, walks to the desk and lays down some papers. She turns to go.)

Barnard Potter. "Helen!"

Miss Peters (wheeling half around). "What is it, Mr. Potter?"

Barnard Potter. "'Mr. Potter'! How long?"

Miss Peters. "Two years, three months and six days, less seven hours. What is it?"

Barnard Potter (laughing). "Do you keep such close tab on dates?"

Miss Peters. "On that date."

Barnard Potter. "Why *that* date?"

Miss Peters. "Why! Can't you see? You don't remember, perhaps. That was the day when——"

(She breaks off and starts to leave.)

Barnard Potter. "Helen! Miss Peters! You needn't explain. I was stupid. I wish you knew how dreadfully sorry—it came as a shock this morning when my father told me—when I saw Mr. Peters here."

Miss Peters. "When your father told you this morning! Do you mean that you never *knew* before?"

Barnard Potter. "Why, in a general way, but lots of people fail. The Board of Trade men fail every year—for fun, I suppose."

Miss Peters. "My father doesn't fail that way! He refused to take advantage of the bankruptcy laws because he thought them unfair—and everything went."

(She fingers her pencil nervously.)

Barnard Potter (with curiosity). "Were there no men to come forward, to help your father, among all the men he knew—to help a man who has done so much for every one, who was always ready——"

Miss Peters. "Many of them were involved—it was a time of panic. And they said father had been foolish and reckless—at least one man spread that report!"

Barnard Potter. "Who? Well, no matter. But, but—Mr. Peters is doing well now, isn't he—why——"

Miss Peters (dryly). "An old man, who has once failed, isn't worth much—in America, at least."

Barnard Potter. "But your father isn't old—at least not compared with my father!"

Miss Peters. "The successful are never old."

Barnard Potter. "It's a shame—well, let's not talk about it yet."

Miss Peters. "No! Let's not talk about it at any time! It's no more than happens to hundreds and hundreds of girls, and it troubles you merely because you have known me outside, in pleasanter surroundings—ordering men, not being ordered by them. At first I felt that way and cried over myself nights, but then I saw it was just silly. There was no more reason why I should have been spoiled with good things than Jessie or Milly, or any other stenographer in the office. And if your father had selected Jessie or Milly from the force" (bitterly) "instead of *me*, you would never have seen me, and when you heard about it you would have said 'hard luck,' and turned to the next business."

Barnard Potter (admiringly). "Not that! Helen, you are plucky."

Miss Peters. "There's nothing plucky in earning your living. If my father can be cheerful and sweet and courageous at his age, with the humiliation he has had, I guess, Mr. Potter, I need ——"

Barnard Potter. "Why Mr. Potter, *Miss Peters?*"

Miss Peters. "Our relations in the office—don't you see?"

Barnard Potter. "I don't see anything of the kind. And I want to know when Mrs. Peters and you will receive me."

Miss Peters (laughing). "We receive every evening from eight to ten, and all day Sundays." (More seriously.) "But I don't think ——"

Barnard Potter. "What?"

(Door opens from the private office, and Axel Potter emerges, smiling blandly, as if something satisfactory had taken place. General Prince's face is more serious, and rather careworn. Axel Potter stops smiling on seeing the two young people.)

Axel Potter. "Ah! You brought the schedule, Miss Peters? Very good. That is all."

General Prince (detaining her). "Miss Helen, isn't it? You have your mother's head." (Keeping her hand in his affectionately.) "I saw your father this morning, and he promised to bring you and your mother to dine with me and my sister."

Miss Peters (in clear tones). "Thank you, General Prince—you are very good. But my mother is a good deal of an invalid—we don't go out."

General Prince. "But this is different! We'll see." (Releases her hand. She goes out.) "Pity about Peters!" (Musingly.) "How about his failure, Potter? I was away at the time. It was very honorable, wasn't it?"

Axel Potter. "Oh! honorable enough! So honorable there weren't any pieces left. After you, General. See you at dinner, Barnard."

(They go out. Barnard alone, gazing out of the window.)

Barnard Potter. "What a mockery the governor makes it—an 'honorable failure!' Poor Nell—how it must sting, after all these years of triumph! Well, well!" (Walks back and forth, looking into the outer office.) "This shop seems to make money!"

SCENE II — Maplewood Terrace

A BROAD, brick-paved terrace runs the entire length of the west side of an American-Tudor house. Glass doors open into the hall, and to the left other doors into dining-room. From the centre of the terrace stone steps descend to the lawn, which is checkered with cool shadows cast by lofty maple trees. Beyond the lawn, in a sunken garden, brilliant-colored flowers are in bloom. Beneath the terrace to the right a group of evergreens and oleanders shade a rustic bench. The sun is shining after a gentle shower that has cooled the air.

Upon the terrace, which is obviously fresh from the mason's hands, are negligently scattered rugs, palms, wicker chairs and tables, etc. The family is grouped in an anticipatory attitude. Mrs. Axel Potter, a thin, nervous, wiry woman with a finely-lined face, is dressed in black lace. Miss Potter, a handsome, rather plump young woman, who moves and speaks slowly and heavily, wears lavender. Miss Rachel Potter, dark and thin like her mother, with an ironical, half-suppressed laugh, is all in white. Barnard Potter comes from the hall and pauses in the open door. His mother examines him complacently through a little gold lorgnette.)

Barnard Potter. "How exquisitely that shower touched the leaves and grass! The air seems saturated with rose-water."

Axel Potter (dropping his newspaper and glancing up with an expression of content on his busy face). "Yes, yes! The rain was just right, just what we needed to freshen things up. Now if it will only hold off until the fête is over! And I guess it will." (Looks at glass hanging against the wall.) "The glass is rising. It must be time the special was in. Has the music come, Alice?"

Mrs. Potter. "Not yet. Are you sure it was ordered for three?"

Axel Potter. "Peters is looking after it, and also the special train. He's very careful about details. There won't be any hitch, you may depend upon it."

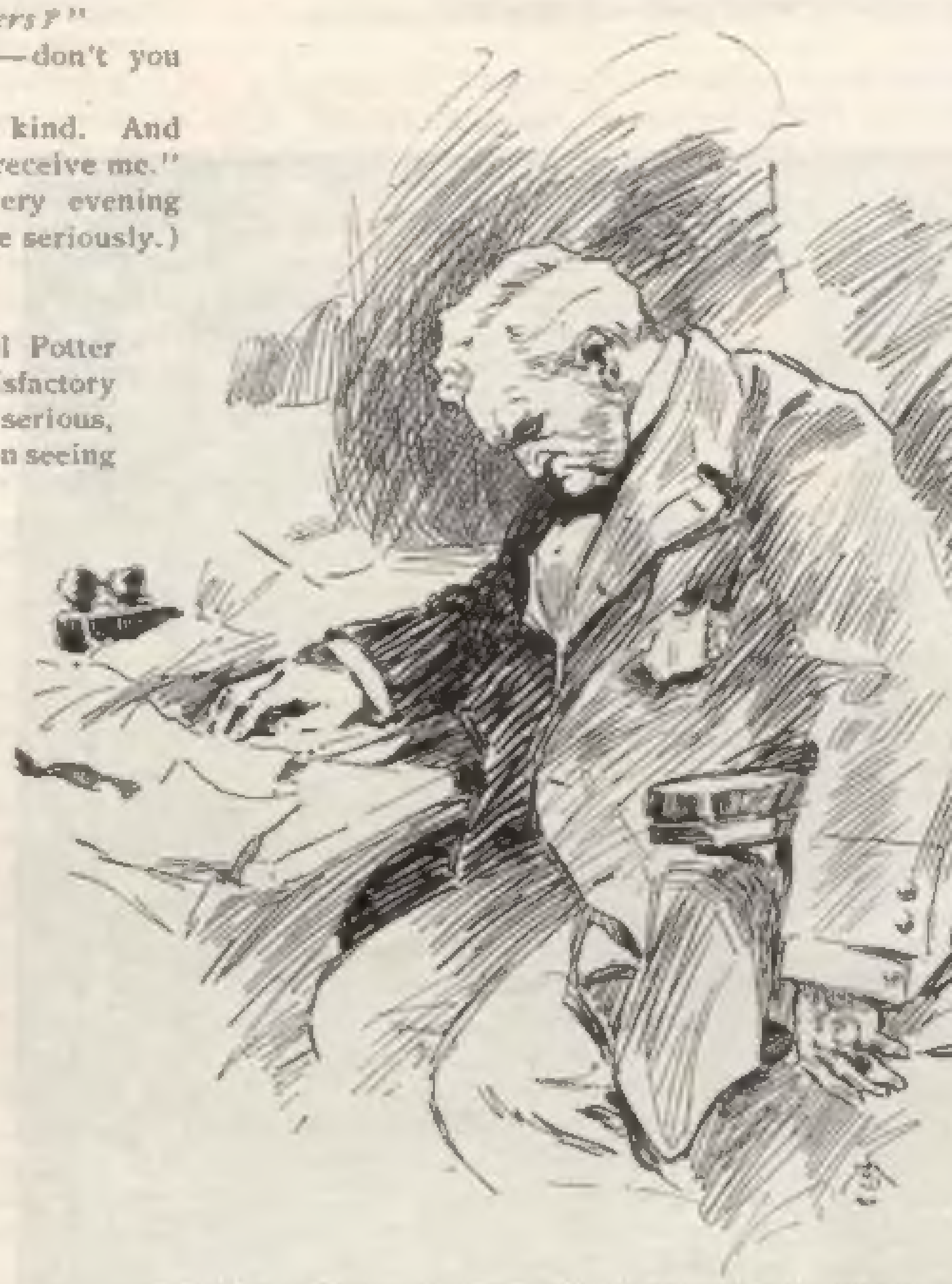
Barnard Potter. "Poor old Peters!" (Comes out of door and takes his eyes from the dewy lawn.) "Can't you use some one else for a lackey? It would seem that Mr. Peters was kept to run errands. Where are the porters?"

Axel Potter (speaks soothingly). "My own man is away on his vacation just now, and Peters very kindly consented to take this over. He is very helpful in that way—works in—good head for detail."

Rachel Potter (examining some loose sheets on which is written a list of the guests.) "'Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Peters and Miss Peters'—will he hand 'em out from the barges, papa, and come 'round later?"

Miss Potter (who speaks with an effort). "Oh! they won't come. It wouldn't be pleasant——"

Barnard Potter (quickly). "For whom?"



"IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF A FEW THOUSANDS"

Miss Potter. "They don't go out any more ——"

Mrs. Potter. "I put them on the list to please you, Barnard, but I can't see why they'd come. 'Twouldn't do any good—unless they wanted to see the old place with the improvements. When people are poor they'd better be poor, and no half-ways about it."

(She speaks with a twang and closes her sentences with a sententious snap.)

Rachel Potter. "It might be hard for them to meet so many of their old friends, you know. I fancy they would know more people this afternoon than we shall. The Peters' are such an old family!"

Miss Potter. "I don't suppose old Peters or Helen could get away, anyway."

Barnard Potter. "Helen is coming!"

Mrs. Potter; Miss Potter. "How do you know?"

Barnard Potter. "She consented to come at my special request. She will drive out with General Prince and his sister. And I shouldn't be surprised if Mrs. Peters came too."

Mrs. Potter (shortly). "Shouldn't think she'd want to!"

Barnard Potter (slowly). "I told her it would be a distinct kindness to *us*."

Miss Potter. "Ba'nard!"

Rachel Potter (smiling and showing her teeth like a crafty puppy). "I shouldn't wonder if that's the party now coming up the drive! It looks like General Prince's automobile. Let us arrange ourselves."

(Axel Potter picks up the paper. Mrs. Potter drops lorgnette and languishes. Miss Potter sits bolt upright, while Barnard and his younger sister stroll down the terrace. A man in livery comes to the door.)

Man. "General Prince, Miss Prince; Mrs. Peterson and daughter."

Miss Peters' voice from behind (tranquilly). "*Peters*, not Peterson."

Man, again. "Mrs. Peterson and Miss Peters."

(A low laugh within can be heard. Meantime, General Prince and Miss Prince are shaking hands all around cordially. Mrs. and Miss Peters remain at the doorstep waiting for their welcome.)

General Prince (who seems to have a great deal of talk). "So, we outran your other guests? Well, we nearly landed in a ditch just outside the city. The ladies thought ——"

(His voice runs on as a background for the other action.)

Mrs. Potter (stiffly, with a simper at the end of each phrase). "Glad to see you, Mrs. Peters. Pray be seated. It was very good of you to come so far. How do you do, Miss Peters?"

Rachel Potter (coming forward quickly, while her sister is preparing to change her position). "Helen! I am so glad to see you—Barnard, fetch some chairs over here."

Barnard Potter (in low tones to Miss Peters). "This *was* good of you—and your mother too!"

Miss Peters. "Isn't she fine and brave? This is the first time since the old house was closed."

Mrs. Potter (to Mrs. Peters). "Place has changed somewhat since you were here—yes, the house wasn't much good, and we moved it off for the gardener's family. That sunk place there—the Italian garden—was made out of the cellar. You must look around and see what we have done——"

(Starts to move away as other guests are announced.)

Mrs. Peters (a large, placid woman of fifty with a smooth complexion of old ivory and iron-gray hair). "Yes—it was a very simple place. In those days we had just a little lawn and a kitchen garden."

Mrs. Axel Potter (five or six feet away, looking through the glass door). "Ah-ha! Yes, people live differently nowadays." (To the newcomers.) "Mrs. Preston—Mrs. Shinglefoot—so glad—come early——"

Mrs. Preston. "Why, Helen! This is a joy!"

(Turns to Mrs. Peters, who has stepped aside, and takes Mrs. Peters' hand in both of hers. Other guests arrive, and in turn drift to Mrs. Peters until the north end of the terrace is crowded with a little circle about Mrs. Peters. General Prince and Axel Potter talk at the south end.)

Mrs. Axel Potter. "Come, Bessie, the train must be in, and we'd better go inside to receive. There won't be room here."

(Miss Potter and Mrs. Potter, with a last glance at Mrs. Peters, disappear into the hall.)

Barnard Potter (to Miss Peters). "It will be jammed here in a few minutes, and other people will carry you off as they have your mother. Won't you walk down into the garden with me?"

Miss Peters (looks about the terrace and sees that both her mother and General Prince are conversing with animation, and then glances over the inviting lawn.) "Very well—as you wish—I should like to see the transformation of our old cellar!"

(They go down the stone steps.)

Alec M'Cord (to Rachel Potter, with whom, as with most of the world, he appears to be on intimate, if casual, terms). "What a frivol it's going to be! There stalks off the honorable Pot with the pretty typewrite girl! Wouldn't *that* make a snarl in Maplewood Terrace if——"

Rachel Potter (severely). "If what? Helen Peters is quite the nicest girl you will ever meet. Don't call her 'that typewrite girl' again, please."

Alec M'Cord (dawdling). "Come, that's good! I'd like to see mamma O. K. that. The girl's all right—as high-toned as they make 'em. And old Peters—he's the best *I've* ever been up against."

Rachel Potter (relenting). "How are you getting on in business? I haven't heard so much about you of late——"

Alec M'Cord. "No news, good news—thanks. But I'm not getting 'on' at all. Some days, if 'tweren't for the old Peters, I guess I'd chuck the whole concern before it chucks me. He's the only one who has a good word to say to a dog!"

Rachel Potter (teasingly). "Poor abused boy! Stay home evenings and give up poker. Don't lose heart in the cold, cold world——"

Alec M'Cord. "Be nice, won't you, for just fifteen minutes? It's no fun, I tell you, to be every one's errand boy like me and Peters. Come, let's go down into the garden, Miss Rachel—it looks so nice and empty."

(They stroll over the lawn. Meanwhile the guests on the terrace have drifted through the door into the dining-room. Later, Axel Potter steps from the dining-room with an old, bald-headed gentleman, to whom he points out various features of the place. Barnard Potter and Miss Peters come up the path from the garden, and seat themselves on the rustic bench within the group of evergreens and oleanders directly beneath the extreme right of the terrace. They seem to have had an agreeable talk; a smile is dying away on the girl's face. She looks at her watch.)

Miss Peters. "How late it is getting! I must find mamma; General Prince will be anxious to start back."

Barnard Potter. "Don't believe it! The General is happily engrossed with a glass of punch and a pretty woman. And you've just come, really!"

(They are silent, while from above on the terrace the old gentleman's deliberate tones sound faintly.)

Old Gentleman. "I can remember, sir, when the Stuart Place was the only country house on the Marshfield Road ——"

Miss Peters (musingly). "Yes, you've made a good deal of the old place." (More impulsively.) "But it was a dear old place! When I came home from school and Ned was about, mamma kept the house filled—it must have been a nuisance!"

Barnard Potter. "Nothing ever seemed to be a nuisance to Mrs. Peters. I remember, too, those holidays!" (His voice is more subdued.) "It was largely for *that*, Helen, that I begged you to come to-day! We—I knew my happiest hours here, years ago, and I had a fancy—I wanted to——" (He stammers and the girl half rises.) "Don't go, Helen—yes—you *must* hear me out here in the old place where we knew each other first. I wanted to——"

Miss Peters (paler, but very distinctly). "To what?"

(Above, the old gentleman continues his reminiscences, but Axel Potter has turned his face toward the lawn with a new, alert air).

Barnard Potter (with a detaining hand on the girl's arm). "To tell you, Helen, what you have wit enough to see—that I love you with all the love of my life!"

Miss Peters (in the same low, distinct voice). "Is this the place and time, Mr. Potter——"

Barnard Potter (vehemently.) "The best! And, Helen, you will give me my answer as I——"

Miss Peters (coldly). "'The best'!—because in a way you would offer—oh! that is horrid. I can't say it. I appreciate your delicacy!"

(Axel Potter starts forward, but restrains himself before the two under the oleanders notice him. The old gentleman, who seems slightly deaf, continues his monologue.)

Barnard Potter (hotly). "Are you the kind of woman to sneer at a man? No! I won't believe it. You will never hurt—more than you have to."

(Axel Potter leans forward, his lips half-open, as if to call some one.)

Miss Peters. "No! You are right! What I have to say, I know will hurt." (Rises from bench.) "It can never be, Barnard; it can never be!"

(Axel Potter sinks back in his chair and his lips close.)

Barnard Potter (slowly). "'Never'? That's a big word."

Miss Peters (distinctly). "Never!"

Barnard Potter (rising, and steadying his hand on the bench). "I think too much of you to believe that you refuse me merely to be persuaded. But I cannot believe, I will not believe this."

Miss Peters (more gently, looking into his face). "There are reasons, Barnard—believe me, the highest reasons, why, for your sake, for your happiness, as well as mine——"

Barnard Potter (impetuously, as if a sudden illumination had come). "Why! Is it, is it—no, you are not so foolish!" (Stammers more dispiritedly.) "Because of—your father's reverses—his failure in life?"

Miss Peters (haughtily). "I do not consider that my father has *failed* in life. Far from it! He might have failed if his success had gone on, and he had had prosperity, and ease, and friends. But from the day when he came home and told mother and me that the office was closed for good and all, he has been—a saint; and that isn't failure. No! Mr. Potter, I am prouder of him to-day than—I ever could have been; there is no one in our city prouder than I am!"

(Axel Potter still listens with one ear.)

Barnard Potter. "I am sorry—I might have known—what *is* it, then?"

Miss Peters. "No! I cannot give my reasons." (After a moment's pause, impulsively, as if completing some private chain of argument.) "And I would never be an interloper in a harmonious family!"

Barnard Potter. "Helen! My wife will never be an interloper in my family. If the family doesn't meet her affectionately they may go hang, every last one of them!"

(Axel Potter winces and moves quietly toward the wall of the terrace.)

Miss Peters (gently). "Oh! Don't say that, Barnard. I must go now." (Rising from bench with determination.) "And remember, if you love me, *don't*, don't let this come up again between us. Good-by, Barnard!"

Barnard Potter (passionately, refusing to take her hand). "You sha'n't end it this way so easily. There *is* something you won't let me know—some secret, something outside of us—that prevents you from giving me an honest answer. What is it, Helen?"

(Axel Potter turns his back upon the old gentleman; who looks at him in astonishment.)

Miss Peters (looking squarely in Barnard Potter's eyes). "There *is* something, then. But you will never know it. And I have given you an honest answer. I will never marry you! Never!"

(She walks away.)

Barnard Potter (as if struggling to comprehend a mystery). "'Never?'"

Axel Potter (above, to the old gentleman). "Yes—those oleanders grow fast, don't they? Old Peters planted 'em. I guess we'll have to thin 'em out, cut 'em down, take 'em away. Oh! d——n! Beg your pardon, sir. There's some Fish-house punch in the hall, made from a celebrated Philadelphia receipt. Shall we go in?"

(They move down the terrace and meet Miss Peters coming up the steps from the lawn. The old gentleman smiles, and stops her.)

Old Gentleman. "These cheeks need no Fish-house punch! Why, my girl, you've grown ten years younger."

Miss Peters. "Older, you mean, Mr. Warren—you must have had some punch to say such things! Where is mamma? Oh! there she is."

(The company come out from the two doors and fill the terrace, talking animatedly. Mrs. Peters and Miss Prince are making their adieux.)

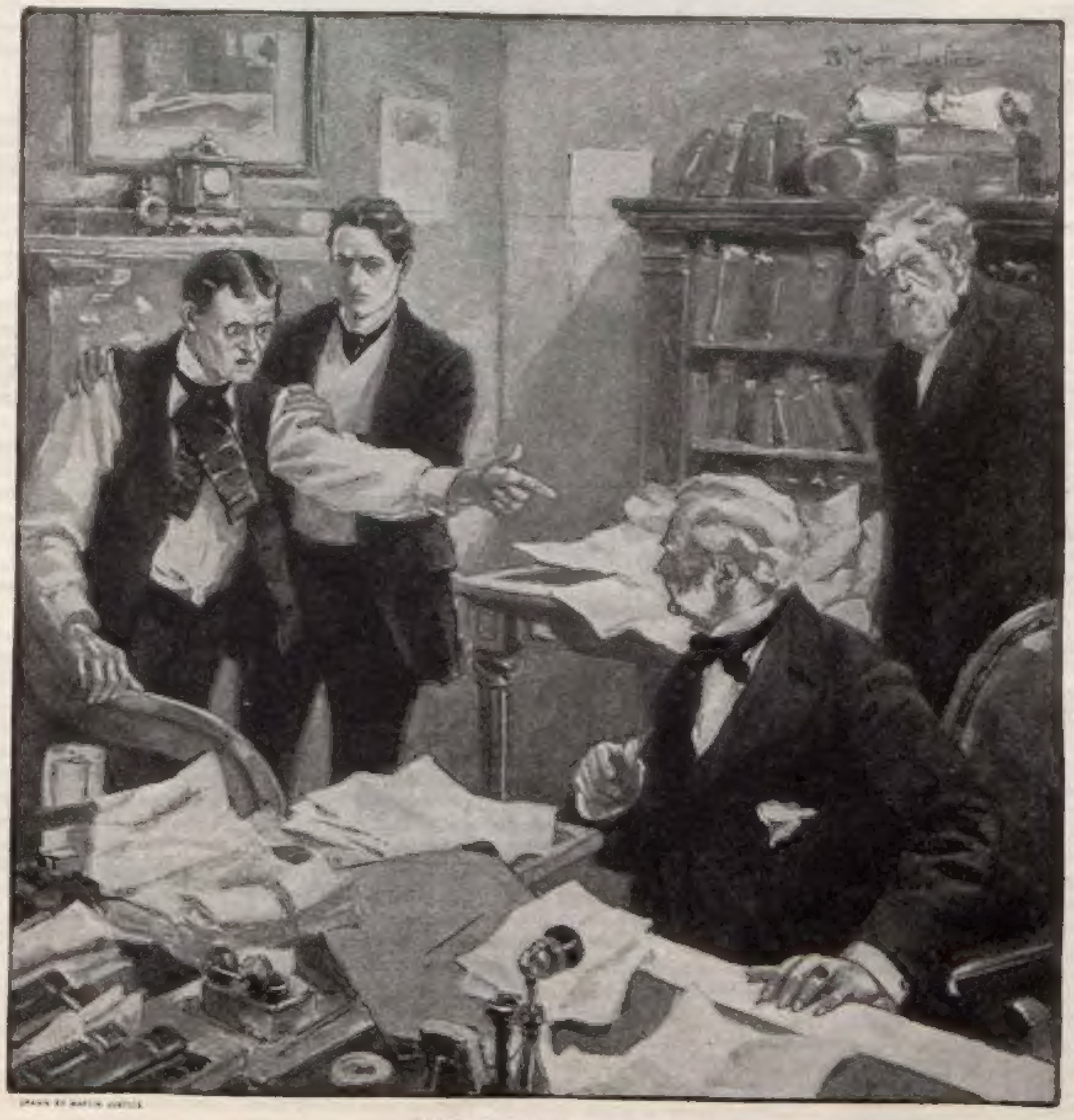
Mrs. Potter (to Miss Prince, effusively). "Remember me to Sarah in London! We may see her over there next winter. Oh! Mrs. Peters—so glad you could come. Hope you'll come out again some day, I'm sure."

Miss Peters (to Mrs. Potter). "And you have improved the place very much, you know. The old cellar makes an excellent new garden. Come, mamma, the General is waiting."

Alec M'Cord (who has had a good deal of different kinds of punch, to one of the guests). "S'pose I should toy with the boss—not much—he's too high fed already—would do him good to heave junk out of the shop for half an hour every morning——" (To Rachel.) "Say a prayer for me, and remember to fix it right for the Preston's house party."

General Prince. "I'm sure it's been a lovely scene. Every one has enjoyed it—isn't that so, Barnard?"

Barnard Potter. "Oh! Vastly!"



"YOU OLD SNEAK——!"

SCENE III—The Potter & Potter Company, Limited

SCENE as in Scene I. The office has been enlarged somewhat by moving back the partition to the left. A rich Turkey rug covers the floor, and some heavy mahogany office chairs have been added. The door that led into what was formerly the little private office bears in gilt letters the name, Mr. Barnard Potter. It is a fine October day; through the half-raised window beside Mr. Axel Potter's desk streams the mellow light of the autumn morning. The vivacious rattle of the street mounts to the office in subdued tones. Mr. Axel Potter sits by his desk, looking out of the window, his knees crossed, a type-written document in one hand, which he glances at now and then. Throughout the scene the door to the outer offices is kept closed.)

Mr. Axel Potter. "Barnard! Barnard!"

Barnard Potter (from his office). "Yes, father—one moment, please." (Comes in briskly and stands by the desk.) "What is it?"

Axel Potter. "I've heard from Tracey V. Preston. The consolidation is going through."

Barnard Potter (heartily). "That's good! I hope it isn't overcapitalized."

Axel Potter (smiling). "What's the odds whether you call it ten or a hundred, provided you get it for ten? But Barnard, that sign looks pretty fine, doesn't it? I can remember the first day, when the old one went up, and I felt mighty proud, I can tell you. I hadn't a tenth share then—and most of that was borrowed money! (Throws himself back meditatively, touching the low window-sill with his feet.) "They took me in for a clever stroke on nails." (Chuckles.) "Nails have always been my strong point! Well, now, except for the annuities I told you of, this is *ours*, and what's more, with this new mill consolidation going through, this plant don't cut a large figure in our interests. Why, I labored with old Prince to go in—four months ago or more—and I guess he wishes he had, about ten times a day. He was cautious—didn't know as he approved of combinations, trusts—thought the old-fashioned way of every feller for himself the best way—didn't like to have so much power in the hands of so few people—and so on to the end of the chapter."

Barnard Potter. "Grindle tells me the General's firm is pretty hard pressed. I'm sorry for the old fellow."

Axel Potter. "He's too old-fashioned to do business. I like the old boy, myself—great gentleman." (Musingly.) "But you can't do business by just being a gentleman—he never knew what it is to sell hardware up country! So, so, it's twenty-two years since I started in the business—I hadn't fifty dollars, Barnard—old Stearns had the money and M'Cord the grit. And now, *now!* What's next? This is in *our* hands."

Barnard Potter (gently). "Yes—it's a great accomplishment for a little more than a score of years! You old fellows had the chance; there's little for us to do but draw our dividends!"

Axel Potter. "Not so! I tell you, Barnard, there are bigger things ahead than anything *we've* seen—yes, bigger'n the consolidation business. That's just the beginning! Your generation will see the concentration of power to an extent we can't dream of. Business is the soldier's and the diplomat's life of to-day, my boy."

Barnard Potter. "It almost makes one tremble to think of it!"

Axel Potter. "'Tremble'! Nonsense!" (Meditatively.) "It's *power*, my boy—sheer, undiluted power. What odds does it make where it comes from or where it goes to? The big men have always grasped power."

Barnard Potter. "It *does* make odds to the little fellows where it goes to!" (He smiles ironically, indulgently, and stands with his hands deep in his trousers' pockets. Mr. Axel Potter continues his reverie without speaking.) "And, by the way, I should like to direct a bit of our power for Peters' good. I wish we could find

(*Continued on Page 28*)

A Senator of Two Republics

By G. G. Vest

Ex-Senator from Missouri

DANIEL W. VOORHEES

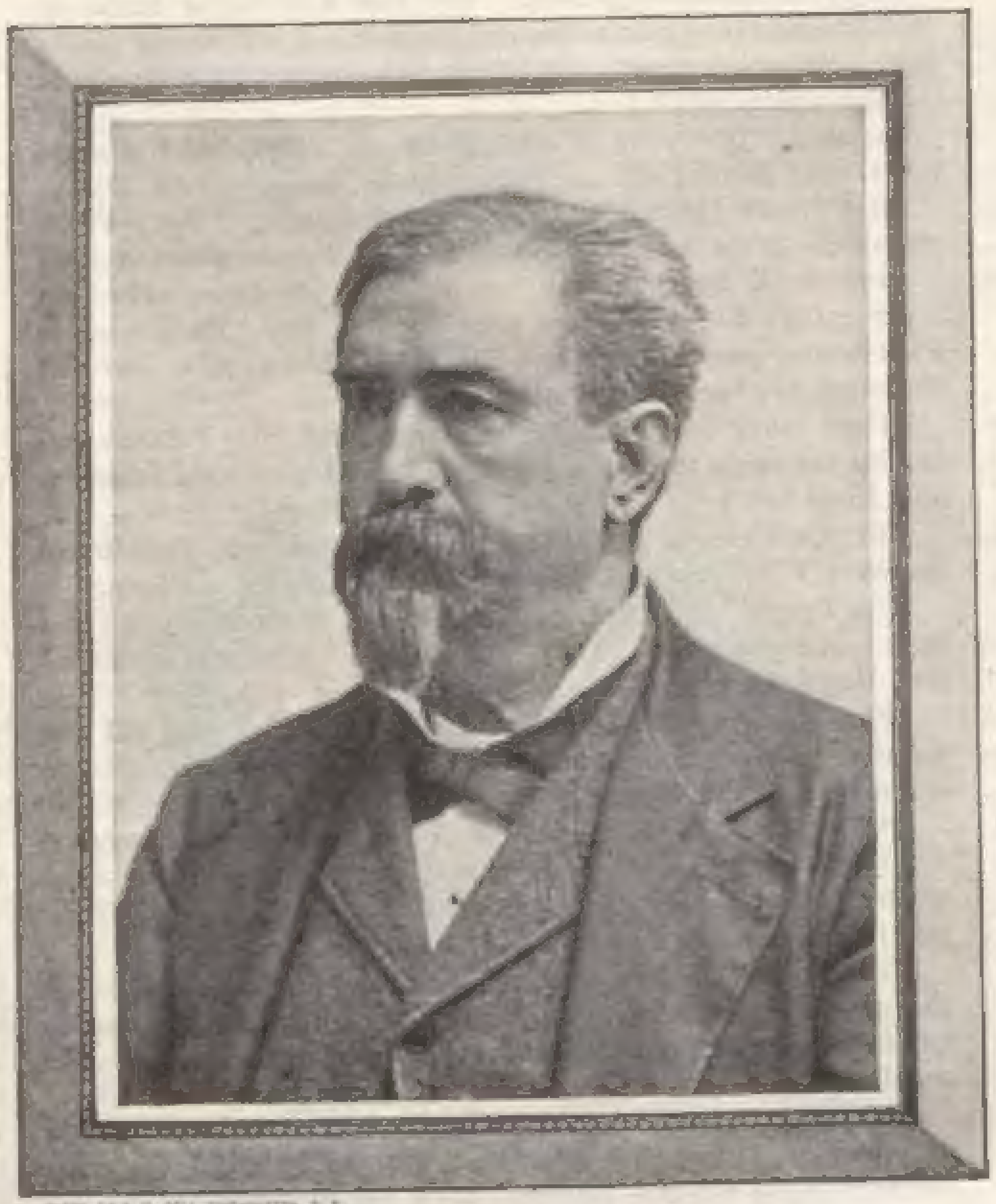


PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DANIEL W. VOORHEES

MY ASSOCIATION and friendship with "Dan" Voorhees, as he was called by his friends, during eighteen years' service in the United States Senate is an oasis in the desert of political life where the Dead Sea apples of selfish ambition turn to ashes on the lips that touch them.

Voorhees had all the endowments necessary to a great orator. When thirty-two years old he achieved world-wide fame as a criminal lawyer by his speech in defense of young Cook, a brother-in-law of Governor Willard, of Indiana, who was captured with old John Brown at Harper's Ferry by United States troops under the command of Colonel, afterward General, Robert E. Lee. This speech was not only published in English, but in French, German and Spanish, and is one of the most eloquent addresses ever made.

Senator Voorhees had a fine physique, being tall and symmetrically formed, with expressive, mobile features and a massive, well-formed head. His voice was strong and musical, his vocabulary wonderful, and, above all else, he had the sympathetic, magnetic quality which always controls an audience. He was the most unselfish and generous public man I have ever known. He cared nothing for money except to give it away, and, as I told him once, would have put Aladdin's Lamp in the hands of a receiver within thirty days. He never refused assistance to the unfortunate, and his generous nature was so well known that in Washington City he was always surrounded by a crowd of importunate mendicants who wanted both money and patronage. Though he had a large practice as a criminal lawyer and appeared in celebrated cases before the courts of fifteen States, receiving liberal fees for his services, and although in public office for forty years, with opportunities to become rich by speculation, he died without leaving enough money to pay his funeral expenses.

Why Voorhees was Popular

VOORHEES was one of the most popular men in the Senate, having as many friends among the Republicans as within his own party. He was an earnest, aggressive Democrat, but never permitted political differences to interfere with his personal relations. The venerable Senator Morrill, of Vermont, greatly admired and loved him, and often said to me that Voorhees reminded him of President Pierce, both having the same generous, warm-hearted impulses and devoted attachment to friends. Senator Morrill, who had a great deal of quiet humor, told me that when Pierce was President he was one evening walking along the towpath of the old deserted Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which was south of the White House, accompanied by an intimate friend with whom he had just dined, both having indulged in considerable social irrigation. The President's friend made a misstep and fell into the mud and water of the old canal bed, and, after several ineffectual attempts to pull him out, the Chief Executive said very earnestly, "My dear friend, I cannot help you to get out, but I can at least share your fate," and he jumped into the mud and water and affectionately embraced his unfortunate companion. Senator Morrill always said that Voorhees was the only other man he had known in politics who would have done the same thing.

On April 17, 1879, Senator Voorhees opened the debate on the amendments to the Army Bill, prohibiting appropriation of public money for the pay of supervisors and United States marshals for services at the polls. It was a great speech—eloquent, logical and comprehensive. Conkling, Blaine, Edmunds, Hoar and Ingalls replied to Voorhees, but, in my judgment, his argument was never successfully answered. It was the first time I had ever heard him, and I was astonished by seeing that he read his speech, when he was unquestionably one of the most fluent extemporaneous speakers in political life. Afterward I inquired of Voorhees why he read his speeches in the Senate, and he told me that one of his defects as a speaker was a tendency to say things on the impulse of the moment which he subsequently regretted; and, as his addresses in the Senate were principally intended for his constituents and were published in the Congressional Record, he had fallen into the habit of writing out all his prepared speeches.

An unfortunate incident occurred on the floor of the Senate in 1887 which reminded me of what Voorhees had said in regard to his impulsiveness. Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, had delivered one of his characteristic speeches, full of vitriolic eloquence, the principal objects of his attack being President Cleveland, General Hancock and General John C. Black, Commissioner of Pensions. Ingalls declared that the nomination and election of Cleveland to the Presidency had made respectable the aspiration of the most degraded man in the United States for the office of Chief Executive, and he sneered at the military services of both Hancock and Black, his address being punctuated with sarcastic allusions to the Northern doughfaces and copperheads of the Civil War. Senator Voorhees was the warm friend of Cleveland, Hancock and Black, and the bitter assault by Ingalls on doughfaces and copperheads especially irritated him, as his political opponents never missed an opportunity of charging him with treason and disloyalty on account of his well-known sympathy with the South. It was about this time that the friends of Voorhees noticed a change in his health and disposition. He had suffered a great bereavement in the death of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and he had frequent attacks of nervous prostration, which made him irritable and impatient.

Several days after Ingalls had spoken Voorhees replied to him, and criticised rather severely what had been said by the Kansas Senator about the Democratic party generally and its most distinguished leaders. Ingalls, who was President pro tem. of the Senate, listened attentively to Voorhees and then prepared a parliamentary trap, which he constructed with full knowledge of the temperament and physical condition of the Indiana Senator. Some ten days after Voorhees had spoken Ingalls addressed the Senate without giving previous notice, and for about half an hour indulged in innuendos, obviously directed at Voorhees, based upon charges of disloyal correspondence with the enemy during the war, but making no specific accusations. While Ingalls was speaking Voorhees entered the chamber and impulsively sprang to his feet with an excited denial of the statement or imputation that he had been guilty of any disloyal act or word. If he had taken no notice of what Ingalls had said the latter's speech would have had no effect, but would have passed into the Congressional Record as a collection of platitudes containing nothing of special interest. Unfortunately Voorhees, by his passionate reply, gave Ingalls the opportunity he desired, and he immediately proceeded to read from documents before him specific charges of disloyalty against Voorhees, and stated that these proofs were undeniable, having been found in the law office of Senator Voorhees at Terre Haute by Government officials. Voorhees interrupted him by denouncing this documentary proof as a forgery, and, when Ingalls repeated the charge, he declared the Senator from Kansas to be an infamous liar. Ingalls, who had the most wonderful self-control and never became excited, coolly replied that "the citizen from Indiana was disorderly and should be sent to the rock pile." The incident was a painful one and did not add to the reputation of the Senate as the most dignified deliberative assembly in the world.

In 1892 came a great crisis for parties and public men. Mr. Cleveland had been defeated for the Presidency in 1888 by General Harrison, the issue being that of the tariff. In 1892 the Democratic party by its national convention made a new issue of paramount importance, and this was the free and unlimited coinage of silver with the same intrinsic value and purchasing power for every dollar coined or issued by the Government. Mr. Cleveland, the nominee of the convention, accepted the position assigned him on the platform as adopted by the convention, and quoted approvingly in his letter the declaration of the National Convention that the Sherman Act, which had provided for the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver during each month, treasury notes to be issued representing the silver dollars to be coined out of the silver purchased, was a cowardly makeshift and an evasion of the real issue—that of bimetalism, or the coinage of both gold and silver at a just ratio as standard money of ultimate redemption. Though the Republican party in 1892 unquestionably favored the single gold standard, it pretended to be for international bimetalism and thus evaded what was really the direct issue between bimetalism and the single gold standard. The Republican platform in 1896 was so clearly in opposition to practical bimetalism that its adoption caused Senator Teller, of Colorado, and other silver Republicans to withdraw from the convention. Though the friends of silver coinage were opposed to the Sherman Act, which was a mere subterfuge to evade the real issue, they did not believe that the clause in that act providing for the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver each month, to be the basis of treasury-note circulation, should be repealed without providing for an equivalent increase of the circulating medium, so as to prevent the disastrous contraction in the volume of money circulating among the people.

Cleveland and the Repeal of the Silver Act

MR. CLEVELAND in his first message after his election in 1892 urged upon Congress a repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, and this recommendation was antagonized by a large majority of the friends of silver in both houses of Congress because it meant contraction, and the position of the friends of silver was that there was not enough money in circulation and that any contraction would result disastrously to the country. In other words, the friends of free coinage opposed the Sherman Act because it was used to prevent the free coinage of both gold and silver, but after the act was adopted against their opposition and the price of silver bullion was increased they did not believe it either just or politic to depreciate the price of silver bullion in the market by stopping the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver each month, thereby enormously increasing the purchasing power of gold, as the only basis of value. In their opinion the real issue was between bimetalism and the single gold standard.

Subsequent events have shown that the friends of silver coinage were right in their view of the situation in 1892-3, for at the National Convention of the Republican party at Philadelphia in 1900 all disguise was thrown off and the platform declared unequivocally for the single gold standard. When Mr. Cleveland's message was sent to Congress recommending the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act it caused bitter opposition by the friends of free coinage, and a large majority of the Democratic party in both houses antagonized the Administration on this issue. When the bill repealing the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act had passed the House of Representatives and was laid before the Senate, Senator Voorhees was Chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, and those of us who favored bimetalism had no doubt that he would be found acting with his old friends against the bill. He was known to have been from the commencement of his public career an earnest and devoted friend of bimetalism, and all his instincts and opinions were on the side of the great mass of the people and against the money-changers and their purpose of adopting the single gold standard in order to increase the purchasing power of gold.

In a conversation with Senator Voorhees in the summer of 1892 at Healing Springs, Virginia, we discussed earnestly and fully the proposed repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, and there was no disagreement between us. We both believed that the great issue in the coming Congress would be the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, and that this repeal, without providing for the decrease of money in the country—which would be its effect—could

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Editor's Note—This is the third in ex-Senator Vest's series of reminiscences. The next, on Judah P. Benjamin, will appear in an early number.

be regarded only as a fatal blow to bimetalism throughout the world. Though neither of us was without doubt as to the ability of the United States to sustain the free coinage of both gold and silver without the coöperation of foreign nations and was apprehensive that great disturbances in the financial world would result from the adoption of free coinage by this country alone, yet we were certain that if the United States deserted silver coinage and allowed the single gold standard to prevail, the last hope for many years to come, if not forever, of bimetalism would be destroyed. When the bill repealing the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act came to the Senate from the House of Representatives and was referred to the Finance Committee, of which I was a member and Senator Voorhees chairman, to the surprise of all his friends on the committee he voted for the bill, and on August 22, 1893, delivered an elaborate and exhaustive speech giving his reasons for supporting Mr. Cleveland in his recommendation that the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act should be repealed.

Mr. Voorhees urged in defense of his action that it was in accord with the platform of the Democratic party in 1892 and the letter of acceptance by Mr. Cleveland when nominated by the convention for President. He avowed himself a consistent bimetalist and declared his full faith in the ultimate triumph of bimetalism throughout the world. The fatal defect in his argument, from my standpoint, was that in voting for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act he was favoring an enormous reduction in the volume of the circulating medium and thereby increasing the evils incident to a scarcity of money and the increased purchasing power of gold. Senator Voorhees did not allude to what seemed to me an inevitable result, and that was the fall in the market value of silver bullion and the abandonment of silver mines while prospectors and miners would give their attention entirely to the mining of gold.

The Reason for Voorhees' Decision

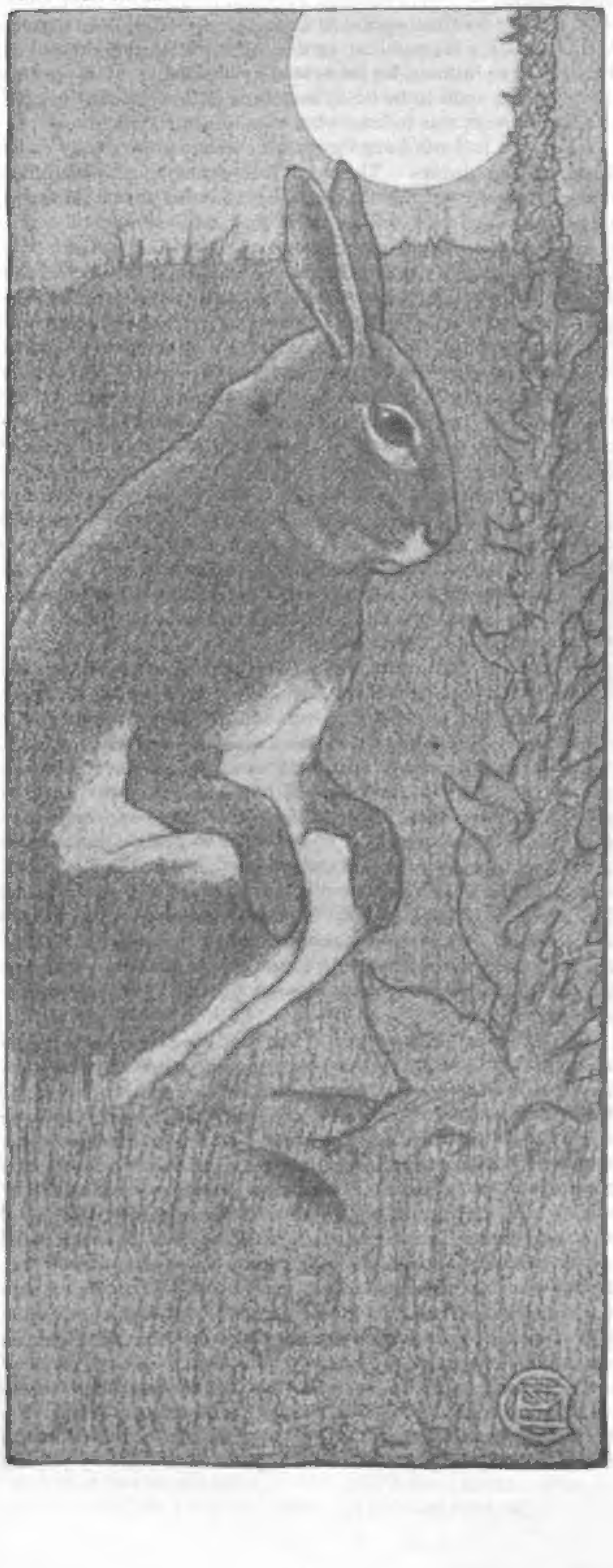
IT WAS some time after the legislation had been enacted which repealed the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act that I learned from the lips of Senator Voorhees himself why he had taken his position on the side of the Administration and against the immense majority of his party. He told me in the Finance Committee room, in a conversation which he inaugurated himself, that he had never altered his opinion on the subject of free coinage of both gold and silver, and that he had intended before the meeting of Congress, after Cleveland's second election, to oppose the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, but that he was overruled by his colleagues in the Indiana delegation, who thought, as Indiana had cast its vote for the nomination of Mr. Cleveland in the Democratic National Convention and had afterward given its electoral vote to him at the polls, it would be wrong and impolitic to oppose his financial policy, thereby creating a division in the Democratic party of Indiana, a close State, which would make the State Republican. He said that his colleague, Senator Turpie, felt as he did upon the silver question but thought it impolitic to antagonize Mr. Cleveland, the first Democratic President in more than thirty years.

No one was ever more sincerely attached to a friend than was Voorhees to Turpie. He was never tired of expressing his admiration and devotion for his distinguished colleague, and I have heard him more than a dozen times quote with increasing enthusiasm the famous reply of Turpie in joint debate with Oliver P. Morton, when the latter declared that he had once been a Democrat but was forced to abandon the party when it became disloyal to the Government. Turpie's reply was that "The gentleman boasts that he was once a Democrat. So did Satan, when he trod the burning marl of hell, boast that he had once been an angel of light and holiness."

I have never thought that President Cleveland and Senator Voorhees were not entirely sincere and honest in their action as to the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act. It is within my personal knowledge that no one was more anxious than Mr. Cleveland to find some basis of honorable compromise between Democrats as to the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver. After his election to the Presidency the last time, and about ten days before his inauguration, I was in the city of New York, and on returning to my hotel about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon I found a note from Mr. Cleveland, asking me to call at his law office in the city before three o'clock, as he wished to see me on important business. He stated in the note that he must leave for Lakewood, where his family was, at three o'clock, and as I received the note too late to call upon him in New York, I went down to Lakewood the next day. I found Mr. Cleveland at his cottage engaged in looking up the legislation on the subject of silver coinage, and I spent the day with him, leaving for New York at four o'clock in the afternoon. During the day we discussed fully

(Concluded on Page 40)

AN UNCLE REMUS RHYME



By Joel Chandler Harris

Mr. Rabbit run fur—Mr. Rabbit run fas'

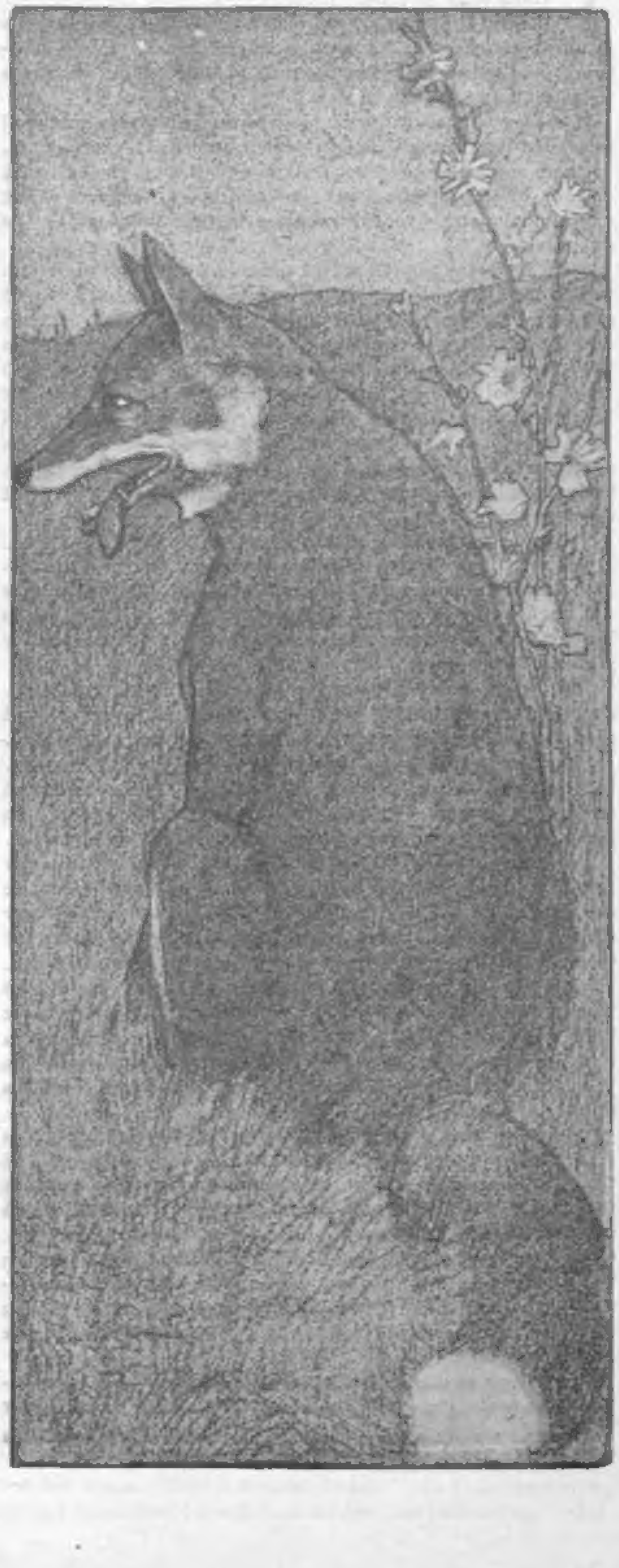
Mr. Rabbit run fur—Mr. Rabbit run fas',
Kaze dey seazen'd him er givin' de gals some sass.
Wid der fingers in der years, dey stomped der feet,
Wid, "Des lis'n at dat! Is you ever hear de beat?"
Yit all in de worl' dat Brer Rabbit say,
Wuz "Howdy, my honies! Whichaway—whichaway?
Youer gittin' too ol' fer ter be so gay—
I b'lieve in my soul youer turnin' gray!"
        Mr. Owl, he seed a big star shoot,
        An' he blow his horn wid a toot-toot-toot!

Mr. Fox come along wid a han' ter his year,
An' de gals, dey holler, "Brer Fox, run here!"
Mr. Fox, he grin an' show his tush—
"Please come an' make Brer Rabbit hush;
We wa'n't doin' nothin' but dancin' on de grass,
An' here he come wid his mouf full er sass."
        Mr. Owl, he seed a n'er star shoot,
        An' he make his horn go toot-toot-toot!

Mr. Fox scratch hisse'f behime de year,
Wid a "Tut-tut-tut! What's dis I hear?"
An' de gals dey say, "You hears de trufe!"
An' den Mr. Fox, wid a *wiff-waff-woof!*
Try ter swaller Brer Rabbit, but he swaller'd de a'r;
He snapped, he did, but he never totch a ha'r,
An' a mighty good reason—Brer Rabbit wa'n't dar!
        One star, two stars, three stars shoot,
        An' ol' Mr. Owl blow toot-toot-toot!

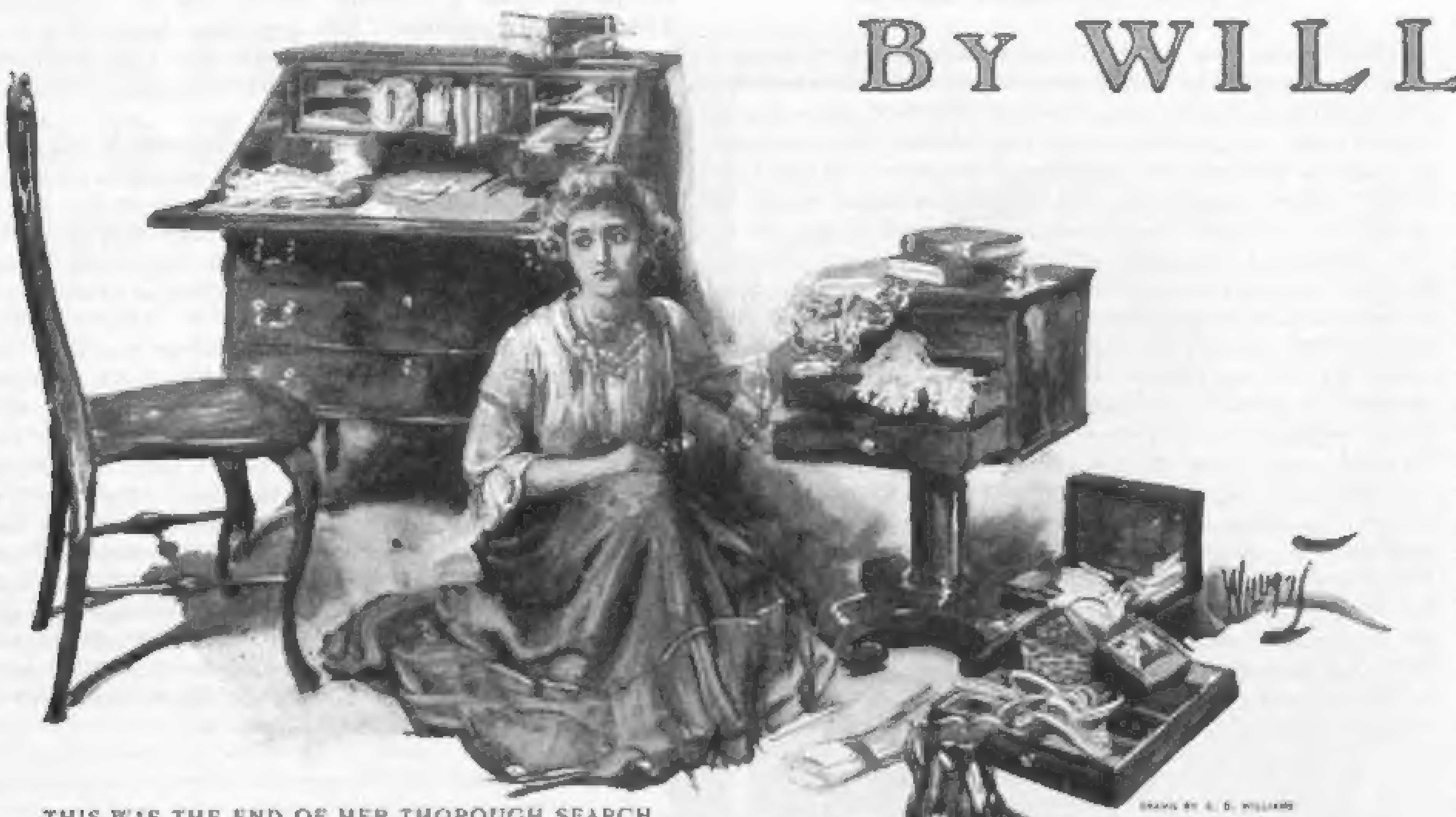
Mr. Rabbit, fum behime de mullein stalk,
Holler, "Ladies all, I'm gwine ter take a walk:
I wuz makin' fun, but I'm sorry I spoke,
Fer all I say wa'n't nothin' but a joke."
"La, Brer Rabbit! an' whyn't you tell us?
Kaze we likes you better dan de yuther fellers."
Mr. Rabbit, he laugh an' wiggle his smellers,
An' "De hoss-apple falls long 'fo' it mellers!"
        Two stars, three stars, four stars shoot—
        Mr. Owl, he laugh, an' toot-toot-toot!

Mr. Rabbit, he say, "Youer in yo' prime;
I'd 'a' tol' you dat, but you ain't gi' me time."
Miss Meadows, she say, "Don't lose yo' chance,
Less go ter my house an' all have a dance."
Mr. Rabbit, he laugh an' shake his head,
"What mo' kin you say when all is said?
I'm de one dat's gray—Brer Fox is red;
I kin be my own frien' when all is fed.
I'm gwine fer ter git some calamus root,
An' lis'en ter de Whipperwill a-playin' on his flute—
        Mr. Whipperwill—he won't stay still—
        Mr. Whipperwill, a-playin' on his flute!"



Sutton and Hynes, Bankers

BY WILL PAYNE



THIS WAS THE END OF HER THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE WHOLE HOUSE

DRAWN BY A. B. WILLIAMS

TOM LUCAS, the bank's man of all work, who did everything from sweeping the floor to keeping the books, sat behind the counter, his feet on a desk, snapping pins at an insurance calendar with a rubber band. It was mid-week, and with hardly four farmers in Blue Ridge there was nothing to do but snap pins.

The door to the little back room of the bank was closed and the faded blue flannel curtain drawn across its glass panel. In there sat the proprietors, Sutton and Hynes, the assistant cashier of the Omaha Bank, and the chief detective of the express company. Mr. Hynes was stating the case to the detective.

"By Thursday night's mail I ordered five thousand dollars in currency to be shipped from Omaha, so the money would get here Saturday afternoon on the overland at 5:38. Lucas and I were busy in the bank. We're usually busy late on Saturdays. About six o'clock I said to him, 'You'd better go to the depot and get that money.' He was gone just about long enough to walk to the depot, sign for the money and walk back, and he came in with the express package in his coat pocket. It was late and we were in a hurry to get through, so he just tossed the package into the safe without opening it."

"Was he in the habit of doing that?" the detective asked.

"Well, the train gets in so late that if we're busy we often just throw the package in the safe till morning. That was the last we saw of it until Monday morning. I drove out to my farm Monday morning and wasn't in the bank when the package was opened. Mr. Sutton can tell you."

The junior partner passed his strong fingers, comblike, through the great mat of his yellow beard. Although he had thus handed the story over to Sutton, he did not look at him.

Sam Sutton rolled his fat body comfortably in the big chair. His coat and vest were unbuttoned, baring a spread of soiled white shirt bosom. His hands were decidedly dirty. He had a stubby, coarse black beard and weak-looking blue eyes.

"I came over to the bank about eight o'clock Monday morning to look over my mail," he said—and when he spoke one perceived the cool intelligence behind the rather blear eyes. "Tom was sweeping out and dusting the desks. I went on writing some letters without paying any attention. I don't pay much attention to the bank, anyway. Hynes and Tom run it. After a while Tom sung out, 'The devil! Look here! It's all paper!' I stepped over to the counter. Tom had torn open the express package. There was no money in it—just what you see there." He nodded toward the table around which they sat.

What they saw was a stout yellow express envelope such as is used to ship currency. Protruding from the torn end of the envelope were ten neat little bundles of brown paper cut the size of bank notes and put up precisely as a bank would put up currency, in $500 bundles, for shipment by express. Of the three wax seals one had been broken in tearing open the envelope. The other two were intact. Smith, the detective, examined them carefully through a magnifying glass; then, without comment, passed the glass and envelope to the assistant cashier.

In the long suspense, while the assistant cashier was examining the seals, the eye of the detective chanced to encounter the eye of the junior partner. Hynes was a large and dignified man, scrupulously neat in his dress. The great curly yellow beard that grew high on his cheek-bones and fell half way to his waist gave him a patriarchal look, and there was that in the broad brow, long nose and deep-set eye which gave an impression of austerity Few men would have attempted a joke with him. Yet now, happening to meet Mr. Smith's eye, he tipped that person a wink. At once a dull red came into his face. He put up both hands and gravely stroked his beard.

Editor's Note—This story, which is one of a series of independent tales of Blue Ridge, will be concluded next week.

"Looks like your seal, don't it?" Sutton asked.

"Our seal, or a very good imitation," said the Omaha man, and rubbed his hand over his brow in a perplexed way. "Well, gentlemen," he continued, "I have looked through the case as thoroughly as I can at present. Everything was perfectly regular in our bank. This package was put up, checked off, delivered to the express company and receipted for in the regular way. Evidently, somewhere along the line somebody substituted the bogus package for the genuine one. On the evidence we have at present, I guess it's up to the express company. I guess we'll have to wipe out the charge of $5000 against you and charge it up to them."

The detective merely said: "Well, if we're to be charged with the money, I suppose the brown paper belongs to us."

Hynes' hand moved nervously and went up to his beard.

The detective gathered in the bogus package. Turning to Hynes and lowering his voice he asked: "What do you say about your man in there—Lucas?"

"I'd stake my life on him," Hynes replied with sternness.

When the two visitors were gone Sam Sutton again rolled his fat body lazily in the chair, this time so as to face his partner.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "that was dead easy."

A smouldering rage gave its dull glow in Hynes' eyes.

"Of course," said Sutton, still cheerfully, "you got the money."

Hynes turned pale under the tan. "You lie!" he said, with a smothered vehemence of hate that made his face painful to see.

"Oh, no," said Sutton, quite as cheerfully as before. "You got the money—came down Saturday night and took the right package and put in the bogus one that you'd fixed up before."

Hynes' face worked in a convulsive scowl. His long, powerful fingers gripped over the arms of his chair. Then he leapt up, trembling, beside himself for a moment, and dangerous. He struck the table with his fist. "You lie, —— you!" he said in a panting whisper.

"Tut, tut!" said Sutton. "Don't swear. You'll get into the habit of it, and it will spoil your pull with the church crowd."

Suddenly this fat, shaggy, rumpled man seemed to Hynes to turn into a dirty and diabolical old bear—something inhuman which no human motive could reach. Hynes glared at him with strange mingling of hate and fear. "Where will this end? What will become of us?" he whispered.

"Why," said the cheerful partner, "we seem to be getting along first-rate. Five thousand for you in a week. You're getting 'way ahead of me. I must brace up."

Then—he did not seem to hurry; but moving as the man who keeps up his *sang-froid* while he calculates the inch of fuse between the fire and the powder, he rolled out of the chair and strolled from the room.

It was a poor time in Blue Ridge. For seven months there had been no rain. The small-grain crops were ruined. Thousands of acres of sick corn rattled yellow, bone-dry leaves in the hot wind that boomed steadily from the south day and night, driving a great high haze of dust over the baked prairie, so that even at noon the sun looked dim as though seen through a light mist. There was no escaping this dust. The wind drove it hot into one's face and steadily laid it in little banks like infernal snowdrifts along the south side of buildings. There was no escaping the heat. Day after day there was no sign of rain. Every one was discouraged. It was as though the great desert of which this had once been a part were calmly reasserting its claims, unceasingly obliterating the poor little margin of human intrusion and bringing back its own to dead, scorched emptiness.

"It drives men mad," thought Miss Janet Hynes.

But besides the failure of the crops the long impending county-seat fight had now come upon Blue Ridge.

Blue Ridge was the oldest town in Blue County, situated at its northeast corner. But Warrensville, twenty miles away, at the northwest corner, had far outstripped it. With the advantage of three railroads and a better reach of country it had become a city with seven thousand inhabitants. And at last it had demanded the county seat. Then Logan and Fairview on the B. & Q., in the southern part of the county, had chipped in and demanded a central location for the county seat. They had incorporated an imaginary city called Circletown at the geographical centre of the county and put it forward as a claimant for the seat of government. The special election was soon to be held, and Blue Ridge felt that to lose the county seat was to lose what was left of its fortunes.

The town had not been fortunate. It had gained only eight hundred inhabitants. The small frame courthouse which had originally been put together in the fond belief that it was soon to be succeeded by a fine brick edifice, with limestone trimmings, was now in a melancholy state of dilapidation. Of the row of maple saplings that had been planted around the acre of brown, dusty, trampled grass called the Court House Square, some had died and been dug up; others had died and been left standing like bare poles. This summer Dave Trimble's largest red elevator had burned down. There was little encouragement to rebuild, with the crops drying up in the hot wind, so the tangle of blackened timbers beside the railroad track was a sort of index to the town. Certainly Blue Ridge had been unlucky.

An impression of this lay in Janet Hynes' mind. She glanced from the attic window and the view arrested her for a moment. It included the melancholy Court House Square, the bare boxes of dwellings in the foreground, and a great sealike sweep of sere prairie across which the wind boomed, driving the haze of dust. She felt a spirit of ruin. "It makes men mad," she thought.

At last she had come up to the attic, and there, on her knees before the little sheet-iron stove that was supposed to have been long unused, she had discovered evidences of a recent fire. Softly exploring the ashes with her white fingers she had found a lump of lead such as might have been used in casting a seal. On the floor, beside the stove leg there was a splotch of green wax. The seals on the bogus express package which Tom Lucas had shown her, to gratify her young-ladylike curiosity, were of green wax. She dared not stay there long lest her mother discover her. "He worked in a furious haste," she thought, "and hurried away without daring to wait and remove these traces." And going back to the trap door which gave into the attic, she paused a moment by the gable window, looking out, thinking, "This makes men mad."

She was now twenty-three. She had come back to Blue Ridge in the spring after a post-graduate course. The rimless eyeglasses which she wore perched on her little, short, straight nose were generally regarded as a young-ladylike affectation. Because she had straw-colored hair, amber eyes, a creamy complexion, a small, plump, graceful person, people called her "cute." It seemed a joke to say that so pretty a girl had carried off the highest mathematical prizes and was now under an offer to teach mathematics in a seminary.

For two or three years she had known in a general way that things were not exactly flourishing at home. Blue Ridge had not been prosperous. Her strong, alert mind had been aware of a strained relation between her father and Sam Sutton, his partner in the bank. She thought Sutton a mere dirty bear and she suspected that he did things that irritated her father. As long ago as July, when she had been driving home with her father from the farm, Hynes had suddenly reined in the horse beside a sickly wheat field. Janet was scarcely paying attention; but as they did not move for a moment she observed casually, "The wheat is in a poor way, isn't it?" And her father had cried out, "Curse the wheat! Curse all the wheat!" Meeting her wondering, startled eye, he reddened, spoke quickly to the horse as though he would escape from something. "I was thinking of speculation," he said in a confused attempt to explain. "There's too much speculating in wheat; it's a curse

Nevertheless a door had been opened, a curtain drawn aside for a moment. The startled girl had caught the glimpse of a fearful shape. Then, not because she chose the lot, or wished it, but because she could not do otherwise, she watched her father, studied, divined. All her training, all the forces of her mind were in play, working upon her father as they would have worked upon an abstruse problem

She did not choose this part, nor wish it. She held herself a new woman—one who could regard herself as a human individual rather than as a female, as a member of society rather than as the member of a sex. She could maintain with energy and eloquence that she had no responsibility to or for her father. On the contrary, all the responsibility was from him to her. She believed one's highest duty was to one's self and that whatever interfered with that duty should be cast aside. She had a boundless contempt for the clinging, submitting, forever self sacrificing sort of woman. Frankly, she did not suppose that there was any very vital attachment between her parents and herself. She had been trained in a different way and had different interests. There were numberless other people whose minds were infinitely more of kin to hers. The physical incident of birth counted for little

Miss Hynes could maintain all this. But she gave up the half-held idea of going to the seminary in September Without actively wishing it, but because she could not do otherwise, she drew closer and closer to her father, seeking at once to shield him and to fathom his trouble—alert, studying, divining. She suspected that the little bank was in difficulties, that the partners hated each other. Ruin, disgrace, crime—such dark shapes moved, to her divining eye, in that overwrought brain of his

She knew that people called her "so cute!" Glancing from the attic window after the look at the incriminating bit of wax and lump of lead, the size and imminence of her problem shaped itself before her. Her able mind was arming itself to fight alone with dragons—not with less courage or less power than many a champion who had put on coat of mail and taken lance in hand for a deadly pass. Her heart ached dully Ah, if she were only "cute!" If she were just a sweet girl with a thimbleful of soft brains whose only possible part would be to weep and wring her hands after the disaster! How much easier that part was!

II

THE Dorcas Society met at Mrs Hynes as usual Friday afternoon, bringing its fancywork. The dust would sift in at the windows in spite of the best housewifely care. The ladies exclaimed about it. Presently, as Janet had foreseen, they got around to the express package

Mrs. Hynes was large, stout and placid. Her conversation was a copious but unhurried flood. The stream of words poured over her double chin with the broad, endless flow of a quiet river breaking smoothly over a dam

"So, after Mr. Smith, the chief detective, had looked it all over and examined the seals and heard the whole story from beginning to end he had to admit that the loss fell on the express company. They say the money was in the package when it left the Omaha Bank, and it certainly wasn't in the package when Tom Lucas opened it here."

Mrs. Little was stout also, but nervous. Her talk was full of stops and starts. She threw her emphasis about as a juggler throws his balls.

"But, Mrs. Hynes," she interrupted, quivering forward in her chair, "you *don't* suppose it's possible that *anybody* in the *bank* could have done it?"

The Dorcas Society held its breath, for here was the nub

"No, Mrs. Little, I don't," said Mrs. Hynes with unusual emphasis.

"Well, I'm glad you *don't*," said Mrs. Little. "I can't imagine for *my* part how *anybody* would dare do such a thing, and if we thought it *might* have been somebody right here in Blue Ridge that we all *know*——" She looked around with a kind of tremulous joy at this triumph of imagination

Slim, dark Miss Root smoothed her tidy over her knee Looking at the tidy and apparently addressing it she observed "I have heard—of course I don't know's it's true, and I suppose it isn't—but I have heard that he drinks

The ball was in play again.

"Why, do you know," said young Mrs. Lett in a hushed voice, "Fred and I saw him three weeks ago at the State Fair at Lincoln. I noticed his face was red and he was laughing, and I smelled his breath, and afterward Fred acknowledged he believed he was just half boozy!"

"I guess Tom never drank to excess," said placid Mrs Hynes

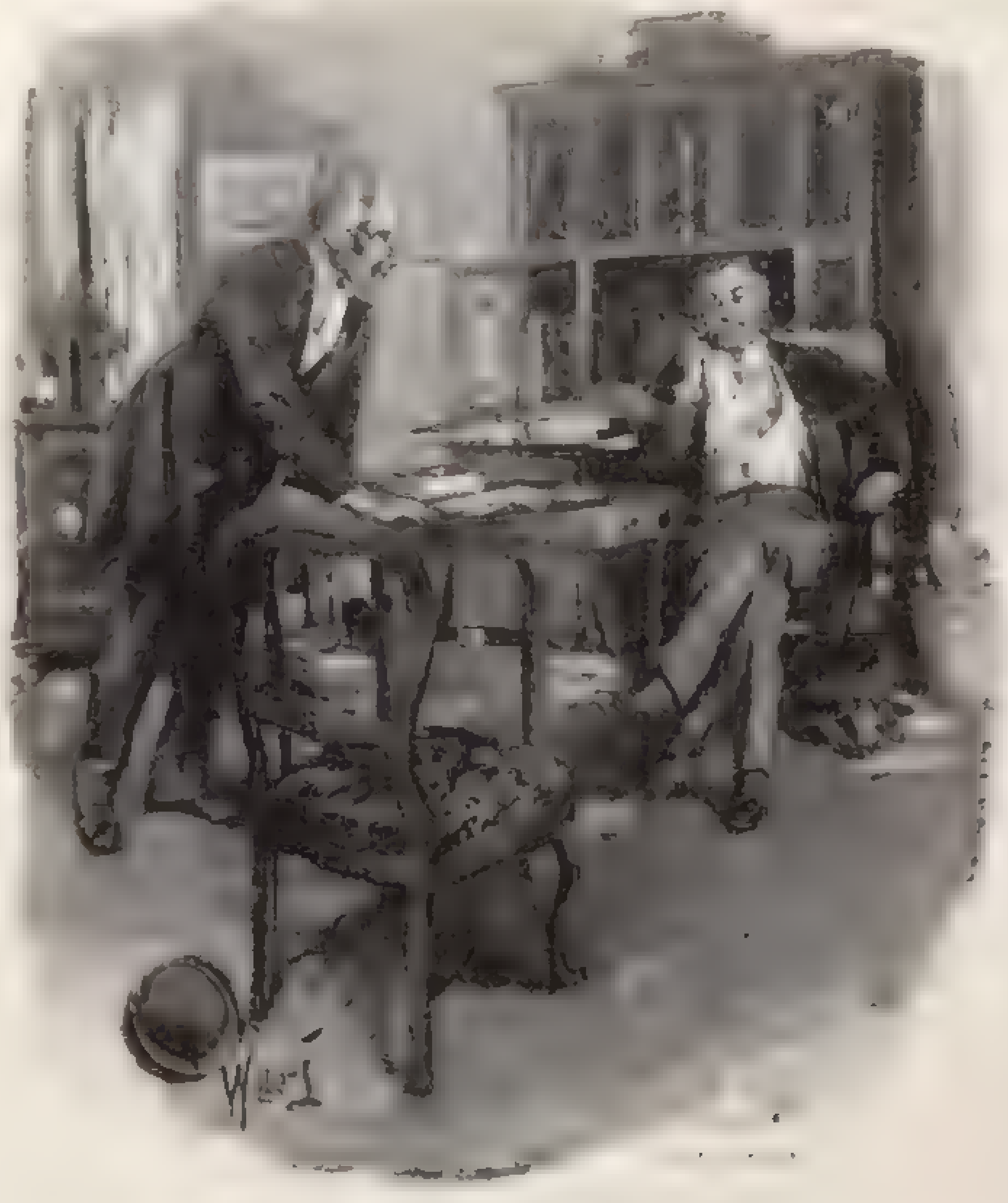
"At least his wife is extravagant," said Mrs. Little "Miss Tuttle told me *herself* that Mrs. Lucas' hat cost more than any other lady's in Blue Ridge. And I should call *that* extravagance. At least, I suppose his salary isn't so *enormous*." She turned an eager expectancy to the banker's wife

"Well, Tom gets seventy-five dollars a month," said Mrs Hynes calmly. "But he's usually drawn ahead"

Janet, sewing silently in her corner, thought, "Oh, mamma! how can you!" She imagined these gossips hovered like crows over the scene of her fight. What if they could read her thought: "My father is half insane, and he took the money."

III

BOB TERHUNE came down from Warrensville Sunday afternoon. He had been called away and had missed two Sundays.



"YOU LIE!" HE SAID IN A PANTING WHISPER

Janet saw the strong figure crossing the square in the wind The bulk and steadiness of the man comforted her heart Though the wind flapped his soft hat brim and flung itself against his shoulder it did not move him. He came on in a solid, leisurely sort of way

Janet opened the front door for him before he could ring. He took both her hands. She looked up at the big figure and broad, smooth-shaven, large featured face with its calm blue eyes that gave his characteristic effect of massive simplicity, and she slipped into his arms. She wished to say, "It's very lonely without you, dear; don't go away again." She did say, in a soft voice, "It seems long since I've seen you."

"Why, I've been very busy," he explained happily when they were decorously seated in the parlor. "We're getting ready for the fall term of court in this county. My appointment came suddenly, you know, and I'm so new to the office that there's naturally a lot of work."

She smiled at him quizzically. "Assistant district attorney—is it really so fine an office?"

"Why, you see, it's a good step up for me. It places me more solidly. I'm very glad to have got it It's been something of a fight since I went to Warrensville. I've done as well as I could have expected. But it takes time and patience for a young man to place himself in a law practice. This is a big help, you see."

"I'm very glad, Bob," she said "I think it a fine position to be won by so young a man I'm very glad, and proud of you"

Terhune cleared his throat. "I've been thinking, Janet—of course it isn't very much in a money way, and I suppose you're still considering the offer to go to the seminary for a year or so" He looked at her with an anxious questioning. "But I thought—you see, I guess I can count on thirty five hundred a year at least, and—I wouldn't be ashamed to ask you to come now."

An extraordinary thing happened: Miss Hynes' amber eyes suddenly blurred with tears. She comprehended that this was what he had come down to say. "You're very dear, Bob. I love you," she said.

"It isn't very much," he went on, understanding that this was not an answer. "But I could take care of you, little girl. I think it's hard on womenfolk out here, and on you. I'm a sort of duffer; but you might want somebody, some time, whom the wind didn't blow around."

To let him take her away and care for her seemed the most desirable thing that could happen—if she could have left her problem behind

"I know, Bob! I know!" she said quickly. "But not now; not now—not just now, dear."

He glanced down a moment and she read his deep disappointment. Then he looked up at her with a clear face.

"Of course, it shall be whenever you say—now or hereafter," he said He seemed to struggle a moment with the desire to say more; then to take himself solidly in hand under the terms of their bond. "What have you been doing?" he asked; and she knew he had put the other subject aside

"Oh, nothing uncommon," she replied. "There has been the Dorcas Society and the drought and the county-seat matter. The society's meeting wasn't very successful: it failed to convict Tom Lucas of stealing the express package

"You don't suspect Lucas?" He picked up the topic with an abrupt interest

"No," she replied. What had made her mention the express package?

"Neither do I," said Bob at once. "Some things look odd, of course. Naturally, he's come in for consideration I suppose a detective always sticks his suspicion on the person nearest at hand"

Her mind stopped. "Bob, are you in the case?" she heard herself asking

"Oh, yes, as assistant district attorney you know," he replied cheerfully.

She only looked at him, and felt her isolation gathering in around her again.

"Of course, Lucas would come in for possible suspicion," Terhune continued thoughtfully. "I can't believe it, for my part. However," he brightened up, "the guilty man's bound to be caught."

"Why?" she asked from out her alert mind; and at the same time her heart was saying, "Oh, Bob, forgive me! You must not talk to me! I'm on the other side"

"Why, it's a State secret," he said, and in his smile she saw how absolutely he trusted her. "But the fact is, the stolen bills were as good as marked. The Omaha Bank was issuing some new circulating notes. These notes, you understand, must be signed by two officers of the bank—usually the president and cashier. Some notes were signed up this very day, and as it happened just those in the five-thousand-dollar lot that was shipped to the Blue Ridge Bank were signed by the second vice-president and first assistant cashier. That combination of signatures appears on no other notes. Whoever took that package has a lot of bank bills that can be identified. Now, my idea would be——"

"But what an unpleasant subject," said Miss Hynes.

Terhune stared, colored, and looked embarrassed

Then, to Janet's immense relief, her mother came in, overflowing with hospitality and conversation. She began talking to Bob at once, quite drowning him in her flood of words.

Janet sat by looking at him through the rimless eyeglasses. Her problem had suddenly become terrible. Before it had been her brain. Now it was her heart. The cause to which she had committed herself had carried her into a trap. She felt it to be as big and dark as Fate itself. The masked opponent against whom she had armed was suddenly uncovered—and there stood Bob, big, gentle, true, with his long, patient love and his beautiful honesty. It was he who was innocently preparing the toils for her father; he with whom she must cope. He would tell her everything at the least hint. She felt herself swept off her feet. In a strange instant she imagined herself with a cup of poison in her hand which he would drink with a smile

In a few moments she slipped out of the room without speaking. She went into the sitting-room and so, noiselessly, to the hall and upstairs. In her own room she shut the door softly and sat down. She still felt swept off her feet. She must have time. The minutes passed. She knew that he would take the 5:38 train back to Warrensville.

She heard her mother calling her, in the hall, then at the back door, then in the kitchen. She heard her mother coming upstairs, talking back over her shoulder to Terhune—" I don't know where she could have taken herself," with a hen-like flutter of alarm.

She thought, " This is the best way."

Mrs. Hynes opened the door. " Why, Janet, what the world you doing up here? Mr. Terhune's going."

The pretty, pale face turned with a look the elder woman knew. " I'm not coming down, mother. Tell him I'm lying down and have a headache," said Miss Hynes.

Mrs. Hynes stood in an open-mouthed spasm of voiceless remonstrance.

" I'm not coming down, mother," Janet repeated, low

The mother met the fixed amber eyes. " Well, I declare," she gasped weakly, and turned away. She knew the child. " I suppose it's some lovers' quarrel," she commented to herself as she went downstairs; and Janet heard the sound of her voice as she volubly apologized to Terhune

She comprehended Bob's bewilderment and pain. The bitterest thing was the vulgar meanness of her act—like a spiteful kitchen wench bound to humiliate her beau. " Oh, how mean! How mean! How vile a thing to do to him!" she thought. She knelt at the window and peered out. Terhune stepped out from the porch and walked away. To her straining eyes the big, steady figure seemed humbled. First and last, how much she had made him bear! It would have been better for him, said her constricted heart, if he had gone away from me long ago. It would be better for him if he never sought to come back now; and very likely he never will seek to come back

" Will you ever know, dear, it is for your sake that I do this," she whispered. When he was out of sight she went to the bed and laid down, curled up, a small, very pretty person with dry eyes. Her brain was quite clear now. She had thrown everything else aside. She had accepted the isolation in which she stood with only her half mad father, the wild wind of ruin blowing about them.

Her father did not seem lovely. She would once have laughed at the notion of a common family possession of honor to which each member must make traditional sacrifice. Why, then, did she sacrifice everything, throw everything away from her in the single, intense purpose to save her father? She could not tell She seemed inscrutably bound to him.

II

MISS HYNES stood up. The setting sun was sending level rays through the open square window in the west gable of the attic. There was a window in the east gable and the two gave plenty of light. On her hands and knees she had gone over every foot of the bare pine floor. She had examined the walls. She had lifted every article out of the musty old bureau that stood in the corner. She had found nothing.

This was the end of her thorough search of the whole house, from cellar to attic, seizing such opportunities and making such pretexts as she could. It was not difficult to beguile unsuspecting Mrs. Hynes

The bins in the cellar, closets, clothes presses, bureaus, writing desk and bookcases, the very walls and floors had been examined. Her hands and eyes had probed the house. It had taken seven days. She had found nothing

Time passed, inevitably bringing somewhere in its train that moment when the bank bills would appear and all be discovered. The lines had perceptibly deepened over her mouth. In the intense concentration of her mind she begrudged even the few hours which she gave to sleep. Her brain had never worked at a higher power. Other things fell off and stood away from her until in the whole scope of existence there was nothing but the package of banknotes which she must find before somebody else found it. With that package in her possession there would be time to draw breath, to look around and consider a little. But now there was no time. Others were watching. Behind its screen the action was moving steadily forward. At any instant the notes might appear and the mine explode. Even Bob Terhune fell away from her. At the table, talking gayly, if she talked at all, she looked into her father's bearded face and said to herself, as though it seemed he would almost hear it, " You must let me find the package at once, father, or you will be discovered." Or again, " His mind is out of gear."

The house had been searched. The next morning she took to walking about the yard. For half an hour she stood in the woodshed, without moving in the least, her eyes beginning in the corner and going minutely over the whole interior of the shed. Had the piled wood been disturbed here or there? Was there space under the eaves?

The gristmill whistle blew for noon. Another half day gone. " I am losing," she thought. When she stepped out into the sun a dizziness beset her; things suddenly blurred before her eyes. " I may become ill," she said

After the midday dinner she laid down methodically, and refreshed herself with sleep. Her tired mind rested longer than she had intended and when she awoke it was supper-time. As she bathed her face she felt ready again. After supper she went to the front porch and sat on the steps, her back to a pillar. The booming wind and flying dirt were bound to keep her mother indoors and she wished to be alone.

Still she did not at once take up her problem. The intense application had brought a reaction. She looked out, with vague glance, into the gathering dusk and vaguely communicated with the spirit of ruin in the booming wind. Nothing mattered much just then. She felt herself drowsing a little in an interval of the fight. She paused, waiting, vaguely hoping that when she roused a leading would come

And in a flash the leading came.

She suddenly saw a neatly lacquered tin box two feet square with her initials in yellow paint on the front. Her father had it made for her and put into the vault at the bank because she wished a fireproof storage place for certain college treasures of a commercial value of fifty dollars. She also saw the flat, bright little steel key, tied with a bit of blue ribbon, which fitted the padlock on the box. This key had been dropped among a handful of trinkets on her dressing-table. Two days before, in her search of the house, feeling along the edge of the carpet in her father's room for a possible loose piece of flooring, her palm felt something under the carpet. She put in her fingers and drew out the bright steel key tied with a blue ribbon. For a moment she stared at it, wondering how it came there. But it was not what she wished. In the tense bent of her faculties the key scarcely made an impression upon her.

(Continued on Page 38)

Americans of To-day and To-morrow

By Albert J. Beveridge

A CONTINENTAL REPUBLIC

THE *ultimate* annexation of Cuba is probably not now questioned by any thoughtful American. This is not a thing to be desired for the present moment. Although we are now practically suzerain of Cuba she should be permitted to demonstrate, even to herself, the unwisdom and unprofitableness of a separate existence. Fortunately, both for her and for us, great harm has been obviated and (when the years shall have ripened the situation) our final relations have been made easy of attainment by the epoch-making law drafted by Senator Platt, of Connecticut, which constitutes the American Cuban Charter. But when Americans shall have poured into that island in sufficient numbers, when the development of her resources shall have come more fully under American control, the absurdity of a separate and possibly hostile nationality within sight of our own shores, and holding the key to our American gulf, and having the power to close the door to the Mississippi, the great waterway of the Republic, will become apparent

But nothing will be hurried. Natural processes are quite rapid enough. The overruling Mind of the universe makes His own dates; and nations meet those dates whether they want to or not. Destiny knows no forced marches. Double-quick statesmanship frequently postpones the very end to which it would too quickly hasten.

In this entire outline of what appears to be inevitable American development, conservatism should be the dominant note. " *Make haste slowly* " is a good word.

If Bright dreamed of an American continental union under the Stars and Stripes, nearly all of our great American statesmen who gave thought to the subject dreamed quite as vividly of American control of the Pacific. Even in his day Lewis Cass continually referred to the Pacific as " an American lake." Upon that prospect Seward dwelt with loving anticipation. Humboldt spoke of the Pacific's future, not in the cold words of science, but in the burning language of the seer who already beheld the shadow of the coming event.

Nobody paid great attention to these statements when they were uttered Probably they were regarded by the hour-thinkers as the exuberance of the popular politician—as a sort of let-off of their excess Americanism. Yet less than half a dozen decades have brought plainly to our eye what was clear to their foresight.

Our Future in the Pacific

COMMERCIALLY and politically we already almost dominate the world's greatest ocean. In recent years this vast fact has been realized by the great captains of commerce more than by our public thinkers. Mr. James J. Hill, who shows in his thought and prophetic enterprises qualities of statesmanship in business (and note that in modern times the great master of business must be a statesman—the very magnitude of his operations requires it), was the first to see the necessity and inevitableness of American commercial expansion over the Pacific. Reasoning from this premise, the Great Northern Road was built Again reasoning from this premise, a mighty ship line to the Orient was established. And to-day the greatest vessels that float upon the face of all the waters of the world are the leviathan vessels recently launched for the Pacific trade. The value of Hawaii in this world-scheme of American commercial expansion is now clear.

Much more is this true of the Philippines. Nobody now doubts that the flag will never be taken down from this Oriental gateway. We could not take it down if we would. It is useless to waste a word of argument as to whether this is good or bad. It is just a fact, and we are merely noting it. Our interest in the whole Oriental situation, which is the world-problem for the next two centuries, is settled and permanent, whether considered from the viewpoint of absolute necessity for expanding our commerce or from the higher viewpoint of taking part in pushing forward the outposts of civilization in the ancient East. The expansion of our Oriental commerce is certain; and the expansion of civilization is even more certain.

Whether this latter is to come by preserving the integrity of the Chinese Empire and organizing it under an agreement of the Powers, with Japan as its local policeman; or whether it is to come by the partition of the provinces of the Flowery Kingdom among the strongest nations (which now seems to be in actual progress); or whether Asia's destiny is to be determined along the lines of the plans of Peter the Great until the colors of the Czar shall float from St. Petersburg to Canton and Bombay (as Russia firmly believes); in any case the preponderance of America on the Pacific and her permanent retention of the islands she now owns in that ocean are perfectly inevitable—this from the viewpoints, first, of necessity, and, second, of commanding for the American people a just share of the commerce of the world

The Perils of "Classes" in a Republic

OUR internal problems will solve themselves. Their solution will not come so much from the thought of any one man—not, indeed, from the conclusion of any school or schools of thinkers. They will be solved as Nature solves her problems—by evolution, by industrial evolution. The scientist, the inventor, the prophet of the mechanical will laugh you to scorn if you suggest to him that we have reached the limit of the achievements of science in the service of human labor or human comfort; and of course it is just as true that the resources of our statesmanship are no more exhausted than are the storehouses of scientific helpfulness. New problems will arise just as long as progress continues; but there will not be wanting the fertile brain, the upright conscience and the brave heart to meet and solve them—or rather help to solve them, since all great problems are really solved by events.

It is the opposite of the truth to say that external activity takes away the energy necessary to the thorough mastery of our internal affairs. Germany, for example, has made no such progress either in science or in the perfection of her internal administration as she has since she took to the ocean highways of the world and adopted the Emperor's motto of " *Drang nach Osten* " as her national watchword. It is notable that Russian railway reform, and indeed the whole progress of Russian administrative reform, is proceeding from without inward, instead of the reverse. It seems to be a law of national progress that external activities cause clearer vision, produce more vigorous national nerve and profounder national thought for the service of the Fatherland.

Indeed our foreign activities, which appeal to the aspirations of all Americans and in the nature of things admit of no division into classes, compelling, instead, merely a division of opinion, will help to prevent the one single danger which every observer of American development perceives in our future.

That danger is the class peril From the viewpoint of the present hour, the tendency to divide the American people into classes is marked and powerful. Should the laboring man

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Editor's Note — This is the last of the articles in Senator Beveridge's series.

(using that term in the incorrect and narrow sense) be consolidated into the one class; the agriculturists into another class; the merchants into another class; manufacturers and capitalists into still another class; and so forth and so on Fate will have placed a rock directly in the course of our progress which will surely wreck us. Unfortunately, the formation of classes seems to be a fundamental human difficulty, the end of which, through all history, has been the establishment of monarchy. Thus we note that the industry of ancient Egypt was divided into classes, which classes became hereditary. In our own time we observe nearly the same thing in China, where the bankers and money changers are the real imperial power in the daily life of the people, where you cannot get your washing done if the washerman's guild happens to be on a strike in the locality where you are; where carpenters have their unions and tea dealers their associations, and so on through all commerce and industry, and where the rules and orders of these organizations are superior, in actual practice, to any mandates of the Government

Rightly considered, the organization of labor, of capital and of all industry is helpful. Indeed in our complex civilization organization of industry is necessary. The danger is that selfishness, prejudice, and the non-intelligent passions and impulses of the human heart may make each of these classes superior instead of subservient to the common good Should this danger here briefly pointed out be realized, the internal convulsions of America's future will be as black and as bloody as her natural destiny along lines of peaceful and sane development should be brilliant and beautiful

May we not safely trust, however, the common-sense and spirit of brotherhood in the American people to prevent the culmination of this calamity? If such be our happy fate, then American destiny will be much nobler than this paper outlines.

Let Us Have Peace

AND be sure that destiny is to be realized by the processes of peace. War is to all right-thinking men horrible: and more and more the number increases of those who regard armed conflict as intolerable savagery. It is a far cry from the thought of to-day back to that of Thomas Jefferson, who declared that blood-letting by means of war was necessary every dozen years, and that a revolution every thirty years was beneficial to human progress. Just as the methods of war themselves have changed (as witness the fact that the organizing mind of Von Moltke outgeneraling his foes is to-day more valuable than battalions of infantry and parks of artillery), so in the future the reasoning mind of the statesman will have made war itself quite out of date. In the methods of modern battle, strategy has taken the place of the old-time brutal onslaught. This is merely the triumph of intelligence over animal strength, even in the work of carnage itself. Does this not show that intelligence will still further triumph until the killing of human beings on the field of blood will be as obsolete as the Greek phalanx or the broadsword of the Roman now is in actual combat?

Peace! peace! peace! Let no man think that the national spirit will thus become feminized and overgentle. Industry in its large and noble phases furnishes an exaltation of spirit as noble as it is beneficent, and quite as intense and infinitely more sane and persistent than that produced by war. We can harden our muscles by building ships, constructing railroads, laying low the mountain obstructions to our commercial progress quite as well as by bayoneting brother mortals or mowing down opposing enemies.

Here is no fear of war Until the world is ripe for peace the American people will always be equipped for combat One of our sure guarantees that our destiny will not be interfered with is the world-wide knowledge that every one of our eighty millions of American citizens is a potential soldier. Each man has in him, by inheritance, the blood of warriors. And as a matter of national safeguard we will keep on training up to the limit of the latest military thought until the whole bloody and wicked business of war is an unpleasant reminiscence of the infancy of the race

Are not these outlines of American destiny in the near-by future rational? In these papers an attempt has been made:

First, to picture the physical situation and equipment of the American in the modern world

Second, to outline the large and fundamental elements of American character, which are

(a) Conservatism — moderation, thoughtfulness and poise

(b) Thoroughness — conscientious performance, to the minutest detail, of any work which we as individuals or people may have in hand

(c) Justice — that spirit which weighs with the scales of righteousness our conduct toward each other and our conduct as a nation toward the world.

(d) Religion — the sense of dependence upon and responsibility to the Higher Power; the profound American belief that our destiny is in His hands.

(e) The minor elements of American character — such as the tendency to organize, the element of humor, impatience with frauds, and the movement in American life toward the simple and sincere.

If these outlines of character be substantially accurate; if the world's map and our location thereon is correct; if the influences at work upon our development are not overstated, if the vital facts of our increase in population, the necessity for the expansion of our commerce, those powerful influences of gravitation exercised by great peoples over small and contiguous states, have been stated with substantial accuracy — is not the result a real and certain future for the American people brilliant, glorious, happy and good?

Here is no dreaming. Here is no fanciful forecast of the visionary. Here is a mere problem in arithmetic — a simple sum in addition. The experiments of the chemist in his laboratory are not more definite nor his conclusions more certain than the splendor of the future of the American people as feebly indicated in this paper

With the facts of the situation in mind, what American can despair? What American can be less than hopeful? What American can be less than certain of the nobility of the To-Morrow of this people?

Nothing but a high faith in American destiny is rational. And this faith itself will be a powerful factor in its own realization. *The achiever is always the believer.* Such were the layers of cables across the bed of ocean; such were the constructors of continental railroads; to go farther back, such were the men who unfurled our flag Faith is the inspirer — aye, and the doer — of noble deeds

American mines are not exhausted; in reality they have only just been opened

American agricultural productiveness is not declining; on the contrary, we are only now beginning to learn sensible and saving methods of farming

American manufacturing has not reached its limit; on the contrary, the processes have only commenced which will make this Republic the workshop of the world

American intelligence is not decadent; on the contrary, we Americans are just beginning to learn the uses of the trained intellect — just beginning to methodize the mighty and multitudinous productivity of the American mind

Yearly, daily, hourly we make our work more thorough

Yearly, daily, hourly we are a juster and a better people

Yearly, daily, hourly our thought and work make more and more for righteousness

And so in the beauty of holiness our flag advances and will advance. Not yet do the American bugles sound "retreat" — no, not yet, and never will

American character, American civilization, American life — the American people — are all right Let them alone and the results will confound prophecy.

THE BOSS

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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CHAPTER X

BIG KENNEDY was right; the reputable old gentleman rose to that lure of Congress like any bass to any fly. It was over in a trice; he was proud to be thus called upon, and promptly ready to serve the people. Incidentally, it restored his hope in the country's future to hear that such tried wardogs of politics as Big Kennedy and myself were making a line of battle against dishonesty in place. This and more was said to me by the reputable old gentleman when I bore him word how Big Kennedy and I stood ready to be his allies. The reputable old gentleman swelled and glowed and turned a threatening purple with the sheer glory of my proposal, and seemed already to regard his election as a thing secured

In due course his own tribe placed him in nomination. That done, Big Kennedy called a meeting of his people and declared for the reputable old gentleman's support. Big Kennedy did not wait to be attacked by the Tammany machine; he took the initiative and went to open rebellion, giving as his reason the machine's corruption.

"Tammany Hall has fallen into the hands of thieves!" shouted Big Kennedy in a short but pointed address which he made to his clansmen. "As an honest member of Tammany, I am fighting to rescue the organization from their control."

In its way, the move was a master-stroke. It gave us the high ground, since it left us still in the party, still in Tammany. It gave us a battle-cry, and sent us into the conflict with a cleaner fame than it had been our wont to wear.

In the beginning the reputable old gentleman paid a pompous visit to Big Kennedy. Like all who saw that leader, the reputable old gentleman came to Big Kennedy's saloon This last was a point upon which Big Kennedy insisted.

"Th' man," said Big Kennedy, "who's too good to go into a saloon is too good to go into politics; if he's goin' to dodge th' one, he'd better duck th' other."

The reputable old gentleman met this test of the barrooms and qualified for politics without a quaver. Had a barroom been the shelter of his infancy he could not have worn a steadier assurance. As he entered he laid a bill on the bar for the benefit of the public then and there athirst. Then he intimated a desire to talk privately with Big Kennedy and set his course for the sanctum as though by inspiration. Big Kennedy called me to the conference; closing the door behind us, we three drew together about the table

"Let's cut out th' polite prelim'naries," said Big Kennedy, "an' come down to tacks. How much stuff do you feel like blowin' in?"

How much should it take?" asked the reputable old gentleman.

"Say twenty thousand' returned Big Kennedy, as cool as New Year's Day

"Twenty thousand dollars!" repeated the reputable old gentleman, with wide eyes. "As much as that?"

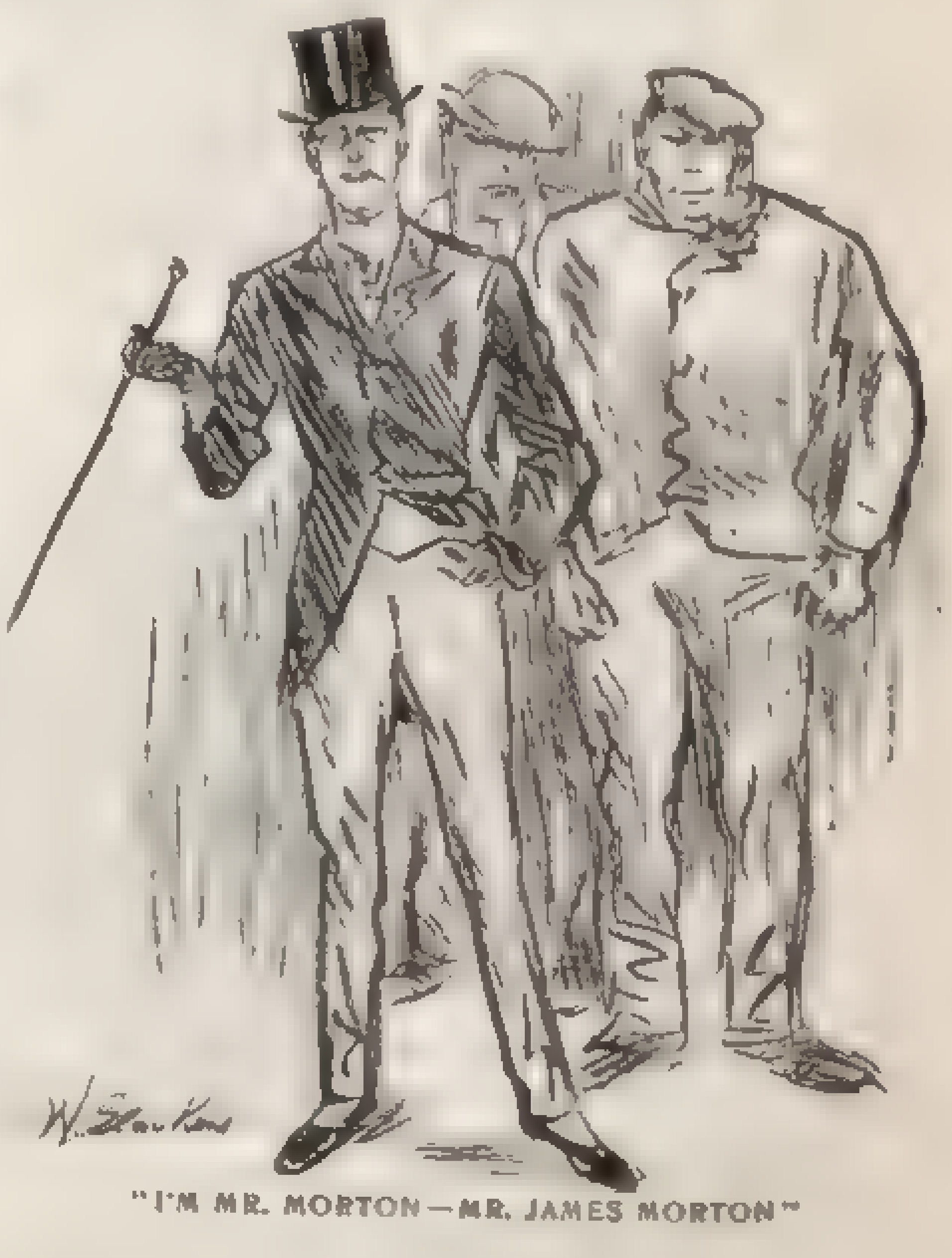
"If you're goin' to put in money, put in enough to win There's no sense puttin' in just enough to lose. Th' other fellows will come into th' district with money enough to burn a wet dog. We've got to break even with 'em or they'll have us faded from th' jump."

"But what can you do with so much?" asked the reputable old gentleman, dismally "It seems a fortune! What would you do with it?"

"Mass meetin's, bands, beer, torches, fireworks, halls; but most of all, buy votes. '

"Buy votes!" exclaimed the reputable old gentleman, his cheek paling.

Buy 'em by th' bunch, like a market-girl sells radishes." Then, seeing the reputable old gentleman's horror: "How do you s'ppose you're goin' to get the votes? You don't figger these dock-wallopers an' river pirates are stuck on you personally, do you?"



"I'M MR. MORTON — MR. JAMES MORTON"

"But their interest as citizens!" said the old gentleman

"Their first interest as citizens," observed Big Kennedy with a cynical smile, "is a five dollar bill

"But do you think it right to purchase votes?" asked the reputable old gentleman with a gasp

"Is it right to shoot a man? No. Is it right to shoot a man if he's shootin' at you? Yes. Well, these mugs are goin' to buy votes, an' keep at it early an' late. Which is why I say it's dead right to buy votes to save yourself. Besides, you're th' best man; it's th' country's interests we're protectin', d'ye see'

The reputable old gentleman sat in deep thought for a space. Then he got upon his feet to go.

"I'll send my son to talk with you," he said. Then faintly: "I guess this will be all right."

"There's somethin' you've forgot," said Big Kennedy with a laugh, as he shook hands with the reputable old gentleman when the latter was about to depart. "There's a bet you've overlooked." Then, as the other seemed puzzled: "You ain't got off your bluff about bein' a taxpayer. But I understand! This is exec'tive session, an' that crack about bein' a taxpayer is more of a public utterance. You're keepin' it for th' stump, most likely

"I'll send my son to you to-night," repeated the reputable old gentleman, too much in the fog of Big Kennedy's generous figures to heed his jests about taxpayers. "He'll be here about eight o'clock "

"That's right!" said Big Kennedy. "The sooner we get th' oil th' sooner we'll begin to light up."

The reputable old gentleman kept his word concerning his son and that young gentleman's visit. The latter was with us at eight, sharp, and brought two others of hard appearance to bear him company as a kind of bodyguard. The young gentleman was slight and superfine, with eyeglass, mustache and lisp He accosted Big Kennedy, swinging a dainty cane the while in an affected way.

"I'm Mr. Morton — Mr. James Morton," said he. "You know my father."

Once in the sanctum, and none save Big Kennedy and myself for company, the young Mr. Morton came to the question.

"My father's running for Congress. But he's old-fashioned; he doesn't understand these things." The tones were confident and sophisticated. I began to see how the eyeglass, the cane and the lisp belied our caller. Under his affectations he was as keen and cool a hand as Big Kennedy. "No," he repeated thoughtfully, taking meanwhile a thick envelope from his frock coat, "he doesn't understand. The idea of money shocks him. '

"That's it!" returned Big Kennedy sympathetically. "He's old-fashioned; he thinks this thing is like runnin' for superintendent of a Sunday-school. He ain't down to date."

"Here," observed our visitor, tapping the table with the envelope and smiling to find himself and Big Kennedy a hearty unit as to the lamentable innocence of his father, "here are twenty one-thousand-dollar bills. I didn't draw a check for reasons you appreciate. I shall trust you to make the best use of this money. Also, I shall work with you through the campaign."

With that the young gentleman went his way, humming a tune, and all as though leaving twenty thousand dollars in the hands of some chance sown politician was the common employment of his evenings. When he was gone Big Kennedy opened the envelope. There they were, twenty one-thousand-dollar bills. Big Kennedy pointed to them as they lay on the table·

"There's the reformer for you!" he said. "He'll go talkin' about Tammany Hall; but once he himself goes out for an office he's ready to buy a vote or burn a church! But say! that young Morton's all right!" Here Big Kennedy's manner betrayed the deepest admiration. Then his glance recurred doubtfully to the treasure. "I wish he'd brought it 'round by daylight. I'll have to set up with this till th' bank opens. Some fly guy might cop a sneak on it else. There's a dozen of my best customers any one of whom would croak a man for one of these bills."

The campaign went forward rough and tumble. Big Kennedy spent money like water, the Red Jackets never slept, while the Tin Whistles met the plug-uglies of the enemy on forty different fields.

The only unusual move was one made by that energetic exquisite, young Morton. Young Morton, in the thick from the first, went shoulder to shoulder with Big Kennedy and myself. One day he asked us over to his personal headquarters

"You know," said he with his exasperating lisp, and daintily adjusting his glasses, "how there's a lot of negroes who live over this way — quite a settlement of them "

"Yes," returned Big Kennedy, "there's about three hundred votes among 'em. I've never tried to cut in on 'em, because there's no gettin' a nigger to vote th' Tammany ticket."

"Three hundred votes, did you say?" lisped the youthful manager. "I shall get six hundred." Then to a black who was hovering about: "Call in those new recruits."

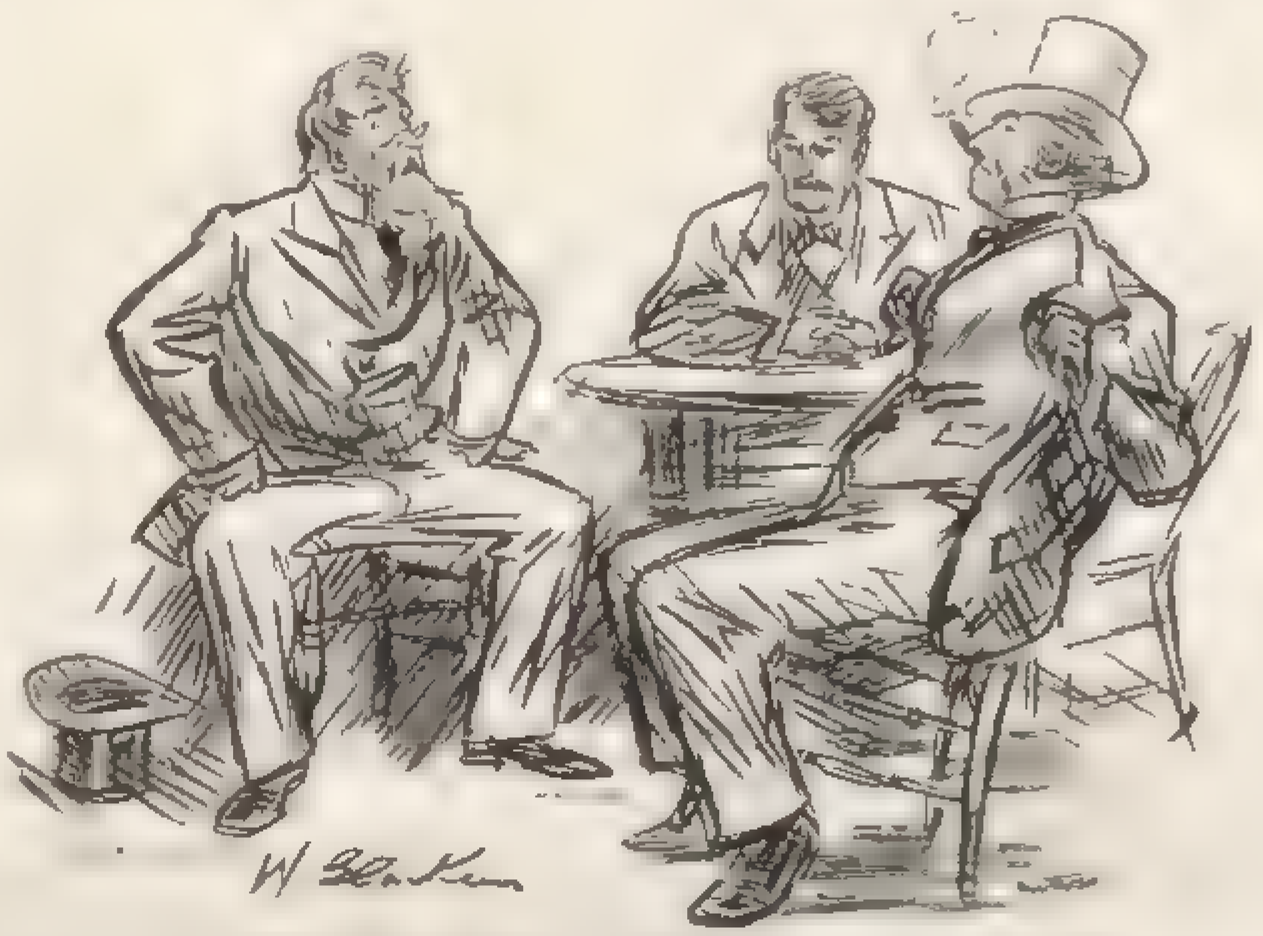
Six young black men, each with a pleasant grin, marched into the room

"There," said young Morton, inspecting them with the close air of a critic, "they look like the real thing, don't they? Don't you think they'll pass muster?"

"An' why not?" said Big Kennedy. "I take it they're game to swear to their age an' have got sense enough to give a house number that's in th' district?"

"It's not that," returned young Morton languidly. "But these fellows aren't men, they're women, don't y' know' It's the clothes does it. I'm going to dress up the wenches in overalls and jumpers; it's my own little idea."

"Say!" said Big Kennedy solemnly, as we were on our return, "that young Morton beats four kings an' an ace. He's a bird. I never felt so much like takin' off my hat to a man in my life. An' to think he's a Republican!" Here Big Kennedy groaned over genius misplaced. "There's no use talkin'; he ought to be in Tammany Hall. '


"BUY VOTES!" EXCLAIMED THE REPUTABLE OLD GENTLEMAN

The district which was to determine the destinies of the reputable old gentleman included two city wards besides the one over which Big Kennedy held sway. The campaign was not two weeks old before it stood patent to the dullest eye that Big Kennedy, though crowded hard, would still hold his place as leader in the teeth of the Tammany Chief and the best efforts he could put forth. When this was made apparent, though the war went forward as fiercely as before, the Chief made overtures to Big Kennedy. If that rebel would return to the fold of the machine, bygones would be bygones and a feast of love and profit would be spread before him. Big Kennedy, when the olive-branch was proffered, sent word that he would meet the Chief next day. He would be at a secret place he named

"An' tell him to come alone," said Big Kennedy to the messenger. "That's th' way I'll come; an' if he goes to ringin' in two or three for this conference you can say to him, in advance, it's all off"

Following the going of the messenger, Big Kennedy fell into a brown study. It was I who aroused him with a question.

"Do you think you'll deal in again with the Chief and the machine?" I asked

"It depends on what's offered. A song an' dance won't get me."

"But how about the Mortons? Would you abandon them?"

Big Kennedy looked me over with an eye of pity. Then he placed his hand on my head as on that far-off day in court.

"You're learnin' politics," said Big Kennedy slowly, "an' you're showin' speed. But let me tell you: You must chuck sentiment. Quit th' Mortons? I'll quit 'em in a holy minute if th' bid comes strong enough."

"Would you quit your friends?" I asked.

"That's different," he returned. "No man ought to quit his friends. But you must be careful an' never have more'n two or three, d'ye see. Now, these Mortons ain't friends; they're confed'rates. It's as though we happened to be members of th' same band of porch-climbers, that's all. Take it this way: How long do you guess it would take th' Mortons to sell us out if it matched their little game? How long do you think we'd last? Well, we'd last about as long as a drink of whisky."

Big Kennedy met the Chief and came back shaking his head in decisive negative.

"There's nothin' in it," he said. "He's all for playin' th' hog. It's that traction deal. Your vote as alderman, mind you, wins or loses it! What do you think now he offers to do? I know what he gets. He gets stock — say two hundred thousand dollars — an' one hundred thousand dollars in cold cash. An' yet he talks of only splittin' out fifteen thousand dollars for you an' me! Enough said, we fight him!"

Jimmy the Blacksmith, when in response to Big Kennedy's hint he "followed Gaffney," pitched his tent in the ward next north of our own. He made himself useful to the leader of that region, and called together a sombre bevy which was known as the Alley Gang. With that care for himself which had ever marked his conduct, Jimmy the Blacksmith and his Alley Gang, though they went to and fro as a force of the machine, were zealous to avoid the Tin Whistles and never put themselves within their reach. On the one or two occasions when the Tin Whistles, lusting for collision, went hunting them, the astute Alleyites were no more to be discovered than a needle in the hay.

"You couldn't find 'em with a search-warrant!" reported my disgusted lieutenant. "I never saw such people! They're a disgrace to th' East Side."

However, they were to be found with the last of it, and it would have been a happier fortune for me had the event fallen the other way about

It was the day of the balloting, and Big Kennedy and I had taken measures to render the result secure. Not only should we hold our ward, but the reputable old gentleman was safe of victory. Throughout the morning the word that came to us from time to time was ever a white one. It was not until the afternoon that information arrived of new and sudden clouds to fill the sky. The news came in the guise of a note from the younger Morton:

"Jimmy the Blacksmith and his heelers are driving our people from the polls."

"You know what to do!" said Big Kennedy, tossing me the scrap of paper.

With the Tin Whistles at my heels I lost no space in making my way to the scene of trouble. It was full time, for a riot was on and our men were winning the worst of the war. Clubs were going and stones were being thrown.

In the heart of it I had a glimpse of Jimmy the Blacksmith, a slungshot to his wrist, smiting right and left and cheering his cohorts. The sight gladdened me. There was my man, and I plowed a furrow through the crowd to reach him. This last was no stubborn enterprise, for the press parted before me like water.

Jimmy the Blacksmith saw me while yet a dozen feet from him. He could not escape, and with that he desperately faced me. As I drew within reach he leveled a savage blow with the slungshot. It would have put a period to my story if I had met it. As it fell forth, however, the shot miscarried, and the next moment I had rushed him and pinned him against the walls of the warehouse in which the precinct's polls were being held.

'I've got you!" I cried, and then wrenched myself free of his grasp to give me distance

I was to strike no blow, however; my purpose in that hard behalf was to find an interruption in midswing. While the words were between my teeth something like a sunbeam went flickering by my head, and a long knife buried itself vengefully in Jimmy the Blacksmith's throat. There was a choking gurgle and the man fell forward upon me, the red torrent from his mouth covering my hands. Then he crumpled to the ground in a weltering heap; dead on the instant, too, for the point had pierced the spine. In a dumb chill of horror I stooped and drew forth the knife. It was that weapon of the Bowery pawnshop which I had given the Sicilian.

CHAPTER XI

WHEN I gave that knife to the Sicilian I had not thought how, on the next occasion I encountered it, I should draw it from the throat of a dead and fallen enemy. With the sight of it there arose a vision of the dark, brisk face, the red kerchief and the golden earrings of him to whom it had been presented. In a blurred, dazed way I swept the throng for his discovery. The Sicilian was not there; my gaze met only the faces of the common crowd — ghastly, silent, questioning, staring, as I stood with knife dripping blood and the dead man on the ground at my feet. A police officer was pushing slowly toward me, his brow cloudy with apology.

"You mustn't hold this ag inst me," said he; "but you can see, yourself, I can't turn my blind side to a job like this. They'd have me pegged out an' spread-eagled in every paper of th' town."

"Yes!" I replied vaguely, not knowing what I said.

"An' there's th' big Tammany Chief you're fightin'," went on the officer; "he'd just about have my scalp, sure. I don't see why you did it! Your heart must be turnin' weak when you take to carryin' a shave an' stickin' people like pigs!"

"You don't think I killed him!" I exclaimed.

"Who else?" he asked

The officer shrugged his shoulders and turned his hands palm upward with a gesture of deprecation. To the question and the gesture I made no retort. It came to me that I must give my Sicilian time to escape. I could have wished his friendship had taken a less tropical form; still he had thrown that knife for me, and I would not name him until he had found his ship and was safe beyond the fingers of the law. Even now I think my course a proper one. The man, innocent, has ever that innocence to be his shield; he should be ready to suffer a little in favor of those who own no such advantage

It was nine o'clock that evening before Big Kennedy visited me in the Tombs. Young Morton came with him, clothed in evening dress and wearing white gloves. He delicately twisted his mustache between his kid-gloved finger and thumb, meanwhile surveying the grim interior — a fretwork of steel bars and freestone—with looks of ineffable objection The warden was with them in his own high person when they came to my cell. That functionary was in a mood of sullen uncertainty; he could not make out a zone of safety for himself when now Big Kennedy and the Tammany Chief were at daggers drawn. He feared he might go too far in pleasing the former, and so bring upon him the dangerous resentment of his rival.

"We can't talk here, Dave," said Big Kennedy, addressing the warden, after greeting me through the cell grate. "Bring him to your private office."

"But, Mr. Kennedy," remonstrated the warden, "I don't know about that. It's after lockin'-up hours now."

"You don't know!" repeated Big Kennedy, the spectre of a threat peeping from his gray eye. "An' you're to hand me out a line of guff about lockin'-up hours, too! Come, come, Dave; it won't do! The Chief an' I may be pals to-morrow. Or I may have him done for an' on th' run in a month. Where would you be then, Dave? No more words, I say: bring him to your private office."

There was no gainsaying the iron manner of Big Kennedy The warden, weakened with years of fear of him and his power, grumblingly undid the bolts and led the way to his room

"Deuced wretched quarters, I should say" murmured young Morton, glancing for a moment inside the cell "Not at all worth cutting a throat for"

When we were in the warden's room that master of the keys took up a position by the door. This was not to Big Kennedy's taste.

"Dave, s'ppose you step outside," said Big Kennedy. "It's no use you hearin' what we say; it might get you into trouble, d'ye see!" The last insinuatingly.

"Mr. Kennedy, I'm afraid!" replied the warden with the voice of one worried. "You know the charge is murder He's here for killin' Jimmy th' Blacksmith. I've no right to let him out of my sight."

"To be sure I know it's murder," responded Big Kennedy "I'd be plankin' down bail for him if it was anything else But what's that got to do with you skippin' into th' hall? You don't think I'm goin' to pass him any files or saws, do you?"

"Really, Mr. Warden," said young Morton, crossing over to where the warden still lingered irresolutely, "really, you don't expect to stay and overhear our conversation! Why, it would be not only impolite but preposterous! Besides, it's not my way, don't y' know!" And here young Morton put on his double eyeglass and ran the warden up and down with an intolerant eye

"But he's charged, I tell you," objected the warden, "with killin' Jimmy th' Blacksmith. I can't go to givin' him privileges an' takin' chances; I'd get done up if I did"

"You'll get done up if you don't!" growled Big Kennedy

"It is as you say," went on young Morton, still holding the warden in the thrall of that wonderful eyeglass; "it is quite true that the person, James the Horseshoer, as you call him, has been slain and will never shoe a horse again But our friend had no hand in it, as we stand ready to spend one hundred thousand dollars to establish. And by the way, speaking of money"—here young Morton turned to Big Kennedy—"didn't you say, as we came along, that it would be proper to remunerate this officer for our encroachments upon his time?"

"Why, yes," replied Big Kennedy with an ugly glare at the warden, "I said that I thought it might be a good idea to sweeten him."

"Sweeten! Ah, yes; I recall now that 'sweeten' was the term you employed. A most extraordinary word for paying money. However," and here young Morton again addressed the warden, tendering him at the same time a one-hundred dollar bill, "here is a small present. Now let us have no more words, my good man."

The warden, softened by the bill, went out and closed the door. I could see that he looked on young Morton in a temper of wonder and smelled in him a mysterious authority. As one disposed to cement a friendship just begun, the warden as he left, held out his hand to young Morton

"You're th' proper caper!" he exclaimed in a gush of encomium, "you're a gent of th' real right sort!"

Young Morton gazed upon the warden's outstretched hand as though it were one of the curious things in nature. At last he extended two fingers, which the warden grasped

"This weakness for shaking hands," said young Morton, as he dusted his gloved fingers fastidiously, "this weakness for shaking hands on the part of so many people is inexcusable. Still, on the whole, I did not think it the best occasion for administering a rebuke, and so allowed the fellow his way."

"Dave's all right," returned Big Kennedy Then turning again to me: "Now let's get down to business. You understand how th' charge is murder an' that no bail goes. But keep a stiff upper lip. The Chief is out to put a crimp in you, but we'll beat him just th' same. For every witness he brings, we'll bring two. Do you know who it was croaked th' Blacksmith?"

I told him of the Sicilian, and how I had recognized the knife as I drew it from the throat of the dead man.

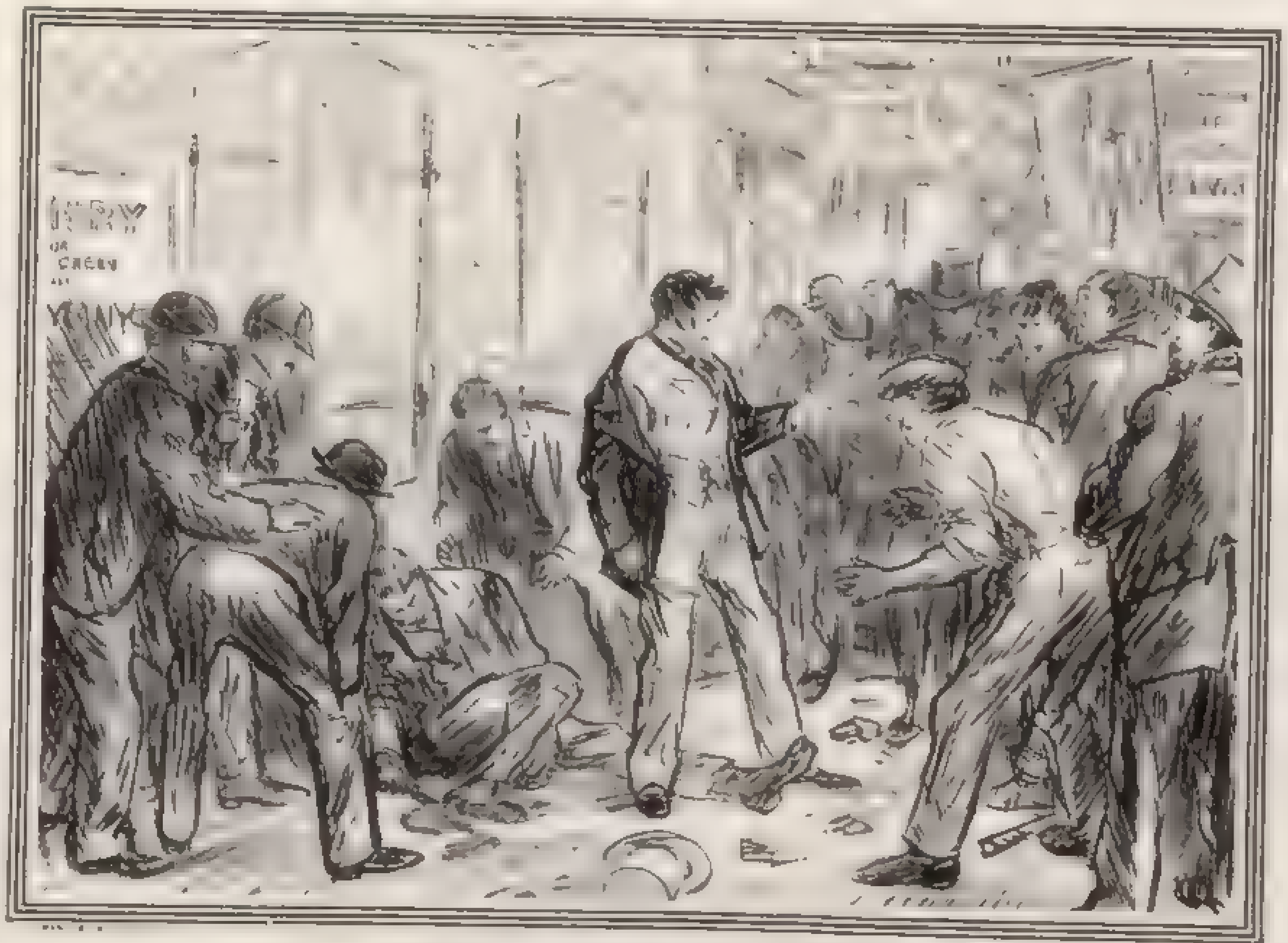
"It's a cinch he threw it," said Big Kennedy; "he was in th' crowd, an' saw you mixin' it up with th' Blacksmith an' let him have it. Them Dagoes are great knife-throwers Did you get a flash of him in th' crowd?"

"No," I said, "there was no sign of him I haven't told this story to anybody We ought to give him time to take care of himself"

"Right you are," said Big Kennedy approvingly. "He probably jumped aboard his boat; it's even money he's outside th' Hook, out'ard bound, by now."

Then Big Kennedy discussed the case. I should be indicted and tried; there was no doubt of that. The Chief, our enemy, had possession of the court machinery; so far as indictment and trial were concerned he would not fail of his will

"An' it's th' judge in partic'lar I'm leary of," said Big Kennedy thoughtfully. "The Chief has got that jurist in hock to him, d'ye see! He comes up for renomination next fall, an' the Chief can kill him or keep him, as he pleases. But there's another end to it; I've got a pull with th' party who selects th' jury, an' it'll be funny if we don't have half of 'em our way. That's right; th' worst they can give us is a hung jury. If it takes money, now," and here Big Kennedy rolled a tentative eye on young Morton, "if it should take money, I s'ppose we know where to look for it?"



THEN HE CRUMPLED TO THE GROUND IN A WELTERING HEAP

Young Morton had been listening to every word and, for the moment, nothing about him of his usual languor. Beyond tapping his white teeth with the handle of his dress cane he had retained no trace of affectation. I had much hope from the alert earnestness of young Morton, for I could tell that he would stay by my fortunes to the end

"What was that?" he asked.

"I said that if we have to buy any little thing, like a juror or a witness, we know where to go for the money."

"Certainly!" he lisped, relapsing into the exquisite; "we shall buy the Court House, should the purchase of that edifice become necessary to our friend's security."

"Ain't he a dandy!" exclaimed Big Kennedy, surveying young Morton in a rapt way. Then coming back to me. "I've got some news for you that you want to keep under your waistcoat. You know Billy Cassidy—Foxy Billy—him that studied to be a lawyer? You remember how I got him a post in th' Comptroller's office. Well, I sent for him not an' hour ago, an' he's goin' to take copies of all th' accounts that shows what th' Chief an' them other crooks at th' top of Tammany have been doin'. I'll have th' papers on 'em in less'n a week. If we get our hooks on what I'm after, an' Foxy Billy says we shall, we'll wipe that gang off th' earth."

"Given those documents, we shall, as you say, obliterate them," chimed in young Morton. "But speaking of your agent: Is this Foxy Billy as astute as his name would imply?"

"He could go down to Coney Island an' beat th' shells," said Big Kennedy confidently.

"About the knife which gave James the Horseshoer his death-wound," said young Morton. His tones were vapid, but his glance was bright enough. "They've sent it to the Central Office. The detectives are sure to discover the pawnbroker who sold it. I think it would be wise, therefore, to carry the detectives the news ourselves. It will draw the sting of that wasp. For it wouldn't look well to a jury should we let them track down this information, whereas it will destroy its effect if we ourselves tell them. I think, with the start he has, we can trust that Sicilian individual to take care of himself"

This suggestion appealed to Big Kennedy as good. He thought, too, that he and young Morton might better set about the matter without delay

"Don't lose your nerve," said he, shaking me by the hand. "You are as safe as though you were in church. I'll crowd 'em, too, an' get the trial over inside of six weeks. By that time, if Foxy Billy is any good, we'll be ready to give th' Chief some law business of his own."

"One thing," said I at parting, "my wife must not come here. I wouldn't have her see me in a cell to save my life."

From the moment of my arrival at the Tombs I had not ceased to think of poor Apple Cheek and her distress. Anne would do her best to comfort her; and for the rest—why, it must be borne. But I could not abide her seeing me a prisoner—not for her sake, but for my own

"Well, good-by," said young Morton, as he and Big Kennedy were taking themselves away. "You need give yourself no uneasiness. Remember, you are not only right, but rich; and when, pray, was the right, on being backed by riches, ever beaten down?"

"Or for that matter, the wrong either?" put in Big Kennedy sagely. "I've never seen money lose a fight."

"Our friend," said young Morton, addressing the warden who had now returned, and speaking in a high, superior vein, "is to have everything he wants. Here is my card. Remember, now, this gentleman is my friend, and it is not to my fancy that a friend of mine should lack for anything."

As Big Kennedy and young Morton reached the door I bethought me for the first time to ask the result of the election

"Was your father successful?" I queried. "These other matters quite drove the election from my head."

"Oh, yes," drawled young Morton, "my father triumphed. I forget the phrase in which Mr. Kennedy described the method of his success, but it was highly epigrammatic and appropriate How was it you said the old gentleman won?"

"I said that he won in a walk," returned Big Kennedy. Then suspiciously: "Say! you ain't guyin' me?

"Me guy you?" repeated young Morton, arching his brows. "I'd as soon think of deriding a king with crown and sceptre!"

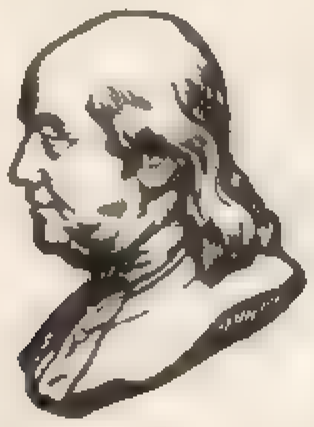
My trial came on within a month. Big Kennedy had a genius for expedition, and could hurry both men and events whenever it suited his inclinations. When I went to the bar I was accompanied by two of the leaders of the local guild of lawyers. These were my counsel, and they would leave no stone unturned to see me free. Big Kennedy sat by my side when the jury was empaneled

"We've got eight of 'em painted," he whispered. "I'd have had all twelve," he continued regretfully, "but what with challengin', an' what with some of 'em not knowin' enough an' some of 'em knowin' too much, I lost four. However, eight ought to land us on our feet."

There were no Irishmen on the panel, and I commented on the fact as strange.

(*Continued on Page 16*)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST



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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ It costs as much to lose as it does to win.

¶ Too much to-day means too little to-morrow.

¶ The school of experience has a home-study course.

¶ Why speak of stopping graft so long as tips increase?

¶ Work is the only capital that never misses dividends

¶ Bargain counters have everything to offer but economy.

¶ Perhaps Sir Thomas may start a Shamrock conservatory

¶ Those who expect too much of their friendships have few friends.

¶ In the absence of ideal men the market for real men continues active

¶ The woman who marries a man for his own good seldom finds the good.

¶ Kind words may be more than coronets, but they never seem quite so large as an increase in salary.

¶ Love sees enough in one plate of ice cream with two spoons. Matrimony places a regular order for a whole freezer.

¶ Thanksgiving Day will be under an extra strain this year. It comes after election and the extra session of Congress

¶ It used to be difficult to get a good day's pay for a good day's work. Now the problem is to get a good day's work for a good day's pay

¶ Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day is a pretty good rule, but it does not include saying unkind things and winding eight-day clocks.

❧

The Secret of Sales

FOUR men were discussing a novel that has won a wide sale in different parts of the country. The literary critic said, very truthfully, that it violated every established rule of first-class fiction writing, that it was crude, and that it lacked refinement. The clergyman thought it grotesque and inexcusably sensational. The doctor had read it with interest and accepted it as the curious product of a mind that was not nicely balanced Then a man who handles men and whose life is spent in the daily experiences that come to the superintendent of a large manufacturing institution spoke up

"What all of you say is true," he began. "From a literary point of view it is probably worse than bad. As a picture of church and pulpit conditions it must be a travesty From a medical point of view I presume it is a simple curiosity. But the fact of the matter is that with all its faults it has tremendous earnestness. You can see the writer driving his forces, and it is this power which explains why it has made an impression and has caused so many people to buy it and read it. We all have our explanations, but after all, power is the thing

More things than books show the truth of this observation In almost every great success that has been won in this or any other country keen analysis has discovered radical imperfections at every turn. Experts can prove how incomplete and ordinarily fatal certain conditions and facts must be And yet the man has developed all these inadequacies and has won his way to the front. The universal secret is power, the crude, crashing, unconquerable force that goes ahead and conquers obstacles and hostile sentiments and conditions

"Power is always right, weakness always wrong," said Noah Webster in his essays. We need not discuss this or quibble with its sarcasm, but we must recognize that power is the winning quality just as the strength of the current regulates the light which it serves

So, even in books, where the niceties of methods and of ethics are supposed to dwell a little more strongly than anywhere else, we see that power is greater than rules. The fact is notably valuable at this time when, in the plethora of publication, there is so much of faint-hearted excellence and so little of crude, vigorous and undismayed might.

❧

The Lesson for Man and Wife

RARELY does a married couple celebrate its tenth anniversary without being able to look back upon at least one time when to go forward "two as one" seemed absolutely impossible. And usually where the two were persons of that strong character and individuality which produce the best results for posterity, the clashes have been frequent and violent before they have reached what the diplomats call the "modus vivendi" or living basis wherein their married happiness is grounded

Married life is not a burst of inspiration but an arduous science. Like everything else of value connected with life it has to be studied, learned. And Experience still defies the law and uses the rod with vicious persistence in her great school.

There can't be too much sentiment about marriage. But there can easily be too much sentimentality

❧

The Contagion of Work

ABOUT two years ago a Russian firm of shipbuilders sent over several workmen to learn American methods and to get the American spirit. Within six months these Russians, naturally bright and teachable, became almost the equals of the American artisans among whom they worked. They went back home. A year later they had lost all traces of the peculiar American energy and spirit with which they had returned saturated. They were Russians again, docile, imitatively skillful, but without ambition and without a trace of individuality in their work.

In this instance are hints of many things, two notable and important: That American excellence is in the democratic American atmosphere rather than in individual men; that the most unpromising of our immigrants can be made over into men, as a rule, by breathing that atmosphere.

❧

The Match Striker

THERE have been frequent estimates of the number of matches the world uses each year, but they have proved to be such a drain on figures that they have not endured. Another reason is that by the time one set of calculators could reach a total the increase made it inadequate. A million matches more is a mere bagatelle in the expanding uses of a match-striking civilization.

Only since 1832 has the true friction-match been in operation, but since that time it has left its mark on every discovered part of the globe. It has been struck on Greenland's icy mountains and it has been ignited on India's coral strands. It has respected neither time nor place nor object nor company. Its mark is on the back of thrones, under the ledge of the President's table, on the precious statue of the patriot, along the edges of the tombstone of the beloved, upon the parlor sofa and in every part of the treasured household. Nothing is sacred to it, nothing is free from its assault, and nothing escapes its honest but inartistic streaks. Man has been educated to the proper use of knife and fork and of will and shall, to the nice employment of the napkin and the proper deference in ballroom and court, but when it comes to that "splinter of soft wood tipped with a combustible composition that ignites by friction," as the dictionary calls it, etiquette bows in sorrow and sacrilege rules the earth

There were, when the latest mail came in, some 1687 reforms at work trying to improve matters, manners and morals, including every animal, from the protection of stray cats to the apprehension of stray husbands, and everything from pins to pyramids — everything but the match and the match striker. Fate, however, has stepped in, as it often does when poor, blind mankind is insufficient both in his darks and his lights.

A few days ago a man waiting for a train at Binghamton, New York, struck a match on a water-pipe to light a cigarette There was a dazzling flash and the man was thrown to the floor. It is true that the water-pipe had become charged with electricity, but we must find in events something more significant than a crude scientific explanation. There will be those, of course, who will say that the blow of fate in this case may have been aimed at the cigarette, but we prefer to take the view that the purpose was to teach in one startling lesson the error of promiscuous match striking

It may be too much to hope that the moral of this case will run through the world as the evangel of a great awakening, but it may cause a few of the malefactors to pause and remember the proper places for the ignition of matches.

❧

Our Daily Bread

UNLESS all the signs fail we are likely to have, a few years hence, a great many young men and young women with large capacity for appreciating luxuries of the most useless kinds and exceeding small capacity for earning even the most ordinary kinds of comforts. Not only the foolish rich but also the foolish imitators of the foolish rich are bringing up their children to be "ladies" and "gentlemen"— that is, helpless dependents upon inherited wealth.

In a world that daily illustrates the fickleness of fortune, in a country where the triumph of desert and the downfall of incompetence is the avowed ideal, ever more nearly attained in practice, there could be no greater folly, no greater crime against one's children than training them to uselessness

No one is so rich, so securely rich, that in thinking on the education of his children he can afford to forget the oldest, most obvious lesson of human experience.

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The Baby's Name

IT IS a compliment to a great man to name the baby after him. But what about the baby?

Even those parents who insist that their children owe everything to them will at least concede that they owe it to the child to give it a name that will not be a handicap should it ever run for an office or have a business that must be advertised. And to give a child a name that has already been clapped upon the tip-top pinnacle of fame is to make it the victim of unpleasant if not ridiculous contrasts all its life.

The baby's name is most important. It should be short, simple, sensible — fit to become the nucleus around which an individuality may crystallize. We can't have too many Johns and Marys or too few Julius Cæsars and Gismondas.

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Ability Misapplied

VALE, Madame Humbert! The world, always keen-sighted and just in the long run, gave her something very like applause the other day as she went out of its sight into the darkness of her prison cell.

No doubt she is a cheat and a swindler, but equally without doubt she is one of the ablest women now living The old, homely woman, who with no other apparatus than a locked safe and two imaginary brothers could year after year wheedle millions in hard cash out of shrewd financiers, must possess ability and magnetism in an abnormal degree

Madame Humbert had the intelligence, the iron will, the mastery over others which might have qualified a great soldier or diplomatist, and even if she, a woman, had used these powers in a decent, useful way, they would have been of great service to the world

Why were they not of service? The only thing the world can do with this woman, it appears, is to shut her up in a solitary cell, to cut her off from her kind for years. Here, surely, is a loss worth our looking into! And not in this Frenchwoman alone, but in every one of thousands of shrewd, able men and women who fill our own jails, and whom we are taxed to support, are qualities which if they had been used rightly would have served the state and the world.

Why did they not so serve them? Why has this wholesome human stuff been converted into a rotten, festering mass? Simply because these men were not guided by morality and religion, having been taught neither morality nor religion at the outset of their lives.

The argument is as old and patent to the dullest sense as the multiplication table. If you sharpen the wits and not the conscience of a boy, you put a knife into the hands of a murderer instead of a surgeon.

THREE BLOODLESS REVOLUTIONS

The Middle Classes of England, France and Germany are to-day Contending for the Basic Principles of the American Republic

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

THE European rulers who have been doing so much visiting of late are preening themselves upon the present almost unparalleled state of tranquillity in the foreign affairs departments of the nations of Western Europe. The fact is that they had no more to do with it than election and weather prophets have to do with the events which they just happened to forecast. The reason the statesmen of Europe are unable to make the several peoples shake their fists and mutter at each other across the boundary lines is that domestic affairs are so absorbing. "We, the people," are becoming tremendously self-conscious in the Twentieth Century Europe and refuse to respond to the once potent cries of foreign devilism. They are thinking more about the devils of caste and privilege at home.

To begin with England, there the Tory or Conservative party, ruled by and for the most hidebound, most bigoted of English upper classmen, has found through a renegade middle classman a new issue for throwing dust into the eyes of the people. Of course the real issue in the skillful but cruel oligarchy called England is now as always that oligarchy itself — how to abolish the distinctions and privileges of caste which enable the upper class few to loll in comfort and luxury upon the backs of the many. And the problem with the upper class is how to confuse and shunt this issue. With the close of the Boer war, so ruthlessly brought on by the upper class and so shockingly mismanaged by it, this issue threatened to come to the fore more strongly than at any time since Mr. Gladstone shelved it with his Home Rule scheme.

But Mr. Chamberlain, the real leader of the Tories, came to the rescue. The two great leaders and preservers of the Tory party in the past half-century have been Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Chamberlain — both men of "low" origin, both renegade radicals, both prevailing by dressing up Toryism in a clever radical disguise.

Chamberlain's Paternalistic Policy

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S issue is an expansion of the doctrine of imperialism. Imperialism was "Empire for Englishmen." Mr. Chamberlain's new edition of it is, "Englishmen for the Empire" — though, of course, he does not put it just that way. For, while Englishmen listened complacently, even enthusiastically, to proposals to sacrifice other peoples for the sake of spreading their own domain, they would not rise to the height of self-sacrifice necessary to the carrying out of imperialism's inevitable corollary — Englishmen sacrificed for the sake of the empty glory of the imperial name

Mr. Chamberlain's proposition is: The basis of the unity of the component parts of any empire must be mutual advantage in the union in matters of trade and commerce. As England has free trade, it cannot offer to its colonies any such advantages, but on the one hand gives and on the other hand gets no commercial advantages beyond those of foreign nations. If this state of affairs continues the empire must perish, because commercially the colonies will continue to look on each other and on England as so many foreign nations. The remedy, the one remedy, is a protective tariff walling the empire round; free trade or an approach to it within the wall, protection against the foreign nations outside it

The contention of the opponents of Great Britain is: The commerce between England and the colonies is a mere trifle in the total foreign trade of England, and if England got all the colonial trade, it is still so small that it would not compensate her for what she would lose. Free trade has made England. Whether or no foreign nations and English colonies continue to be stupid enough to fancy that by levying on themselves the plausible predatory taxes of that relic of barbarism, the protective tariff, England should be wise enough to continue in the intelligent course. While the foreign trade of England has fallen off somewhat, it has fallen amazingly little considering the fact that where thirty years ago she was practically the only manufacturing nation in the world, to-day she is one of four great manufacturing nations — England, the United States, France and Germany As to the colonies and the mother country, no policy that would ruin England could possibly make her dearer to them, and the ties of political protection, of blood and language and patriotism, with no really strong disrupting force acting against them, are quite sufficient to hold the empire together. That the new policy would ruin England is certain, because it would mean a tax upon the food of the people, upon their bread, upon their meat, and a tax upon their clothing and shelter, with no possible corresponding rise in wages. For, if wages rose, how could the manufactures, necessarily produced at greater cost, be sold in England's great markets, the markets of foreign nations?

By raising this question of basic policy Mr. Chamberlain has dissolved the old parties of England which have been slowly dying since Mr. Gladstone split the Liberal Party with his Home Rule program. Mr. Chamberlain has held on to all the old-line Tories — how could they revolt from him when he alone offers them another and long lease of life for caste and privilege? He has won over a probably large body of liberals of the "imperial" or "jingo" type. And he has bid for the skilled laborer by promising him that the money raised by taxing his food shall be used in giving him an old-age pension

As Liberalism stands in the main for equality before the law, for abolition of privilege, for curtailing the powers of the government, for compelling every man to shift self-respectingly for himself, Mr. Chamberlain's paternalistic program makes him at last an out-and-out Tory. The taint of socialism which his opponents find in his projects need trouble no Tory. The difference between paternalist and socialist is merely a difference of opinion as to the right name for the bounty-distributing central power, and doubtless Tory craft, aided by the stolidity of the English masses, can indefinitely postpone serious discussion of that difference. In Germany, the domestic question that absorbs people and public men is on the surface socialism. In face of the savage open attacks of the Emperor upon the Social Democrats as traitors and rascals, they have polled a vote which even under the unrepresentative electoral system of the German Empire has made them the largest party but one in the Reichstag, and that one is the anti-government Clerical or Catholic party. If there were equality of representation in Germany, the Socialists would have nearly half the Reichstag. For the election showed that nearly one-half of William's subjects are, by his own definition, traitors

The Social Democrats in Germany

BUT the fact is that the socialist victory does not mean a victory for socialism. In the first place, the German Government is so paternalistic that to an American it looks like a state where socialism prevails in all but name Again, the program of the Social Democratic party, once revolutionary, democratic, violently radical from the viewpoint of such a divine-right ruler as the Kaiser, is now in its practical paragraphs little more than a protest against William's assumption that he is a shepherd and the German people so many extremely helpless sheep intrusted to his care, and a protest against William's fantastic militarism and costly and profitless expansion. Finally, the indignation of the less subservient section of the German people who are not in the least attracted by the Social Democratic projects is so great against the Emperor and the bigoted, arrogant army officers and junker or "country squire" aristocrats that they voted with the Social Democrats as the best way of expressing their weariness and disgust.

The prospect is that the Social Democrats, striving to hold these new voters, will still further broaden and de-socialize their platform and policy. The Social Democratic party will become the nucleus of a vigorous agitation for a true Constitutional monarchy with a sovereign as free from notions of "divine right" as a "ruler" of England is in presence of a prime minister come to tell him what to say and do. But for the present the shrewd Emperor can be relied upon to keep his "mailed fist" full as heavy as ever upon the German people, from time immemorial accustomed to an autocratic "war lord" over them.

While Germany is thus wondering what the haughty, quick-tempered Emperor will do now that the worm has, not indeed turned, but rather wriggled impertinently, the French are wondering what will become of Combes.

From the standpoint of M. Combes, the Prime Minister of France, and the overwhelming majority of the supporters of the Republic in the French parliament, the present French situation is as follows: Ever since the revolution, or for more than a century, France has been trying to establish firmly a true republic. She has had all the monarchies of Europe against her. She has had the established church, in so far as it is represented by the great religious orders, against her.

When she made her first attempt, Europe combined to re-seat the Bourbons, and she had to create a military dictator who made himself Emperor and went crazy. When combined Europe expelled him and restored the Bourbons, she got rid of them as soon as possible and reestablished the republic, disguising it, for various cogent reasons in domestic and foreign conditions, as a monarchy — Louis Philippe, "King of the French." Then came the throwing off of the disguise and the establishment of the republic with Napoleon "the Little" as President. Again monarchic wiles proved too strong for the republican majority of France, and there was the fraudulent "Third Empire." This fell at Sedan, and once more the republic was established

At first the republic was a "party," but it has steadily gained ground until it is no longer merely the most powerful party among several parties but is the nation — almost.

The Contest Against Caste

NOW, according to the men in control of the party which represents the most numerous body of republicans, the party to which an actual majority of Frenchmen belong, the one remaining dangerous internal foe of the republic is, or rather was, the great religious orders within the Catholic Church of France. Not the Catholic Church itself, for these republicans insist that the mass of parish priests and of prelates of the Church who work among the people is as bitterly hostile to the great, powerful orders as they are

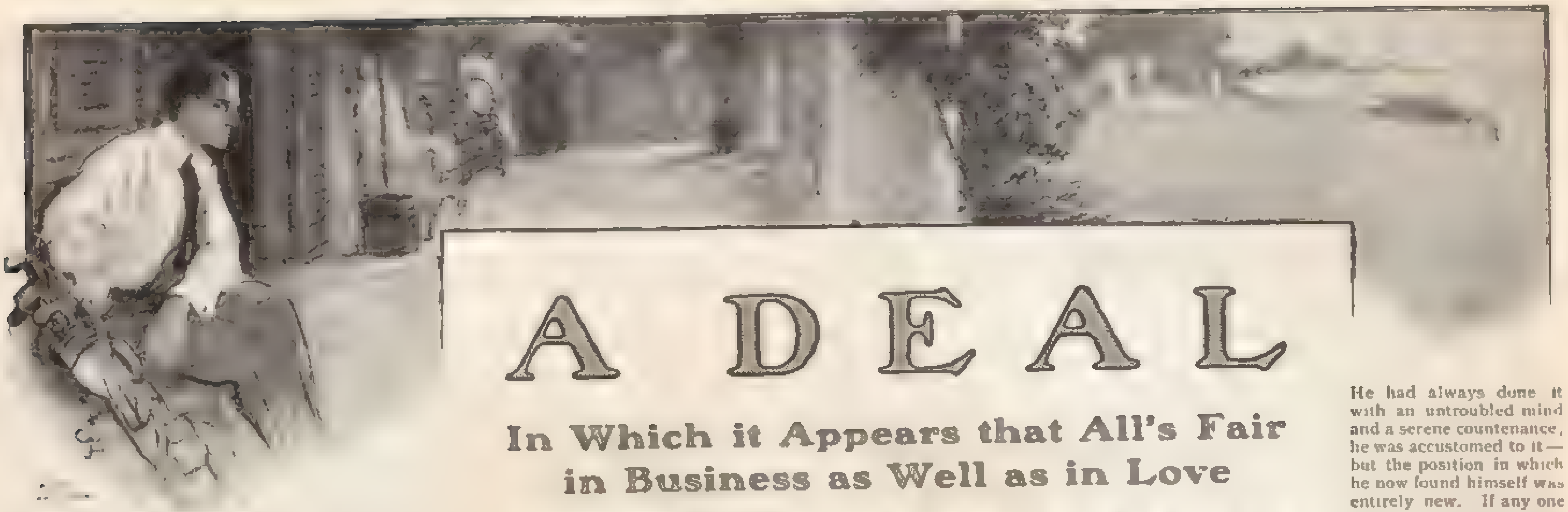
The republican contention is that these orders, established of old by the kings of France, and in large part composed of the sons and daughters of the old noblesse and of men and women of the families loyal to noble and king, have been toiling for a restoration of monarchy. The allegation is that in the schools of these orders, notably in the fashionable schools all under their complete control, the flower of the youth of France, the future fathers and mothers of the most enlightened and influential citizenship of France, was trained in royalism, in hatred of and contempt for the republic. "To establish the republic for the future," said the republicans, "we must stamp out these hotbeds of royalism. These orders either must act in the open, must give in public and in private the same teachings, or they must go." And they have gone — the orders teaching the girls of France, the mothers of the Frenchmen of to-morrow, were expelled by the narrowest vote of all

This same situation, from the standpoint of the active and angry minority, may be stated thus: France is a republic. It pretends to be free. Yet a faction of fanatical republicans, thinly disguising hostility to all religion under profuse professions of solicitude for "true religion" and for the "downtrodden parish priest," has changed France into a despotism in which freedom of speech and action are denied and forbidden. If the republic is so strong, why does it have to resort to such tyrannies to maintain itself?

Between these two parties stands a third, whose strength has not yet been tested at the polls. This third party says: "M. Combes and his followers are in the main right. The great orders have been too arrogant in their pride and wealth. They have opposed the republic, have carried on a secret and covert propaganda for restoration of monarchy. But M Combes is trying to do in one day what should have been done by slow stages in a period of many years. In his overzeal he is putting the republic in jeopardy, is building up a sentiment that may lead to a disheartening reaction.

At bottom in all these nations — England, Germany, France — the issue is the same, though the forms in which it presents itself are deceptively different. France is contending over the old, old question of privilege, of caste, transmitted to her from that dark and bloody past in which the splendid French intellect, the finest and the most aspiring in Europe, fought so valiantly and so successfully for the rights of man.

And in Germany, what is Social Democrat against Emperor but the common man struggling to win a little more ground from the hierarchy of blood and sword which at once robs and rules him? And in England, is it not again privilege, rank and birth and law-entrenched caste, striving adroitly to devise new schemes for keeping the mind of the people off of the great, black basic wrong, the legal inequality of men through the accident of birth?



A DEAL

In Which it Appears that All's Fair in Business as Well as in Love

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

YOUTH has always been extolled by the poets as a period of gay carelessness. Alan Winship was still well under thirty and on his brow appeared an anxious frown. Philosophers of almost all schools have insisted that good health is one of the great secrets of happiness. Winship had just played twice round the links—thirty-six holes without stopping—and now, as he sat on the terrace of the Westmeadow Country Club, felt no more weary than if he had walked round the clubhouse. Yet his eyes were troubled, and he gazed mournfully down rather than hopefully up.

Moralists have constantly urged that a good conscience and a knowledge of duty well performed are, more than anything else, conducive to a pleasant state of mind. Alan had just accomplished in the conduct of his business what he knew would be regarded as a small triumph. Others had been dispatched before to do what he had done. He was aware that by the arrangements he had made the Atlas Company would be saved yearly a very considerable sum of money—that indeed by what he had contrived in the way of getting rid of the necessity of "cross freights" a part of the annual report, which had always shown a loss, would in future register a gain. And yet the corners of his mouth drooped in discontent and his whole expression and attitude betokened despondency

Now, there are influences, or there is an influence, which the moralist, the philosopher and even the poet do not always consider. Undoubtedly they are right in their general propositions, but an unforeseen contingency presents itself—in other words, the girl appears, and the deductions of poet, philosopher and sage go by the board

Miss Nelly Millbrook had suddenly appeared—in the door of the club on the afternoon of Winship's first arrival, and complications at once arose. Indeed, by the conditions of the case, Miss Millbrook was creating more doubt, perplexity and desperation than is even ordinarily produced by the intervention of the young woman. For was she not the only daughter of Silas Millbrook, multi-millionaire, plutocrat and potentate? And Alan—Alan, as he found himself sadly reflecting—was only an employee of the great Atlas Company—a trusted employee, to be sure, but only a young man on a salary, like hundreds of thousands of others, and as such apparently very much out of the running

That Winship, when he first saw Miss Nelly Millbrook standing in the full sunshine of the club doorway—and looking the better for the strong flood of light—should not at once, after he heard her name, have understood who she was and realized what the name meant may appear incredible. But he was thinking so much of the girl herself that he was hardly able to consider anything else. In fact, he had only realized suddenly with stunning force the exceptional position held by her with whom, in one sudden, wild, unexpected plunge, he had fallen in love. He had, indeed, urged his suit with the precipitancy and even the business directness which were habitual with him. Miss Millbrook had been given very clearly to understand how he loved her before he knew whom he was loving

"And now here you are an awful heiress" he complained as he looked at her accusatively

"I can't really help it," she remonstrated. "I wish that I had come of poor but honest parents. But you see I don't; for of course papa is very rich, and all the time I am reading in the newspapers that he isn't at all honest. Though, you know, that isn't true. But won't you love me a little in spite of my misfortunes?"

"You might know that I loved you even if I hadn't said it And I, as poor as Job's turkey——"

"Indeed," she urged cheerfully. "If I forgive you for your lack of money you might forgive me for my millions." But, then, even though she had professed her willingness to have him, how was he to take care of such a very splendid young princess and give her the life that she should have? She would be renouncing a great deal, he was obliged to confess, and he wished her to have no reason for the slightest regret. Because of these circumstances, therefore, in spite of possessions praised and prized by poets, philosophers and moralists, Winship sat in restless despondency.

The sun was shining brightly over the polo field and the more distant links but it did not shine for him. He was too troubled to see it. Gay voices and even the lively measures of a two-step idly strummed on the piano fell upon his ear But he did not hear them. Winship was lost in thought.

"Papa will never consent," she had sighed for the dozenth time as they sat the night before on a bench in the club grounds beyond the radius of the lights of the clubhouse

"I know," Alan murmured thoughtfully, "but I'll do something."

"We might—elope," she laughed with underlying earnestness

"And get into a row with your family and have you sorry for it ever afterward."

"I suppose it's the romantic thing to do," she insinuated

"I don't care. It isn't the practical," he replied slowly "This isn't the age of rope ladders and postchaises; it's the day of elevators and automobiles. The times change, and I've always thought that the ancient hero was a very stupid, blundering, clumsy fellow. His methods were most primitive. To run away with the girl was hardly any advance on the stone age, when he knocked his lady love down with a club

"It was picturesque," she urged gently; for the romantic, as she conceived it, still had a lingering charm for her

"But not satisfactory. The best way is to have everybody pleased. To have all the uncles and aunts and cousins at the wedding wishing you joy and throwing rice and old shoes. Then there's nothing to regret and nothing to be forgotten. We are far ahead of our forefathers in everything else, and if a man nowadays can't devise better methods of winning a girl than the old-fashioned ones he deserves—to lose the girl."

He pressed her hand, which he held under the folds of her wrap, and she squeezed his reassuringly

"It would be better, of course, to satisfy papa," she admitted, "but how is it to be done?"

This was what Winship was "up against," as he put it succinctly to himself in a language that no properly constituted hero of the past would have employed. But although he had condemned the ancient methods of these former gentlemen he was no less determined in spirit. Although he was going to a presumably peaceful interview with Silas Millbrook in his library and not to carry away his daughter from some turret window, he was not less resolute or ready for any daring expedient. If doubt and disquiet rested on his brow, his mouth was very firm and decided

"I've got to do something," he concluded for the twentieth time within the hour. "It's up to me," he reflectively added, again showing what a difference of time and custom separated him from certain picturesque personages of the past

When Winship stood before Silas Millbrook all signs of uncertainty had, however, disappeared. He had walked from the club where he was staying to the Millbrook place—a large country house near by. As the servant disappeared to announce his arrival Nelly very quickly darted forth from the dark doorway of the conservatory where she was hidden With a kiss and a whisper of love she greeted him and fled before the man returned. Alan knew that she was now waiting among the drooping plants for him to come and tell her the result of his conversation with her father. If he could only return to say that all was well—that the paternal consent had been won!

Although Winship advanced with a brave appearance of determination, he experienced a nervousness that he had never felt before. He was really greatly excited. The novelty of the proceeding daunted him. The sight of her father seated sturdily in his great chair almost rendered him speechless. Then he suddenly realized that the magnate was quite as perturbed as he was himself. He saw clearly that his embarrassment was much greater and his doubt as to what to say or do more overpowering

Silas Millbrook had taken part in many important interviews. He had met many men when the "largest interests" were involved. He had stood face to face with single individuals when the most momentous questions of "high finance" had to be decided; he had gone time and again before hostile boards of directors with matters of policy involving the future of huge corporations and capitalizations. He had always done it with an untroubled mind and a serene countenance, he was accustomed to it—but the position in which he now found himself was entirely new. If any one had tried to wrest a railway or a bond issue from his clutch he would have known exactly what to do. But to have some one seek to take his daughter——

"Won't you sit down?" he asked with the compromise between politeness and sternness which was the best approach that he found himself able to make to what seemed the requirements of the situation

"Thank you," said Winship as he placed himself in the nearest chair. "Perhaps you know, sir, why I have asked to speak to you?"

"Really," began Millbrook, vainly striving to determine whether, under the circumstances, he ought to confess to knowing the purpose of the young man's visit, or whether it were more fitting that he should assume a complete and dignified ignorance—"really, I must ask you to enlighten me."

"The truth is," Winship plunged on—all the more formal phrases in which he had planned to make the announcement completely passing from his memory—"the truth is that I love Nelly—Miss Millbrook—and that I have said so and asked her to marry me, and she has said that she is willing, and now I have come to ask you——"

A deep silence reigned in the large apartment. The gentle trickle of the fountain on the terrace was distinctly audible Over the tips of his joined fingers Millbrook contemplated

MISS NELLY MILLBROOK HAD SUDDENLY APPEARED the young man before him. In outward aspect he himself appeared a dignified and even portentous figure of calm deliberation. In fact he was inwardly debating in something of a panic what was the proper thing for him to say.

"Do you consider," he managed to demand at length, "that you are justified in making this request?"

"No," said Winship readily. "I know how much I am asking, how little I have to give."

"Might I inquire exactly what is your position—what are your means?"

The matter was taking more of a practical turn and Millbrook was fast gaining confidence.

"I am an employee of the Atlas Company—in a trusted position—with hope of promotion. My salary——"

Millbrook held up his hand.

"A matter of a few hundred dollars more or less is not the question," he interposed. "You ask to marry my daughter, whose prospects, you are aware, are considerable."

"I'm sorry for it!" cried Winship. "I wish that Nelly hadn't a cent."

"I believe you," the other answered. "Still it would not be fair to her to ask her to renounce what she will have."

"No," admitted Winship doubtfully.

"The question, as I said," continued Millbrook, "is not a question of a few dollars, but of *you*. You are untried, you have your spurs to win."

"I'll do anything—"

"I have no doubt of it," Millbrook continued. "But a willingness and ability are not the same thing. Every man wishes, but every man has not the strength of character to make his wishes realities. If wishes were horses beggars would ride, and the only way to turn a wish into a blue-ribbon winning animal is to give up the wishing and do something about getting the horse."

"Then, if I did something——" began Alan hopefully.

"If you had shown that you *could* do something," corrected Millbrook. "If, for example, instead of an employee you were a partner in the Atlas Company——"

"Would that be satisfactory?" Winship demanded quickly.

"Yes," answered Millbrook slowly, as the impossibility of the fact became clearer in his mind. "Yes, if you were a partner I should be willing to give my consent."

"Very well, sir," said Winship, rising briskly. "And you will do it if I am?"

"Yes."

As Winship crossed the wide hall toward the high arch through which the palms showed dimly green, a realization of the position in which he had placed himself came upon him with stunning force. In his eagerness to have something to tell Nelly which was not utter defeat he had too eagerly welcomed what had been offered him. As it seemed to him now, Mr Millbrook had been perfectly safe in saying what he had. It was very much like promising something in a blue moon or a week of Sundays. In his readiness to take any risk he had felt something of the assurance of accomplishment. But now, with a moment's time for reflection, he understood the nature of the venture to which he had pledged himself—how absolutely he had burned his ships and stood committed to one course alone for success, or more probable failure.

Nelly, as she flew at him, even in the darkness discovered his discouragement.

"It's bad?" she demanded.

"It isn't good," he admitted. "Your father says that if I were a partner in the Company it would be all right."

"Very well," she cried joyfully.

"What do you mean?"

"Why," she continued delightedly, "be a partner, and that is all there is to it."

Winship frowned as he looked at her dolefully.

"But you don't know how difficult—how impossible that is."

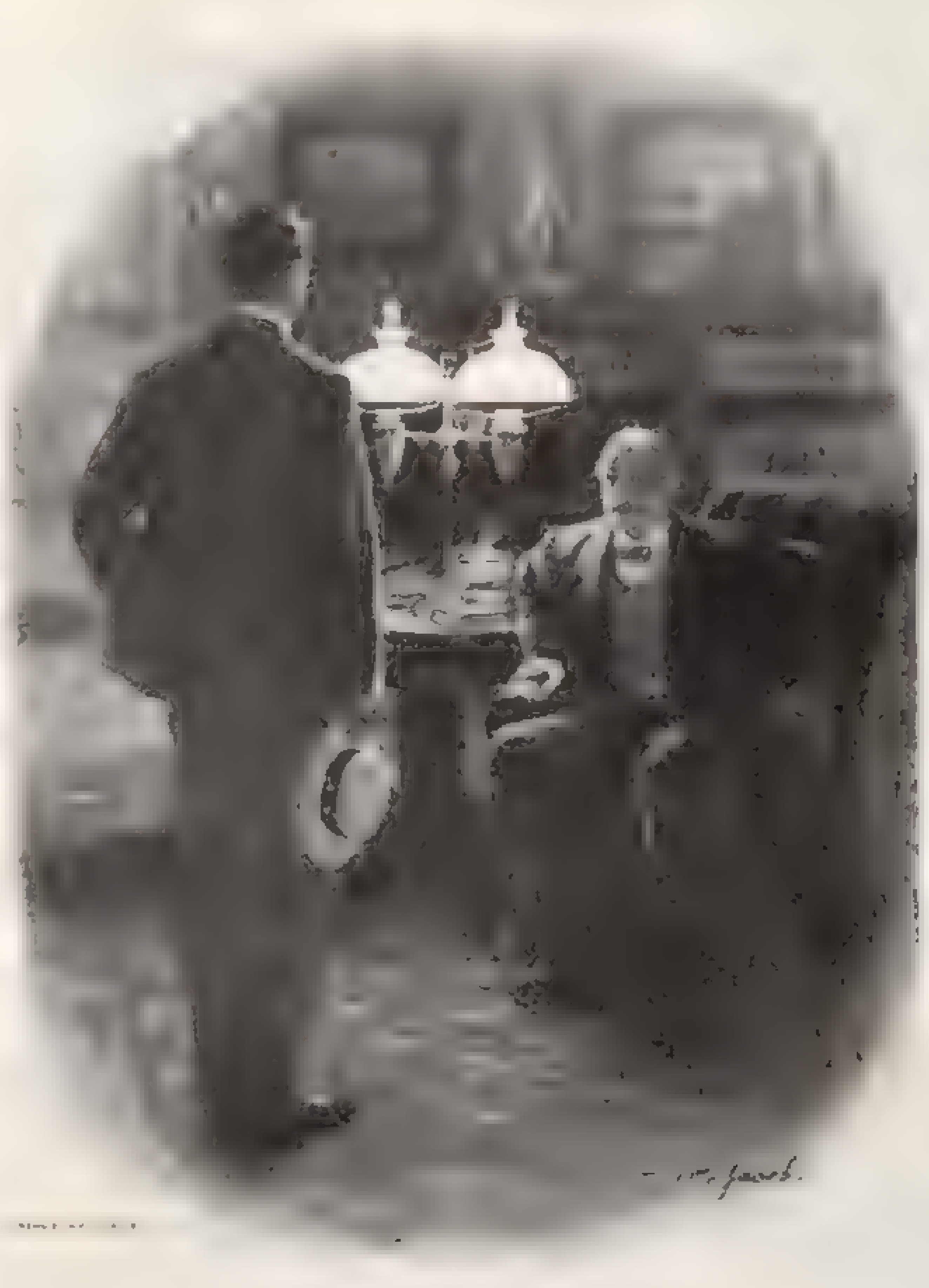
"Oh," she cried confidently, as she drew closer to him, "you can do anything you want. And surely you'll do it for me."

And thereupon he said that he would—promised that he would—swore that he would. With the strength of her confidence and the increase of his own natural courage it seemed for the moment again almost as if it could be done. With her hand in his—with her soft hair brushing against his cheek—there was no difficulty that could not be overcome. Even the ogre of the Atlas Company might be overthrown and led in obedient slavery.

The chill of depression fell upon him only when he found himself alone on the hard, dusty, dark road on his way back to the club.

II

HOW to do it? That was the question that beset Winship as he journeyed back to make his report to the Company. That was the question that came between his eyes and the printed words of the newspaper. That was the question which disturbed the calm influence of his cigar. That was the question the wheels of the train seemed to take up and ask him with a steady rhythmic persistence that was maddening. Certainly the position was perplexing enough. That he, with no capital, no claim on the position except a record of capable usefulness, should expect to be made a partner in the largest Company in the State, having a national reputation, and known, indeed, all over the world, was a proposition that staggered even his hearty optimism. He did not even know how to advance the proposal without appearing to have taken leave of his senses.



"BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, YOU KNOW"

The matter was no more settled in his mind when on the following morning, he stood prepared to appear before the active members of the Atlas Company to give an account of his mission. He knew very well before he entered the private office what he should see, what he should find: Pierson sitting in the preternatural silence which had won for him in past years a reputation for preternatural wisdom; Tripley, voluble and animated, who served as a means of communication with the outer world, very much as a speaking-tube might be used through which the purposes of the Company were blown shrilly.

As Winship advanced, Pierson waved suavely toward a chair while Tripley seized him by the hand.

"We must congratulate you," said the latter as he bustled back to his seat. "Most successful outcome. Most admirably managed."

Tripley having bestowed praise in an unstinted manner, Pierson proceeded to establish a more moderate average by the just introduction of a little disparagement.

"Of course," he observed, "in several minor particulars you might, I think, have brought them a little more sharply to book."

The pendulum having swung forward and backward, both members of the Company felt that affairs had been established upon a satisfactory basis.

"We might now go into the business more in detail," suggested Tripley.

"Certainly," Winship assented. "But first, there is something I should like to say."

"Yes," said Pierson doubtfully.

"Yes," responded Tripley cordially.

"You are satisfied with what I have done?" Winship asked.

"Measurably," granted Pierson slowly.

"Eminently," assented Tripley swiftly.

"You think that I have—ability for the business?"

"Presumably," murmured Pierson.

"Unquestionably," attested Tripley.

"Then," said Winship with a headlong rush, "I should like to ask to be taken into the Company—to be made a partner."

As the momentous words passed his lips Winship felt that something must happen. He almost expected to see the heavy office desk shaken to its foundations, the legs of the office chairs totter before his eyes. He braced himself and waited. Instead of the shock that he had half anticipated, a deep silence, hardly less appalling, fell upon the room.

"Really——" began Tripley, recovering the first.

As if reassured by the sound of his voice, his partner ventured forth with something of the manner of one looking out to see whether a storm has passed.

"Mr. Winship——" began Pierson.

"I know that it's saying a good deal," Winship continued more readily, now that he had taken the plunge and risen to the surface. He was still mentally gasping, but he was less excited and better prepared for what he had undertaken.

"A firm of such importance," said Pierson, as if realizing more and more the temerity of the demand.

"So unexpectedly," reinforced Tripley.

"I know," Winship assented, "it's a large order."

"And might I inquire," demanded Pierson in an abstracted manner, as if asking from a purely personal curiosity about something of no practical consequence, "for what reason you might for a moment think such a thing possible?"

"Well," answered Winship with increasing calm, "I believe that perhaps a little new blood——"

"There is still a little to be said for the wisdom of age," announced Pierson sternly.

"And then I know that the business has been falling off—isn't what it has been, though the world doesn't know it."

Pierson looked affrightedly about. Tripley coughed nervously and noisily shifted his chair.

"Hush!" he commanded, as he warningly held up his hand. "Some one might hear you and—and gain a wrong impression."

"Any way," said Winship easily, "I don't think that you'd mind having more doing. Now, by more advertising——"

"Advertising!" cried Pierson, and he closed his eyes as if to shut out the horrors which he felt dimly threatening.

"And with expansion——"

"Expansion!" even the more adventurous Tripley exclaimed in consternation.

"And effective system——"

"System!" ejaculated both together. "This system has been tried for forty years."

"Which, from my point of view, proves more than anything else that a change is needed," commented Winship imperturbably. "I should say that for that very reason an overhauling was necessary."

"Mr. Winship!" murmured the scandalized Mr. Pierson.

"This youthful heedlessness," commented Mr. Tripley more indulgently.

"At least I know that things are not right," said Winship decidedly, "and I thought that I might help to set them straight."

"Of course," continued Tripley, again looking about with great caution, "any strength that could be brought to the Company would always be welcome—would, I will confess, at this juncture be particularly acceptable. But I cannot see what you can offer. Without connections or——"

"I haven't a cent," Winship admitted.

"Nonsense!" said Pierson, with an air of closing the discussion. "And I really fail to understand your—er—temerity in making this demand."

"The truth is," replied Winship, "and I suppose that in a matter of this kind all the facts should be understood, that I want to get married."

"Ah!" exclaimed Pierson, as if what he had just heard was all that was needed to confirm him in his opinion of Winship's madness.

"Naturally," Winship went on, "I need more money and a better position."

"It is our wish to congratulate you," interrupted Tripley.

"Thank you."

"And I must say that I congratulate the young lady—for we know you to be a young man of excellent character and disposition." Tripley advanced, and then he added carelessly, from a native and unconquerable curiosity: "Whom did I understand you to say she was?"

"Since we are talking confidentially," answered Winship, "I think that I may say—perhaps I ought to say—that it is Miss Millbrook—Miss Elinor Millbrook."

"Miss Millbrook!" exclaimed Tripley, hitching himself forward in his chair. "The daughter of Silas Millbrook?"

"Yes," said Winship, "the daughter of Mr. Silas Millbrook. And since Mr Millbrook is so rich and Miss Millbrook is placed as she is I felt that I wished to make as good a showing as possible."

"My dear Winship," said Tripley heartily as he rose from his chair and seized Winship's hand, "I do most certainly congratulate you—a most charming young lady."

"Silas Millbrook's daughter," muttered Pierson half to himself in his amazement, as he also rose and lumbered heavily forward to grasp Winship's other hand. "I want to congratulate you, too. Silas Millbrook's daughter. Why, there's millions in it."

The experience of the Firm had been that when Pierson did speak he invariably said the wrong thing.

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"Why didn't you tell us before?" Tripley demanded

Pierson had returned to his chair. Tripley also was sliding back to his place

"Ahem!" coughed Pierson—he was the heavy artillery of the Company and was always brought up to protect or secure a doubtful position—"there was a subject of which we were speaking a moment ago, which it seems to me we have not thoroughly exhausted"

"Yes?" said Winship in surprise

"The matter of the partnership——"

Winship glanced quickly from one to the other of the men before him. Suddenly a new light came in his eyes. His lips bent in a smile which in a moment was gone again. But he raised his head with new alertness. He leaned back as he composedly folded his arms

"Yes," he said, with the smile which had appeared on his lips sounding remotely as laughter in his voice

"As Mr Pierson observes," Tripley resumed, "we hadn't quite thrashed that matter out"

"You are willing to consider the proposition?" insisted Winship sharply

"Of course," said Tripley, after throwing an inquiring squint at Pierson, "this changes the aspect of things a little. We will be quite frank with you. As the son-in-law of Silas Millbrook the suggestion sounds quite differently"

"But I am not Mr Millbrook's son-in-law as yet"

"As his prospective son-in-law the situation is materially altered"

"You mean," said Winship briskly, "that if you understood I was to be married to Miss Millbrook to-morrow you would take me into the Company?"

"Unquestionably," responded both the partners in a breath.

"Very well," answered Winship, rising. "That is a square statement of fact. That is all that I want to know."

"Yes," continued Tripley, who had also risen. "We should be very glad and proud to have associated with us one so closely connected with Mr Silas Millbrook."

"All right," said Winship shortly, as he turned toward the door.

He dashed from the room. In the hall he paused for a moment in thought

"Well," he muttered with a laugh that sounded clearly this time, "this is love—and if it isn't war it's business, and sometimes that's awfully near to it—so certainly all's fair"

III

THE conductor of the train in which Winship journeyed back noticed him at once. Being something of a peripatetic philosopher, though carrying on his cogitation in a truly modern manner at fifty miles an hour, he had a way of observing the passengers. Whereas on the down trip he had seen the young man sad, silent and thoughtful, he now beheld him alert, cheerful and determined

"Going back pretty quickly," he observed tentatively as he took the ticket

"Yes—and rather unexpectedly," Winship answered joyfully.

The conductor retired to an unoccupied section at the end of the car and began to sort his tickets. Having arranged them in neat little bunches on the opposite seat he paused for a moment in his work

"I'll bet it's a girl," he summed up as the result of years of experience. Then he went on rearranging the bundles, which he had disturbed by the vigor with which he had brought down his fist

The servant at the club noticed a difference in Winship, but as it was his business to permit life to unroll itself before him as if it were a blank page, he said nothing

The hour was late when Winship got in. Still, as soon as he reached the clubhouse he entered the telephone booth and called the Millbrook mansion

"I should like to speak to Miss Millbrook," he said in his impersonal telephone voice

"I am she," the answer came coldly

"Oh!" And the tone instantly changed—"oh, where are you?"

"About a mile and a half away, waiting to come if it is not too late. I'd like to see Mr. Millbrook"

"He is in the library now," the voice fluttered. "Is there something new?"

"I can't tell yet," said Winship. "Be on the terrace—where I can find you

There is no record known for the distance between the Westmeadow Club and the Millbrook place, but that Winship made it there can be no doubt. In fact, any one seeing him might have been easily led to believe that he was witnessing the smashing of a world's record into a cocked hat

He was in good condition, however, and when he bounded up the steps of the house, lying dark and huge in the night, he was not out of breath. Even when he entered the library there was no sign of any unusual exertion

Millbrook, who had been awakened from a doze by the announcing servant, had, on his departure, promptly relapsed into slumber. His head had fallen forward and he was nodding slowly. As the door opened and the man admitted Winship he started up

"Mr. Millbrook!" exclaimed Winship, advancing quickly

"Eh—ah—yes," ejaculated the startled magnate, and he looked up with a jerk. "I was just reflecting and closed my eyes for a minute. Can always think better that way"

"Mr. Millbrook," Winship demanded, "do you remember what you said?"

"What—when—where?" gasped the great financier. "I was in the midst of a train of thought."

"About Nelly and my marrying and the partnership——"

The mists of sleep were still before Silas Millbrook's very keen eyes and he gazed helplessly

"Yes—ah—yes," he answered

"You said," insisted Winship, "that if I were a partner in the Atlas Company you would withdraw any opposition to our marriage—that, in fact, you would give your consent."

"Yes, yes," replied Millbrook, the name of the Atlas Company causing him to prick up his business ears and, like the old warhorse he was, to prepare himself for the fray. "But that's impossible, you know"

"What if it isn't?" cried Winship excitedly. "What if I told you that I could become a partner?"

"What!" gasped Millbrook

"I state the facts," said Winship calmly. "I assure you that I can become a partner. I have fulfilled my part of the compact. Now I ask you to fulfil yours and keep your promise"

"I—." Millbrook began, all drowsiness at length vanished, "I thought when I said it I was giving you a final answer."

"Still you told me what you did," Winship maintained. "And an agreement's an agreement."

Millbrook inspected the young man for a moment curiously. Then his great laugh—a laugh which was seldom heard, but which was as large and full and imposing and overpowering as himself—filled the room with rolling sound

"And Silas Millbrook has never gone back on his word," he shouted. "I'm afraid you have me. And if Nelly's satisfied, I suppose it's all right. Besides," he added, "I like a man who can take a bluff like that and call me down. I don't know how you've done it and I don't care. To have a thing done is what interests me. And you did it and you deserve to win."

This time Winship advanced with such speed to meet Nelly—had sprung so quickly to her side, that she had no chance to move before he held her in his arms

"Yes?" she quavered questioningly

"It's all right," he assured her quickly, "your father gives his consent"

"I knew that you would do it," she murmured contentedly as she rested her head against his shoulder; "and this is better even than eloping"

"And my way's as good as the ways of those melodramatic old heroes?"

"Better," she assured him. "Only, I don't see how you did it"

"Why," he replied slowly, "in business I suppose it would be called a deal."

"Then I like business," she decided positively. "But I never thought it could do so much"

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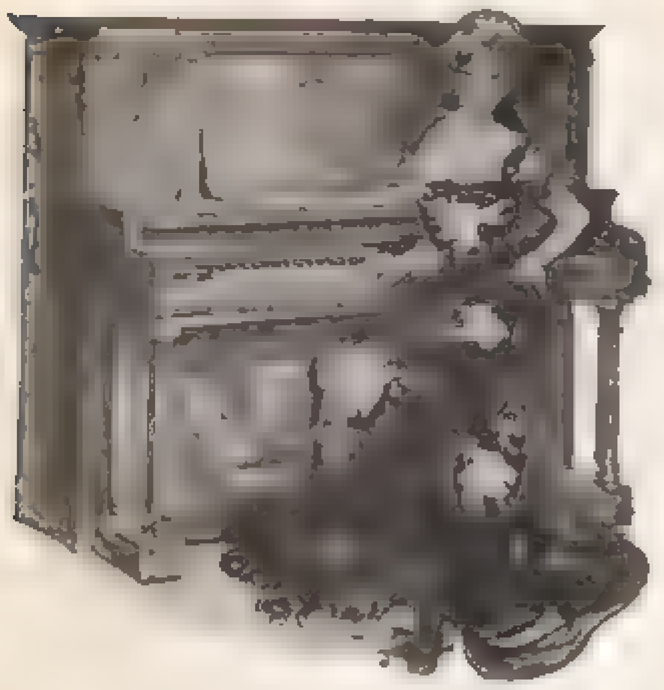

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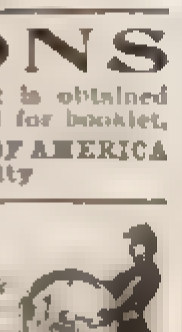

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Impertinent Poems

By Edmund Vance Cooke

MOVE!

We are on the main line, with a crowded track
We've got to go forward; we can't go back
And run the risk of colliding;
We must make schedule, not now and again
But always, forever and ever, amen!
Or else switch off on a siding
If ever we loaf, like a car in the yard,
Doesn't somebody bump us and bump us hard,
I wonder?

You've succeeded in building a pretty fair trade
But can you sit down in the grateful shade
And kill time cutting up capers?
Or must you hustle and scheme and sweat,
Though the shine be fine or the weather be wet,
And keep your page in the papers?
If ever you fail to keep pulling the strings
Aren't some of your rivals around doing things,
I wonder?

You're a first-class salesman; you know your line;
Your house is good and your goods are fine,
So you fill your book with orders,
But can you get quit of the ball and chain,
Or are you in jail on a railroad train,
With bluecoated men for warders?
If you sent your samples and cut out the trip,
Wouldn't somebody else be a-lugging your grip,
I wonder?

You are starred on the bills and are chummy with
[illegible]
The man on the corner could tell you your name
At three o'clock in the morning;
But can you depend on the mind of the mob?
Can you tell your press-agent to look for a job,
Or give your manager warning?
If you lay down to sleep with your laurels beneath
Wouldn't somebody else soon be wearing your
I wonder? [wreath

O, I'm willing to work, but I wish I could lag,
Not feeling as if I were "it" for tag,
Or last in follow-my-leader.
There is only one spot, where I haven't a doubt
Nobody will try to be crowding me out,
And that is under the cedar
And even in that place, will Gabriel's trump
Come nagging along and be making me jump?
I wonder?

* * *

SUCCESS

It's little the difference where you arrive;
The serious question is how you strive

Are you up to your eyes in a wild romance?
Does your lady lead you a dallying dance?
Do you question if love be fate, or chance?
O, the world will ask "Did he get the girl?"
Though gentleman, coxcomb, clown or churl,
Master, or menial of passion's whirl?
But it isn't that. The world will run,
Though you never bequeath it daughter or son.
But what, O lover will come to you,
If you be not chivalrous, honest, true?
As far ahead as a man may think,
You can see your little soul shrivel and shrink
It's not do you win?
It's what have you been?

Are you stripped for the world-old, world-wide race
For the metal which shines like the sun's own face
Till it dazzles us blind to the mean and base?
Do you say to yourself "When I have my hoard,
I will give of the plenty which I have stored,
If the Lord bless me, I will bless the Lord"?
And do you forget, as you pile your pelf,
What is the gift you are giving yourself?
Though your mountain of gold may dazzle the day,
Can you climb its height with your feet of clay?
O, it isn't the stamp on the metal you win;
It's the stamp on the metal you coin within
It's not what you give;
It's what do you live?

Are you going to sail to the polar seas
To the point of ninety and north degrees
Where the very words in your larynx freeze?
Well, the mob may ask, "Did he reach the pole?"
Though fair, or foul, did he touch the goal?
But if that be the spirit which stirs your soul,
Off, off from the land below the zeroes!
For you are not of the stuff of heroes
Ho! many a man can lead men forth
To the fearsome end of the Farthest North.
But can you be faithful for woe or weal
In a land where nothing but self is leal?
O, it isn't, "How far?"
But it's what you are.

And it isn't your lookout where you arrive,
But it's up to you as to how you strive!

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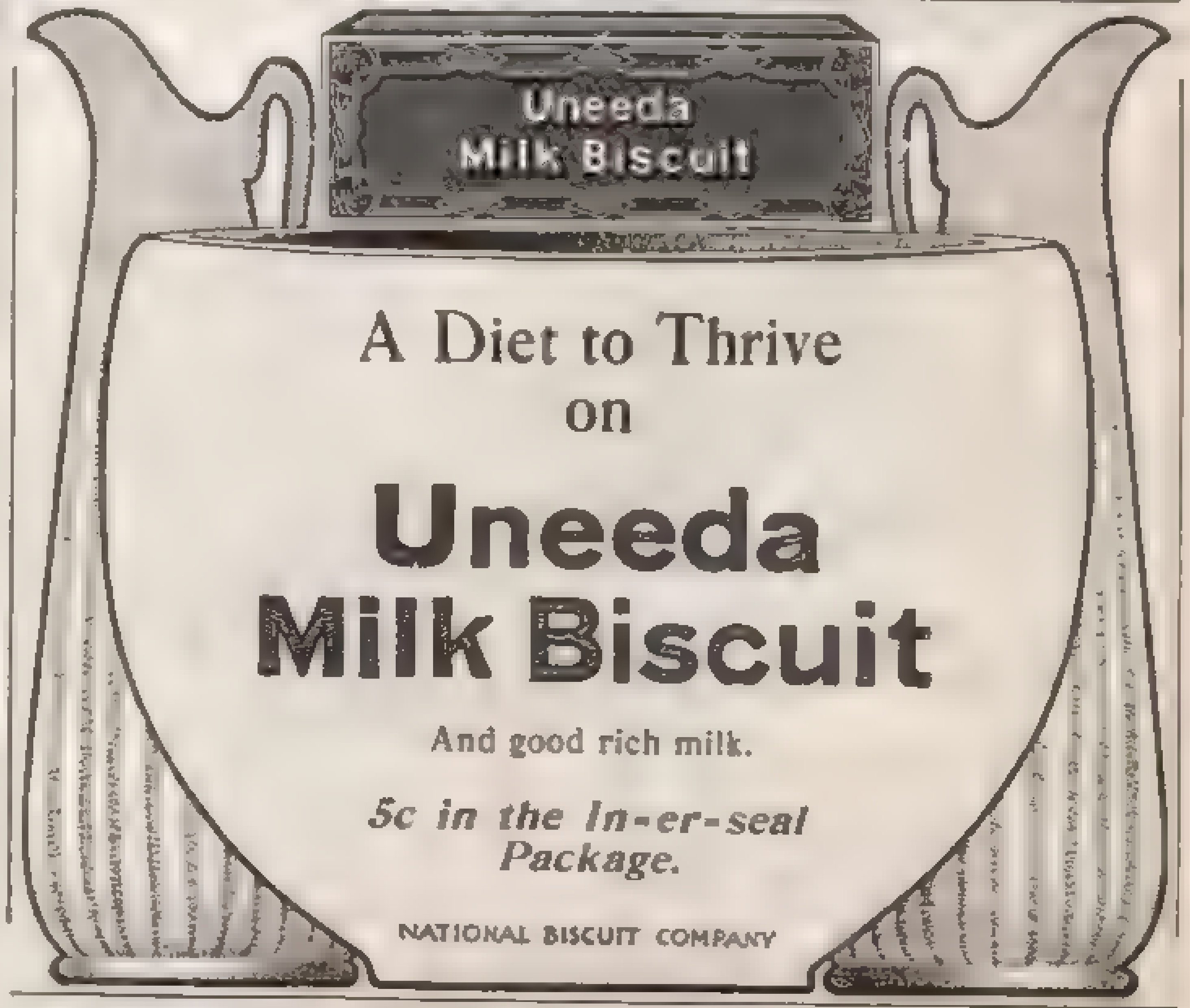

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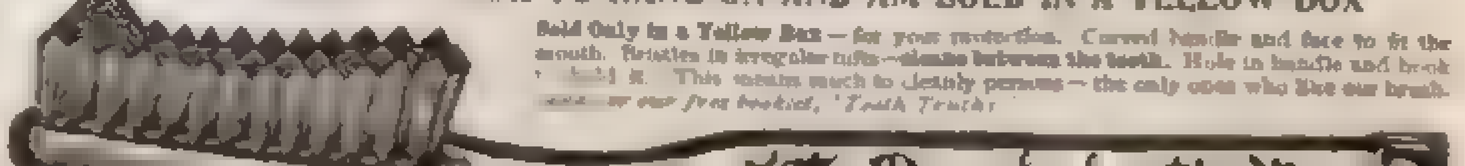

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Stories of Circulation

Some of the Tricks of the Trade That Sell Newspapers

BY ROBERT JOHN

WHY the field of newspaper and magazine circulation tempts more amateur fakirs than any other opening for the display of their doubtful talents is difficult to determine; but there can be no doubt that such is the case. And it may be added that, for a short time, most of these confidence workers are successful. Of course their season of prosperity is short, for detection is almost certain. In all of these enterprises, amateur confidence men display a shrewd knowledge of human credulity in general and of feminine foibles in particular. One fakir prosecuted a successful canvassing campaign for subscriptions on the basis that each woman who gave him a subscription would be permitted to select any article that she might choose from the department store which he claimed the proprietor of the magazine had just purchased. Naturally, he confined his operations to people of the uninformed class; and, although his offer was preposterous on its face and its fraudulent nature should have been apparent to any person possessing the slightest claim to common-sense, he had no difficulty in deceiving scores and reaping a brief but profitable harvest. By the time the subscriber discovered that the proprietor of the publication did not own a department store the solicitor was well out of her way. His profit on each one of these fraudulent transactions was only one dollar. It need scarcely be said that this canvasser was unknown to the publication which he claimed to represent

Libel Suits Encourage Humility

Generally very few employees of a newspaper or magazine know what is the real circulation of the publication. Except in the case of periodicals of the highest class, the secret of circulation is so zealously guarded that only one or two employees are in possession of it. Sometimes this leads to very curious complications. On one occasion the only employee of a certain newspaper who knew its actual circulation was told by the proprietor that the plant would be visited by a committee of investigation from a large association of advertisers, and that he should give them a frank and truthful statement of the real facts. Evidently these instructions were accepted with a "grain of salt," for after the members of the committee had gone through with elaborate calculations based upon the weight of each paper, the bills from the house furnishing the blank paper and the post-office weighing receipts, the trusted employee looked the chairman of the committee squarely in the eye and said: "I counted the papers last week and there were more than a million of them." The mental picture of this veteran of the circulation room making an actual count of a million papers was too much for the credulity of the committee

Occasionally circumstances conspire to cast serious doubts upon the correctness of "sworn circulation statements." One publication which printed an affidavit that the circulation of a specific issue was more than 100,000 inadvertently published in that issue the reproduction of a copyrighted photograph that was used without the knowledge or consent of its owners. The firm holding the copyright of the picture brought suit for damages and secured judgment to be assessed, as the law provides, at the rate of twenty-five cents for each paper containing the reproduction of the photograph. By printers' bills and post-office receipts the publishers of the paper were able to prove that only 1200 copies of that issue were printed. While this did not have a tendency to encourage advertising and showed a discrepancy of 98,800 papers less than their original "sworn statement" specified, the publishers were quite willing, under the circumstances, to let the public into their circulation secret.

To the layman it would seem almost impossible that a business of any magnitude could be built up in merchandising an article of so little value as a newspaper, and yet the good-will of a certain newspaper route that I have in mind has a market value of $5000, and several of these routes in Chicago yield their owners a yearly profit of $2000 to $3000. Fierce fights are matters of routine occurrence in the warfare of circulation. This phase of the commercial struggle abounds in bloodshed, and many a determined contestant for his route has paid with his life the price for his courage.

There is no shrewder or more cunning class of men than the drivers of the newspaper delivery wagons. This may be accounted for by the fact that many of them are graduates from the ranks of newsboys. The superintendent of circulation and his assistants on the big metropolitan daily have a hard task to keep from being outwitted by the unscrupulous delivery men. One clever scheme practiced by these men is known as "the partial delivery plan." When a driver starts out with his load he is charged with all the papers given to him and on his return is credited with the number which he turns back into the circulation room. With the ordinary week day issue it is difficult for the drivers to get the start of both the circulation superintendent and the retailers along his route, but in the case of the Sunday paper, which consists of four or five separate parts, the scheme is not so difficult, as many a circulation manager has discovered. In order clearly to understand the operation of the favorite "hold-out" game of the delivery men it should be said that the newsboys and the news-stand men in the suburbs find it entirely feasible to sell incomplete papers so long as the most essential "parts" are intact. When the driver makes his rounds in the early morning hours the bundle of papers for each suburban news-stand is left outside the door to be taken in when the newsdealer later opens his little shop for business

The driver who starts out with the purpose of "holding out" a hundred papers, for example, will withdraw that number of "parts" from one set of papers, a hundred editorial sections from another, and a hundred magazine parts from another, and a hundred comics from still another

Consequently, each newsdealer receiving the pilfered papers finds his bundles short of one part or section of each paper. If he notices the theft at all, he determines to make the best of it and let his patrons suffer instead of standing the loss himself or attempting to "fight it out" with the driver or the circulation department of the paper. Ordinarily he finds little difficulty in marketing the incomplete papers. By this operation the driver clears about three dollars and a half on each hundred papers thus treated, and he is able to return a hundred complete papers back to the circulation manager as unsold, thus receiving credit for them.

Naturally, when this practice is continued the proprietor of the suburban news-stand writes a "kick" to the circulation manager of the paper. If he is wideawake and familiar with the tricks of the trade he will go over the route of the driver who is under suspicion and find out if any other news stands have missed other parts of their papers. By this means he can easily determine the number of parts that have been withheld, consequently the number of total papers which the driver is able to return as unsold

Vaulting Ambition O'erleaps Itself

Great news events frequently give occasion for odd occurrences in the "release" and distribution of the paper. On the night of the election that placed Mr. Odell in the Governor's chair of New York a certain journal of New York City had thousands of papers printed to meet the emergency, no matter which way the election turned. Those papers bearing the bold headlines "Odell Wins" were stacked in the wagons on the right-hand side and those announcing the election of Coler were arranged to the left. These wagons were sent to convenient delivery points throughout the city and were instructed to wait there for the signal to be flashed by a system of searchlights. When the news came over the wire that Odell had triumphed over his Democratic opponent, searchlights flashed forth the Republican signal. This worked very well in most cases, but a few drivers who were not entirely clear as to the

Fit-

A shoe that doesn't fit puts wrinkles of pain in a woman's face and takes the youthful spring out of her walk Radcliffe Shoes are made to fit, especially to support the instep and so avoid flattening the foot. They are light and flexible so they need no "breaking in"—they are the "rightly made shoe."

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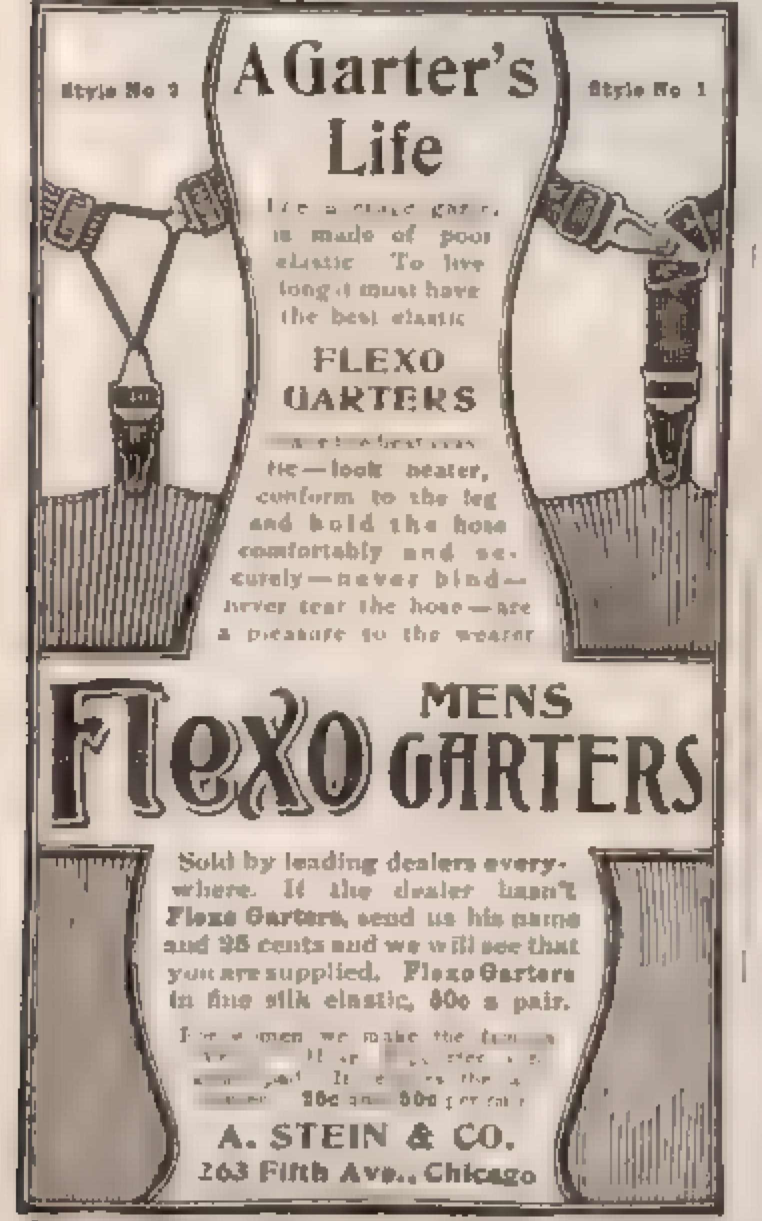

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[illegible] is made of poor elastic. To live long it must have the best elastic

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A New Potato Receipt

CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

The success of many vegetable dishes depends largely upon the sauce in which these articles are served. A smooth and delicate white sauce will make the plainest of vegetable dishes worthy of interest.

A fine, white sauce is obtained when Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch is used. This brand guarantees a pure and wholesome starch and perfect results when rightly used. Fifty-five years' use has proven its superiority.

The average cook considers a sauce done when it is smooth and thick, but several minutes of actual boiling are necessary for perfection.

For variety in serving potatoes the receipt here given is well worthy of trial, but remember that for the best results it is essential that Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch be used.

POTATOES FINNEGAN

Make a white sauce by melting two rounding tablespoons of butter, add one rounding tablespoon of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, and when smooth and frothy pour in a scant pint of rich milk. Let this boil several minutes, stirring constantly, and season with salt, pepper and a little onion juice.

Have in readiness a quart of cooked potatoes cut into dice and a cupful of young carrots coarsely chopped; mix these with the sauce while hot, and sprinkle lightly with mixed parsley when ready to serve.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

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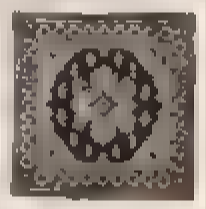

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are manufactured by us in our own factory. We know they are all right "clear through." Don't confuse them with cheap mail order goods.

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There isn't a better stove or range at any price

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meaning of the signal—or at least who gave this excuse to the circulation manager—sold out their entire loads, "in order to make sure of hitting it right." Naturally party feeling was very high at the moment, and when the papers circulated among the crowds with their flatly contradictory headlines, confusion and clamor was the result, and the drivers and newsboys were glad to escape, and leave the odium of the transaction to rest upon the publisher of the paper. This he did not relish, and the drivers who had made the mistake were called to an account the next day. The strife to get the papers containing a great piece of news into the hands of the public without a moment's delay is intense and often leads to the taking of "long chances." During the last hours of President McKinley's life the proprietor of one of the great Chicago daily newspapers stood in the delivery room of his building beside the telegraph operator who handled the "Buffalo wire." The operator read aloud direct from the receiver and the opening words of his message caused the proprietor to give the signal "Let 'em go!" An instant later he found that this action was premature and, as a result, was obliged to send out a squad of men to buy back the released papers from the scurrying newsboys.

The Yellow Invasion of Boston

In the fierce race for "outside" circulation, which is an interesting side of modern newspaper business, the "yellow" journals often resort to odd and ingenious expedients in order to put their papers into neighboring cities ahead of their rivals. Curiously enough, one "yellow sheet" printed in New York has a circulation of fully sixty thousand in cultured Boston—more than that of several of the Boston afternoon papers.

The New York papers which make the strongest efforts for Boston circulation put their evening editions intended for this point to press immediately after the New York City morning edition is out of the way, thus enabling them to start their papers for Boston at six o'clock in the morning, getting them into the Athens of America, by train, shortly after luncheon.

Just before time for this train to arrive in Boston the delivery or distribution wagons are lined up at the curb. On one occasion a driver for the leading "yellow" journal chanced to be passing the station about an hour before the newspaper train was due to arrive and just a few moments after the limited from New York had pulled in. His quick eye instantly noted a wagon of his rival's backed against the curb. Seeing that its driver was inside and suspecting the reason for his presence there an hour in advance of the usual time, the observer instantly backed his wagon down in such a manner as to lock wheels with that of his rival's.

A moment later the driver of the rival's wagon came out of the depot smiling and bearing a large bunch of papers on his back, but his face clouded when he saw the neat trick that his competitor had played upon him. He protested, to the extreme limit of profanity possible, to the driver of the other newspaper delivery wagon—without avail. The other driver simply smiled and held his horses, the wheels of the two wagons being securely locked together. Then the other driver tried coaxing and cajolery, but these were equally ineffective. At last the secret of his "stolen march" was drawn from him. It was found that the "yellow journal" for which he delivered had forwarded on the limited train, as baggage, a big trunk packed full of papers.

Then the most aggressive of the newspapers planned to get the papers through on the limited in a coffin, but this scheme was not found to be feasible. Even the "great papers" are not above catering to the public interest in regard to strife for circulation. At a certain hour when the Sunday editions of two big New York papers were ready to be dispatched to their destination a wagon would dart from the curb in front of each of its offices and engage in a swift race to see which should be first to get across the ferry. Gradually the public became interested in this contest and crowds would pause to watch the race, on which considerable sums were frequently wagered. Once, however, one of these wagons caught its wheel in the frog of a street-car track and overturned. The crowd expected to see the pavement littered with thousands of papers when the wagon was overthrown; but to the astonishment of every observer there fell out only one small bundle. This episode is only one of many that might be related to prove that the big newspapers are alive to the necessity of keeping up appearances in their circulation contests.

W. & J. SLOANE

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Can be Prepared in Over 250 Different Ways.

Cook Book [illegible] "[illegible] Vital Question," sent FREE [illegible] request.

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GETTING ON

A Young Business Man's Reading—By G. G. Williams

Late President Chemical National Bank

A YOUNG man who reads the Proverbs of Solomon say once every month and makes them a part of his principles, of his very being, has a fund of wisdom, a basis of character that will help him in temptation and win him the respect of his fellowmen. It should be read and studied, believed and remembered, and its precepts practiced in daily life.

The next best book I can think of and commend to the study of the young (and of the old as well) is the Book of Human Nature. It is a large and closed volume, and opens only with the key of severe study and reflection. It contains a wealth of knowledge, and to know the secret springs of action and of motive in our fellowmen, and to be able to guide them to good and useful ends is a power worth effort to obtain.

One other book I wish to specially commend to those starting out in life, and that is the book of Debit and Credit. This may apply to character as well as to cash. Many forget or do not know how to strike a balance between Income Received and Spent, and are constantly confronted with debt, which drags them down into poverty. Micawber's reflections about "income and expenditure, and expenditure and income," the trite but sensible apothegms "Earn before you spend," "Pay as you go," and many like, are words of true wisdom, and, observed, would save a vast amount of trouble and perhaps deliver from ultimate ruin. I cannot emphasize too strongly a caution to the young to avoid getting into debt.

A further application of this Debit and Credit book may well be made to character, and also to physical health. The extravagances of temper and tongue may be placed on the Debit side against the Credit of kind acts and gentle words. How much these Debits deter from character and injure health!

But it will be expected, perhaps, that a series of books should be enumerated which will best qualify for a business life. This is purposely omitted, for a business man is essentially a self-made man, and must first be well grounded in his principles, and must then learn to think and reflect; and with these reflections to guide him he will quickly learn to disregard the trashy and false for the best thoughts of the best authors

A young man thus started in study will hardly need to be told in detail what books are best to read to qualify him for his business life. He will want to know, for instance, something of the general principles of law He will need particular information with regard to the special business he intends to follow. When he is conscious of his needs he will soon find the source whence they can be supplied

To the young man once started in business let me say a few words of counsel bearing upon the essentials of his success: First, nothing can be so necessary as transparent uprightness of character: no matter what self-denial may be required, let this be uppermost and continuous. To be trusted, to secure the confidence of his fellowmen this will assure promotion, will result in usefulness and honor. Nothing can take its place for it is a possession for time and for eternity It is a rock upon which rests his happiness and his interests for this world and the next.

Another requisite for solid success is the faithful performance of every duty. A young man in business quickly reveals himself by his carefulness and thoroughness, no less than by his neglect and slipshod ways. Let him acquire and retain a deserved reputation for faithfulness, and it will stand when circumstances arise that may call his integrity in question.

Cheerfulness and frankness should never be forgotten, and good manners reveal the kindliness of the soul. I know that these sayings are common truths, but repetition does not diminish their value

Safeguards for the Retail Shopkeeper—By James Cameron

THE emphasis of the average retailer's attention is placed upon the producing end of his business, while the accounting end is neglected to a degree that invariably cripples and often results in complete disaster. In the average retail house there is little effort made toward an accounting system that is even fairly adequate in the modern sense of the term. Especially is this true in the shops of the smaller class.

Ask the retailer why he does not keep as complete a set of accounts for his business as the wholesale house does for its trade and he replies: "The size of my store will not warrant a regular accounting department and I'm too busy myself to give that part of the business my attention." This is a fair statement of the general attitude of the retailer. He utterly fails to recognize the fact that there is the part of his business which *must* be properly conducted, or he will have losses instead of profits.

Very often the only books kept by the country storekeeper are a memorandum book—which he probably dignifies by the title of "day-book"—and a ledger. Upon these two records he depends for all the data necessary to the operation of his business.

And what is the result? Once a year, after the annual stock invoice, he is able to make a rough guess at his total profits or losses. But for three hundred and sixty-four days of the year he is "running wild," so far as a real knowledge of his condition is concerned.

If the city jobber or wholesaler were to make a tour of his country customers he would be astonished at the number of them having no definite knowledge of their specific profit on any particular stock of goods. Such an investigation would cause him to wonder that the percentage of retailers compelled to file deeds of assignment is not greatly increased. And this observation applies to retail establishments of very considerable size, as well as to smaller shops.

Not long since I examined a retail concern that claimed a profit of $5000 upon a certain commodity. This was evidently a matter of some little pride on the part of the proprietor, who said that he was obliged to buy a large amount of these goods in order to obtain the maximum discount that swelled his profits to so satisfactory a figure. He had charged against this stock a reasonable percentage for operating expenses. But investigation developed the fact that he had failed to charge against this stock any interest upon the investment necessary to carry it. When this was done, his profit of $5000 was turned into *an actual loss.*

In order that the small retailer may know at any time just where he stands, and what stocks and lines of goods are bringing him a profit, it does not necessarily follow that he shall employ a corps of accountants or install as elaborate an accounting system as that used by the wholesale house from which he buys his goods. One bookkeeper, working on an intelligently devised and economical system, can easily secure this result in the average small retail store.

No great amount of shrewdness is required to see that the storekeeper who knows just where his profits and his losses are being made, and who is therefore able to eliminate unprofitable stocks, has a great advantage over his competitors who employ less intelligent methods.

Every retailer is ready to enter heartily into any plan that promises to promote the selling end of his business, but his indifference to the care of his business after he has secured it is almost beyond the understanding of the thorough business man. The latter understands that a merchant without reference to trustworthy accounts can no more navigate the sea of trade with an assurance of safety than a pilot can cruise the seas without a compass.

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with cigars which suit their tastes will appeal to you if you give the subject careful thought. You assume absolutely **no risk.** Men who smoke cigars have widely varying tastes. It would therefore be [illegible] we want your permanent patronage to try to urge upon you the use of any one brand of cigars. [illegible] trade, embracing all sizes [illegible] this is unnecessary. We do not [illegible] we can give you absolute satisfaction, unless we can suit your individual taste, you only to be the judge. We are enabled to make the saving to you for the reason that neither jobber, salesmen nor retailers secure a profit from the transaction. These three profits, in the ordinary way of disposing of cigars, **equal at least 50 per cent.** For a merely nominal price we supply you with varied assortments from which to make selections. These assortments and the selections you make from them are all shipped **transportation charges prepaid**

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ALPHA New England **Salad Cream**

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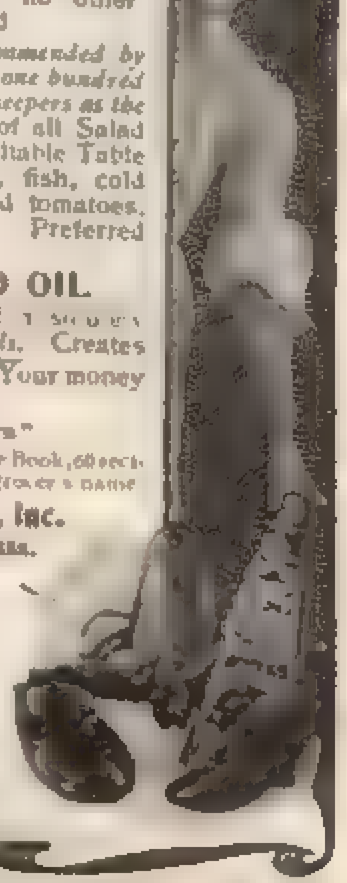

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THE REGINA is an ever-ready entertainer, bringing the solace of music to all—in sickness or in health. It being automatic, no skill or exertion is required to furnish music for social gatherings, the family circle or the nursery. It is so simply and durably constructed that it is safe in the hands of a child

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Its latest improvements place the REGINA absolutely beyond comparison, and the club plan makes it a simple matter for you to secure one. Where there are no dealers we will send REGINAS on approval to responsible persons. Variety of styles and a range in prices to suit every purse

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Boston, J. C. Haynes & Co.
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Detroit, Kalamazoo, Adrian, Port Huron, Jackson, Saginaw, Bay City and Lansing, } Grinnell Bros.
Columbus, Henry Goldsmith.
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Philadelphia, C. J. Heppe & Son

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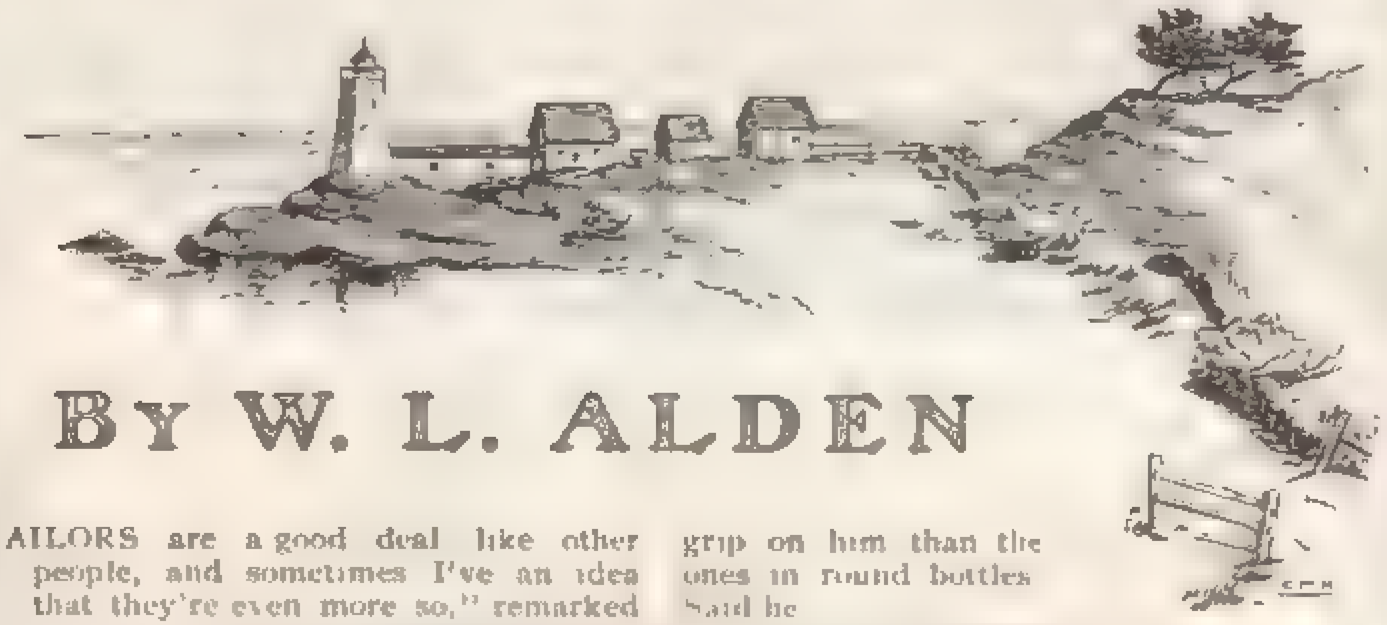


BY W. L. ALDEN

SAILORS are a good deal like other people, and sometimes I've an idea that they're even more so," remarked my friend, the retired Nantucket captain. "As for obstinacy, why there ain't a more opinionated set of men living than sailors. Most every captain I ever sailed with had some pet notion or other, which was mostly wrong, but which you couldn't have hoisted out of him with a steam winch.

"There was old Captain Barber. I was mate along with him in the Ashburton, of the old Blackball line. His pet idea was that a man ought never to take in his foresail. 'A reefed foresail,' he used to say, 'is good enough for any weather. It's a lifting sail, too, and it oughtn't to be took in on no account, unless you're coming down to bare poles.'

"He stuck to this notion through thick and thin, and more than once came mighty near capsizing his ship by carrying his foresail long after he ought to have furled it. However, there was one time when he had to back down, temporaneously, as you might say. It was blowing about as hard as it ever blows in the Western Ocean, and the ship was under a close-reefed maintopsail and reefed foresail, braced sharp up, and making pretty bad weather of it. That foresail kept crowding her head down, and I expected every minute to see our decks swept. At last I took the liberty of saying to old Barber:

"'Captain, don't you consider that that there foresail makes her bury herself?'

"'It can't do it, Mr. Hoskins,' says he. 'A foresail is always a lifting sail, and ought never to be took off a ship.'

"He hadn't any more said it than the old Ashburton dove so deep that I was afraid she would never come up again, and about two-thirds of the Western Ocean came rushing aft along the deck. Luckily the watch on deck saw what was coming and had time to look out for themselves, and me and the Captain took a turn around our waists with the main royal halyards, and when the ship concluded to come out on the top of the water again we were all right. No great harm was done, except to the old man's right arm, which was considerable twisted, but as soon as he got his breath and had sort of wrung himself out a bit, he says:

"'Mr. Hoskins, seeing as the men is a little nervous, I guess we'll take in that foresail. It's a lifting sail, but I reckon that it ain't as strong as it looks; and it ain't worth while to have it blown out of the bolt ropes.' All the same, the next time it came on to blow Barber hung on to his reefed foresail as usual, and I never once heard him admit that the ship [illegible]

"Then there was Captain Tarbox, who had the Devonshire, and afterward the Ocean Queen—both of them Black X boats—was as nice a man in some things as ever I sailed with; and then again he wasn't. He was just chock-a-block with notions and rheumatism. It was only natural that he should have had rheumatism, he having been a sailor for going on for forty years, but his way of fooling with medicines was what I call unnatural. There never was a day that he wasn't sampling the medicine chest. He didn't know what the different medicines were for, except, of course, salts and castor oil, and one or two other regular sailor medicines; for he always mislaid the book of directions that went with the medicine chest. However every bottle and box had the proper doses printed on it, so there wasn't much danger that he would poison himself. I remember his coming to me one day when we were crossing the Banks, and telling me that he had found out that square medicines suited him better than round ones. Of course I asked him what he meant, and he explained that the medicines that were put up in square bottles seemed to get a better grip on him than the ones in round bottles. Said he:

"'I've tried all the round medicines since we left New York and not one of them did me any good; but before I had got more than two-thirds through with the square medicines, I struck something that made me as sick as a dog, and took all the rheumatism out of my left knee. I don't exactly know which square medicine it was that did the work; but I'm now making the cabin boy sample a bottle every day, and as soon as he reaches the one that makes him good and sick I shall know what the best remedy for rheumatism is.'

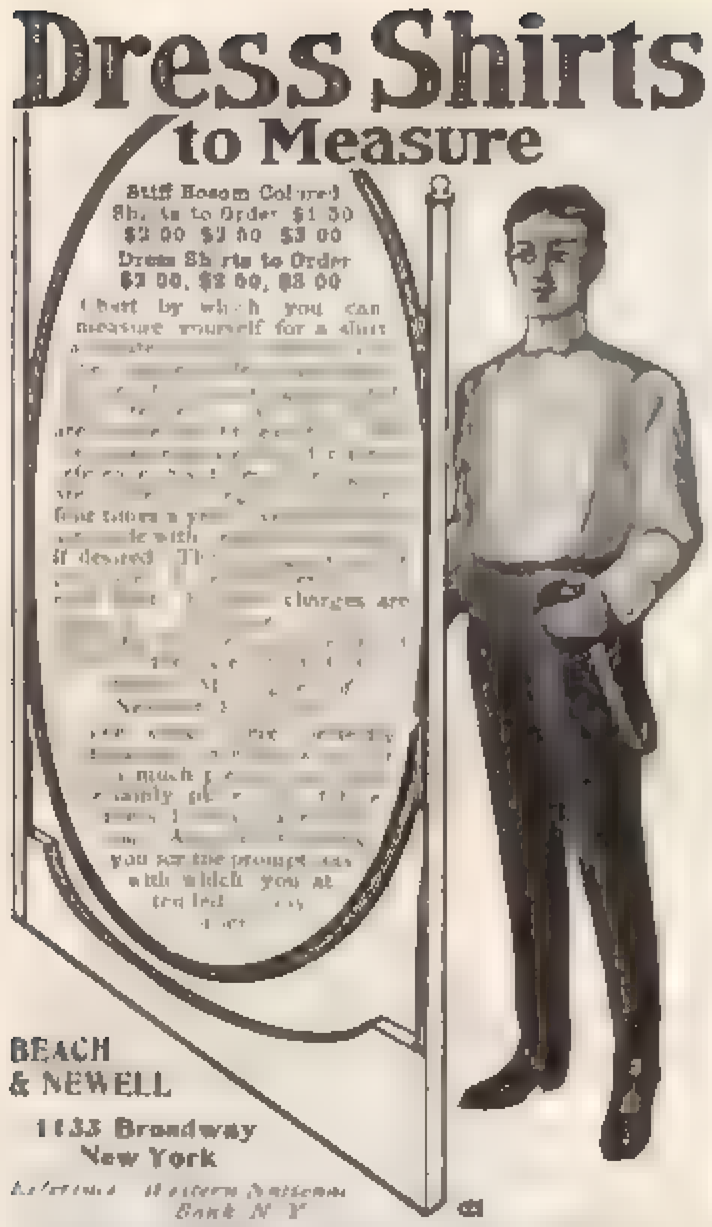
"That was the sort of way that Captain Tarbox handled his medicine chest; and I've known him to keep doing the same sort of thing one voyage after another. He had curious ideas about clothes, too. He always wore India-rubber shoes at sea, and claimed that they kept his feet from getting wet, besides making it easy to sneak up behind a lazy man and stir him up with a belaying-pin before the man could hear him coming. I don't say that there wasn't something in the idea, but as for me, give me heavy sea-boots every time. When you're wearing them you don't need no belaying pin.

"One summer, just as we had left New York, the weather being fine though considerable hazy, with a nice breeze on the starboard quarter, Captain Tarbox called me into his cabin to see a new machine that he had brought along, that was warranted to shake the rheumatism out of anybody. It was what they call an electrical machine; and when you took hold of the handles and turned on the electricity it twisted you into a double Matthew Walker knot. The old man said that it had already done him a lot of good, and he made me try it. I'm free to say that if I had to choose between that machine and the rheumatism, I should choose the rheumatism every time. Says I to the old man, after I had partly got myself straightened out again: 'I wouldn't give a yellow dog for that machine. Why, I can twist myself up just the same with a couple of green cucumbers and a dozen sausages, but that wouldn't help the rheumatism, providing that I had it, which I'm thankful to say I haven't.'

"'That's all right, Mr. Hoskins,' says the Captain in a sort of soothing way, for he saw I was some riled; 'I don't expect an ignorant man like you to understand medical science. But you can take my word that electricity will shake the rheumatism out of a man quicker than any medicine can do it; and I ain't sure but what it might shake rudeness out of a man, too.' The last part of his remark was meant for me, but I let it go and said nothing, and turned in for my four hours' sleep.

"The next day it was still too hazy for an observation. The breeze held just the same and the ship was doing about six knots, which, considering her build and the lightness of the breeze, wasn't bad. We were heading east half south, when the old man came on deck at about half past seven, and leaned up against the weather rail, and began talking with me about things in general. Presently I noticed that the ship's head was swinging round to port, and I sung out to the man at the wheel to ask if he wanted me to come and learn him to steer. Naturally he didn't answer, but when the ship was apparently on her course again, and I had asked him how her head was, and he had said that it was east half south, I noticed that the wind was about abeam, and of course I called to the watch to lay aft and brace the yards up.

"'That was a pretty sudden shift of the wind,' says the old man. 'I don't exactly see what it means.' Neither did I, but there wasn't any use of arguing over the thing



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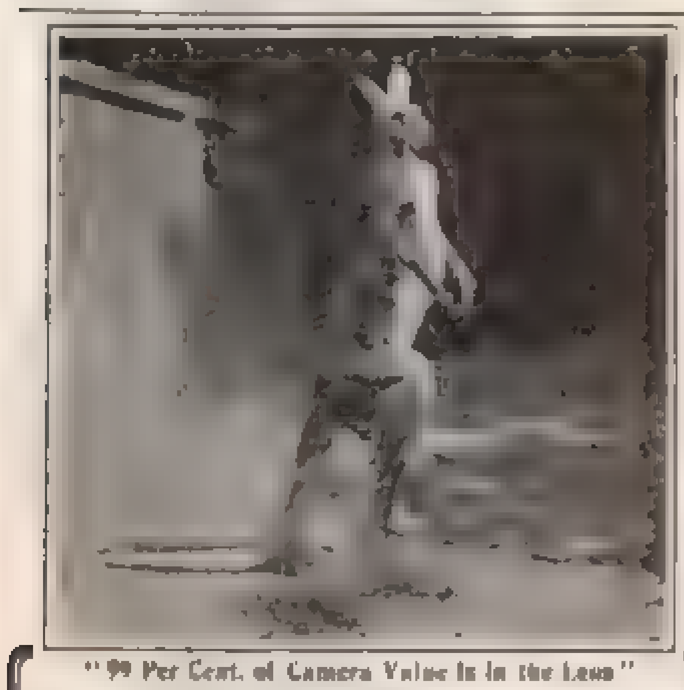

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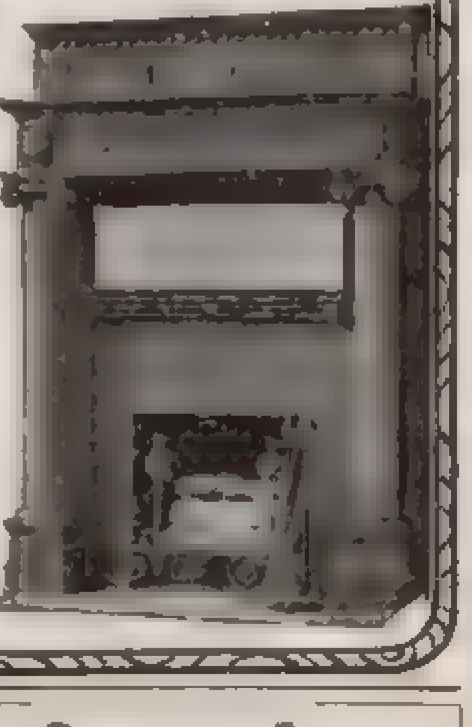

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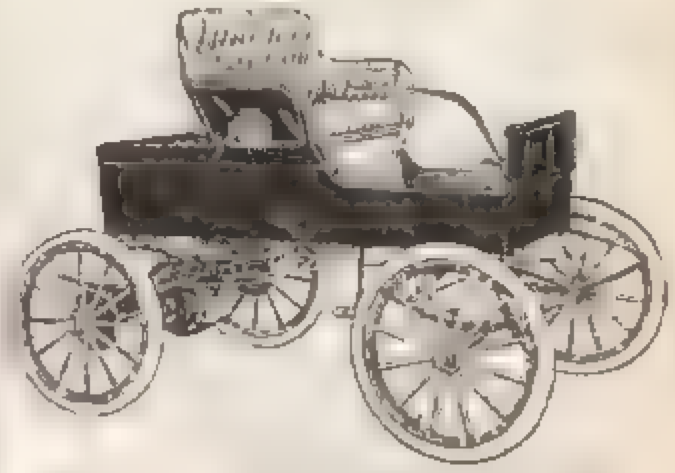

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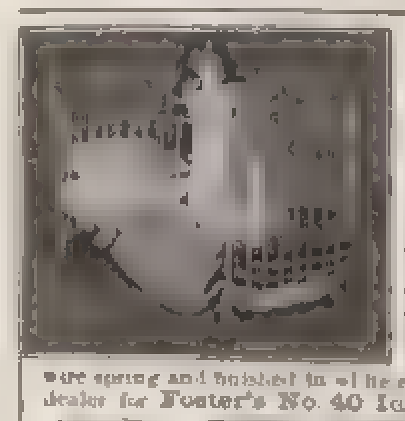

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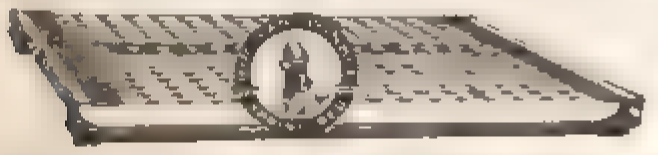

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So the old man talked along, mainly about his rheumatism, till he found that it was time to go below and get his breakfast, reminding me, as he went, that as we probably shouldn't get any observation that day, we must be particular about our dead reckoning. He hadn't any more than got into the saloon when the wind backed to where it had been at the start, and I had to trim the yards again. I didn't like it, firstly, because it wasn't natural that a breeze of that kind with the glass high and steady, should shift twice in twenty minutes, without rhyme or reason; and secondly, because I saw that if it kept on shifting we were going to have a lot of humbugging work with the yards. However, it stayed in the northwest till eight bells struck, and I went below to breakfast.

"About half-past eleven me and the Captain came on deck with our sextants, if so be that the haze should clear away and we could get an observation, which I might as well say that it didn't, not for the next two days. The old man was standing near the mizzen rigging, where he usually stood, when I saw the man at the wheel roll his wheel over to port in a hurry, and at the same time I caught the breeze on my left cheek, showing that it had shifted again. There was nothing for it but to brace the yards up again and when that was done the Captain told me that it was his private opinion that something was wrong with the weather. He walked over and looked in the binnacle, and then came back and says to me: 'That there compass hasn't settled down yet; and I sort of half believe that perhaps she's gone wrong, as well as the wind. You mark my words. This means something that you don't understand yet.'

"'It means a lot of work,' says I, 'providing it keeps on shifting from northwest to north, and back again, every ten minutes. However, as long as it don't come out dead ahead I don't much care what it does.'

"By and by the old man took a notion to cross over to the lee side of the quarterdeck, to get a look at the mizzen channels, which had been fouled by the tug that towed us down the bay, and considerably damaged. He was looking over the side and encouraging the carpenter with a little language while he was repairing damages, when that everlasting wind suddenly backed till it was almost dead astern. Then I got mad, and said to myself that I wouldn't touch the yards again till the wind made up its mind what it was going to do. But of course that wouldn't work. The old man would have known the wind had shifted if he had been down in the lower hold, and when I saw him looking first aloft and then at me, I knew what I had to do. So we squared the yards and hauled up the mainsail, and the Captain went below without saying a word.

"If you'll believe it, no sooner had the old man's head got fairly out of sight than the wind changes again and goes back to the port quarter. I braced the yards up once more and told the men to get their dinners. I could see that they were mighty dissatisfied, and of course, being sailors, they naturally held that the shifting of the wind was all the fault of the officers.

"When I came on deck again at four o'clock the second mate—Dipson was his name, and he was a very smart young fellow—told me that the wind was all right till about six bells, when the old man came on deck to have a pipe. Then the wind shifted, say, four or five points to the north, and the yards were braced accordingly.

"All of a sudden an idea struck me. 'Captain,' says I, 'have you looked at the compass in your room?'

"'Not since I turned out,' says he; 'but what's that got to do with the shifting of this yer breeze?'

"'I've a sort of half an idea,' says I, 'that perhaps the binnacle compass has gone wild, and that the wind has never shifted at all.'

"'Perhaps you don't know, Mr. Hoskins,' says he, 'that I never leave port without being dead sure about my compasses. There ain't a better compass than that binnacle compass outside of the Greenwich Observatory. However, just to satisfy you, and convince you that your ideas ain't always quite as good as you think they are, I'll have a look at my compass.'

"Well! He went below, and before five minutes were gone round goes the wind again, and we had it once more on the quarter. I let it stay there, and didn't touch the yards, calculating that it would probably go back again in five minutes more. However, before the five minutes were up the old man comes on deck again, and I noticed that he looked sort of worried.

"'How did you find the compass, sir?' I asked.

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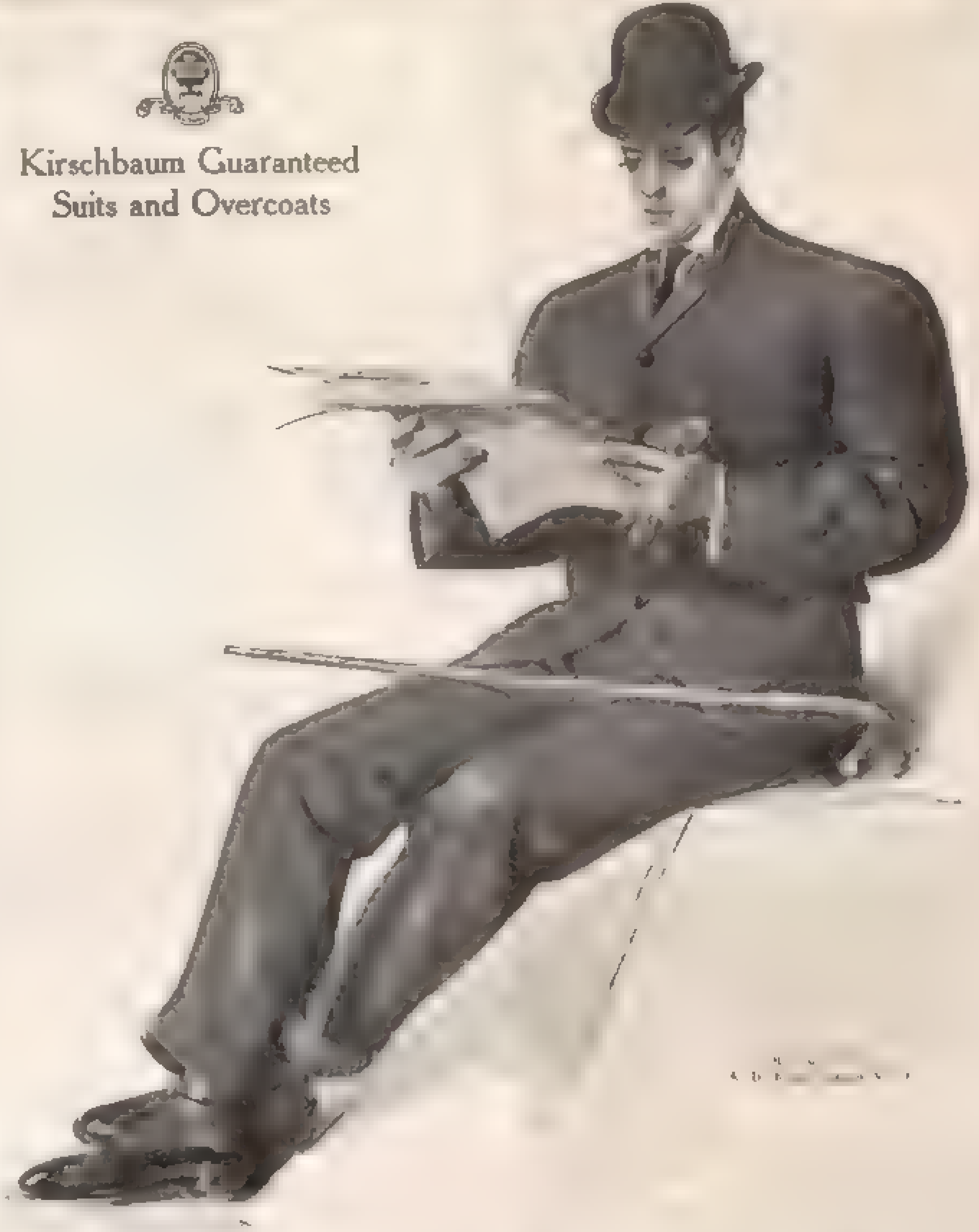

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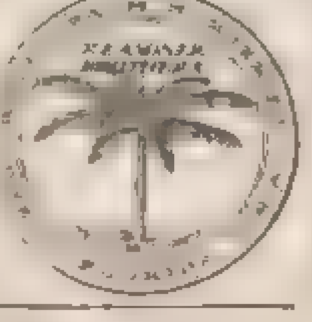

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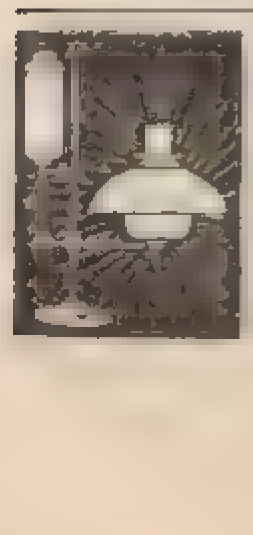

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"I started to go forrard with him, but when we got out of hearing of the man at the wheel the Captain says: 'Mr. Hoskins, that swifter is all right, but that compass is everlastingly wrong, world without end. Why, when I went into my room, and sort of took a surreptitious look at it through the door I could see that it was pointing all right, but by the time that I had got up close to it the thing swung around till it made out that we were heading about southwest. It's gone clean crazy, and so has the binnacle compass, as far as I can judge, and I'm a little surprised that you haven't come to that conclusion yourself long ago. What's gone wrong with the compasses I can't think. Somebody must have tampered with them since we left port.'

"'I wonder how we're heading at this identical moment,' says I. 'According to the compass we're on our course, and if that's so, the wind has shifted from nor'west to north since you came on deck. My notion is that we don't know the first thing about the points of compass, and for all we know we may be heading straight back to New York.'

"The old man caught me by the arm and says in a whisper: 'Listen! What do you make of that noise?'

"'Breakers, by gosh!' says I. I know I oughtn't to have used any such language—being a member in good standing of the First Baptist Church—but when a man thinks he is a hundred miles from land, and all of a sudden hears breakers, it sort of knocks the shores from under him.

"'All hands 'bout ship!' yells the Captain. The crew tumbled aft, wondering what in the world was up, but we didn't tack her after all, for with the wind abeam, and light at that, it would have been foolishness. So we put the helm hard up, and checked in the yards as she fell off, and when we brought the wind over the taffrail we let her run before it. We lost the sound of the breakers in a few minutes, and there we were, steering northeast by east according to the compass, and wondering if the thing was within sixteen points of the truth.

"'Where do you calculate those breakers were?' asked the old man.

"'Probably they were somewhere on the Long Island coast,' says I.

"'Our dead reckoning ought to show you that we're a long ways east of Long Island,' said the Captain, 'and I'm afraid that you haven't been as careful about it as you might have been.'

"'What's dead reckoning worth, anyhow,' says I, 'with a compass that can't come within miles of the truth?'

"'Dead reckoning,' says he, 'can always be trusted if it's carefully attended to, and there ain't no unknown currents. But we won't say any more about it, Mr. Hoskins. I'm going to send a man into the mizzentop with that binnacle compass, and I haven't any doubt that it will act all right up there. You see, there must be some local attraction on deck that puts it out. You don't happen to have a big magnet in your pocket, have you?'

"'No, sir, I haven't,' said I. 'And I haven't got an ax, nor a marine boiler, nor any other little piece of iron about me. You'll find that there ain't any local attraction on the quarterdeck, and I don't believe the compass will act any better in the mizzentop than it does here.'

"'We'll see,' says the Captain, and with that he sent a hand into the top with the compass. Sure enough, no sooner was the compass sixty feet above the deck than she swung round gently till she pointed southeast by south. Now, supposing that we brought the wind on the port quarter, as it was when we took our departure, that would show that the compass was about right. So we braced up the yards and put the ship's head east half south, and the man stopped in the top to con the ship. Then the old man sent to his room for his own compass and sent that up into the mizzentop, where the man reported that she agreed perfectly with the binnacle compass. That seemed to show that the Captain was right in what he had said about local attraction, but I wasn't ready to give in to him.

"'Now we're all right,' says he. 'There was local attraction, just as I said, and I am surprised that you haven't found out what the attraction was. I don't mean to reprimand you, Mr. Hoskins, for you're a good sailorman and a professing Christian, but I'm just mentioning facts. Now I'll go up

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138 Duane Street, New York City

MEN'S STORES
New York, 93-95 Nassau St. [illegible]
[illegible]
Brooklyn, 433 Fulton St., near Jay St.
[illegible]
Troy, N. Y., 314-316 Fulton St.
[illegible]
[illegible] 3 Westminster St.
Easton, Pa., 442 Northampton St.
Denver, Colo., [illegible] 16th St.

WOMEN'S STORES
New York, 54 W. 23d St., bet. 5th and 6th Aves.
[illegible] near 7th Ave.
Fulton St., cor. Nassau St.
Broadway, bet. 12th and 13th Sts.
[illegible] Square, 36th St.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Washington, 903 Penna. Ave., near 9th St.
Providence, R. I., 149-157 Westminster St.

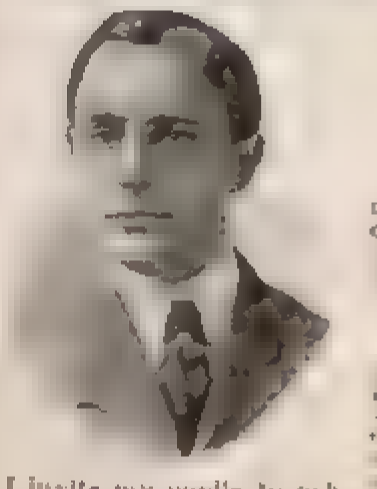
FACTORIES: New York City, Brockton, Mass.

CADILLAC
Automobile

1903
$750

The Cadillac [illegible] about at $750 [illegible] the greatest [illegible] in the history of motor cars. No other machine is so strong [illegible] either engine, transmission gear or steering mechanism worthy of comparison except those costing about three times as much. Great speed on the level; wonderful hill climber—the automobile that solves the problem of safe, [illegible] and [illegible] motor travel. Buggy top at $30 extra. [illegible] providing seats for two more *facing forward*—$100 extra. Illustrated booklet O sent free.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.



I invite my pupils to ask questions, with the assurance that they will be clearly answered.

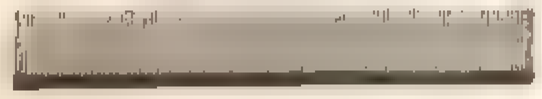
YOU CAN'T FAIL
If There's Any "Go" in You

In a rut? Then get out of it. Learn advert[illegible] crowded; it pays well; competent men [illegible] course of ad writing has bee[illegible] exception, endorse it [illegible] because they're all in good positions [illegible]

They Know the Business

[illegible] form letters. Every lesson is corrected [illegible] accompanied by a letter [illegible] He has no assistant [illegible] Only thirty more [illegible] If you are willing to [illegible] a week and to ask questions [illegible] whatever features of the work are not clearly understood, you may be one of [illegible] Only earnest men and women [illegible] Their instructor will be no less conscientious in his work [illegible] Write at once, for further details, to

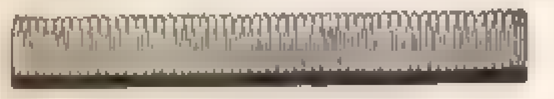
ELMER HELMS, Room 10, 11 East 16th Street, New York
Formerly ad-writer for John Wanamaker



Ordinary Fleece Mats

WRIGHT'S Health Underwear

Fleece Does Not Mat



The spring principle in the loop-fleece of Wright's Health Underwear makes it keep its original fluffiness and retain its valuable properties until worn out.

This Fleece of Comfort and Health absorbs perspiration and prevents chill, at the same time allowing the skin to breathe easily and naturally. Wearing **Wright's Health Underwear** means freedom from colds and better health generally. Wright's costs no more than ordinary underwear.

Our valuable book, "Dressing for Health," sent free.

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR COMPANY
75 Franklin Street
New York

Comfort and Luxury at all times and places
The ORIGINAL and mechanically perfect

STAR Safety Razor

[illegible]

The Star Safety Razor, as made by Kampfe Bros. (original inventors of the safety razor) for over 25 years, is [illegible] if you insist upon getting the "3 STARS" [illegible]

THE NEW STAR STROPPER guarantees [illegible]

Razors, Complete $2.00 New Star Stropper, $1.50
Sets $3.50 and up

KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., New York

4% SAVINGS DEPOSITS

The great industries and numerous facilities for profitable investment in Pittsburg allow the payment of 4 per cent interest, compounded every six months, on Savings Accounts by the

Pittsburg Trust Co.
PITTSBURG, PA.

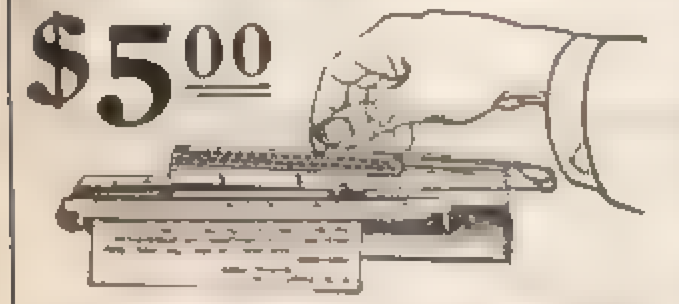
Two per cent. interest paid on ordinary Checking Accounts. Deposits $10,000,000.00. You can open an account and do all your

BANKING BY MAIL.

[illegible]

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS
$6,000,000.00

$5.00



The Coffman Typewriter

[illegible] In short, A PRACTICAL TYPEWRITER sent on receipt of $5.00, guaranteed for a year. Write for detailed description.

We want agents everywhere — Write for proposition to agents.

Coffman Mfg. Co. 546 Spruce St., St. Louis

STAMMER

Our 200 page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering" sent Free to any address. Enclose 6 cents to pay postage. LEWIS STAMMERING SCHOOL, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

and have a look at those compasses myself, and then I'll turn in for forty winks

"I was just a little mad at what the Captain had said, and I was wishing that the compasses would get a fresh attack of the horrors and go wilder than ever But I held my tongue, and presently the old man comes slowly down the rigging and when he touched the deck he said: 'Mr. Hoskins, we'll heave the ship to, and wait till this weather clears and we can get an observation

"'Compasses are all right, ain't they, sir?' says I. 'There can't be no local attraction in the mizzentop.'

"Says the old man: 'Mr. Hoskins, it's my duty to say that those two compasses went stark mad the minute I set foot in the top. So far as I can see they're worse up there than they were on deck. Now I'm not going to knock around the Western Ocean without a compass and without any observations. We'll just lay here till the weather clears, and I only hope when it does clear that we won't see the Bahamas or the coast of Iceland close alongside.'

"Well, we hove her to, and stopped where we were till the haze—for it wasn't a genuine fog—cleared away, which it did about nine o'clock the next morning, showing us a steamer coming down to us under easy steam We waited for her, and when she got near enough we made out that she was a United States Coast Survey boat. We hoisted the ensign union down, and got a boat over the side with the two compasses and the Captain, besides me and the boat's crew, and as soon as the steamer stopped her engines we rowed over and boarded her

"The Lieutenant in command was very polite, and when the Captain told him that his compasses had gone wrong and he had brought them over for him to look at, the Lieutenant laughed, and said that there must be some local attraction aboard our ship 'Are you sure,' says he, 'that some precious donkey hasn't hid a hammer or a chisel in the binnacle? I've known of such things.'

No, sir; there ain't no local attraction, as I've tried to convince my mate. If there was, the compasses wouldn't have gone wild in the mizzentop as they did when I sent them up there. Besides, the compass down in my cabin was just as bad as the one in the binnacle.'

"Then says the Lieutenant: 'Have you any electricity aboard? I've known electricity to affect compasses.'

"'There's an electrical machine, sir,' says I, 'that Captain Tarbox uses to scare the rheumatism out of him.'

"'Oh, there is!' says the Lieutenant 'Do you take many shocks in the course of the day, Captain?'

"'About a dozen or fifteen all told,' says the old man

'And I see that you're wearing rubber shoes,' says the Lieutenant. 'Well, sir! That's what's the matter with your compasses. You fill yourself up with electricity that can't get out on account of your rubber shoes, and that turns you into an electromagnet, and then you go and stand by the compasses and wonder what's the matter with them. Now you come down with this gentleman'—meaning me, you understand—'and take a drink with me, and then go aboard your ship, and heave that electrical machine overboard, and I'll guarantee that you'll have no more trouble with your compasses.

"Well! The old man did as he was told and the compasses settled down to steady work as if there had never been anything the matter with them. We got our position from the commander of the steamer, and found that we were about a hundred miles north and fifty miles west of where we ought to have been. However, that was the end of our troubles. We made a fairly good passage to London, and when we were tied up in London dock, and the old man was ready to go ashore, he says to me: 'Mr. Hoskins, I'm not saying anything against you as a sailor, nor yet as a man, but I ain't satisfied with the way in which you let those compasses run wild, and kept the men hauling at the yards every fifteen minutes for three days. I'll have to ask you to look out for another berth, and I'll take pleasure in giving you an excellent character for everything but compasses.'

"With that he went ashore before I could collect my ideas enough to tell him what I thought of his conduct. I hope I don't bear malice, but when, about two years afterward, he piled up his ship on Fire Island, where she was a total loss though nobody was drowned, all through his pigheadedness in insisting that Fire Island Light was Montauk Light, I didn't feel altogether sorry."

Why Ad. Writing Pays

And Why the Demand For Trained Writers at $25 to $100 a Week Is Increasing.

BY GEORGE H. POWELL

George H. Powell

THE marvelous growth of advertising within the past few years has caused many to wonder what further strides will be made along the lines of business expansion through modern publicity methods.

I want to say a few words to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST this week about the possibilities of young men and women who qualify to fill positions as ad. writers.

I have before me a letter from one of the most famous manufacturers in America—a noted Governor of a noted State, in which he asks if I can send him a competent ad. writer to take charge of his advertising, circular letter work, etc. Although living in a city of over 200,000 inhabitants, and surrounded as only a Governor can be—with a host of political and business associates—yet he cannot find a properly trained ad. man to fill the place he has open!

ERNEST F. GARDNER
Of Gardner Company [illegible]
[illegible] Agents
[illegible]

Mr Gardner says:

Before taking up the [illegible] system of instruction [illegible] practically [illegible] school. I [illegible] and red tape and I gave it up as a failure [illegible] this late date I wish to press my thankful appreciation of your painstaking efforts in my behalf. From the first to the last lesson prompt, personal and pointed criticism was given to [illegible] this criticism [illegible] [illegible] writer [illegible] began doing [illegible] advertisers, and I have from the very beginning given satisfaction. You have that 'heart-in-your-work' requisite that is necessary for making any business a success.

While I have just the Powell graduate to send him, yet my purpose in mentioning this incident—which is being duplicated constantly from all parts of the country—is to show how great is the demand for ad. writers and how small is the supply.

$25 to start with, and from $50 to $100 a week later on, is certainly a most promising vocation, especially when it may be attained in a comparatively brief period of study through the Powell System of Correspondence Instruction.

It is said that over a billion dollars a year is now being spent by American advertisers for publicity, and the yearly increase is so great that one can scarcely believe the figures.

This, too, in spite of the fact that more than one-half of the present advertising is largely, if not wholly, wasted Competition is keen, business expansion is the order of the day, and merchants and manufacturers have learned that plenty of GOOD advertising is the best possible investment. Under such conditions, the new places being created in large houses for trained ad. writers can cause no wonderment on the part of the person who stops to analyze causes

When I established my correspondence school to teach scientific ad. writing I had the co-operation of the best advertising authorities, and by giving my personal attention to my students and guiding them just as faithfully as I would were they in my office and each using my entire time, I have so far surpassed expectations that Powell graduates are today permanently located in every state at good salaries, and in scores of instances where they had previously experimented with other schools and had become utterly discouraged.

That I succeed in qualifying my students is due to four things: First, I only enroll young men and women possessed of common school educations; second, the Powell System is based on an experience and reputation not enjoyed by any other advertising teacher; third, *I teach nothing but advertising*, whereas every other school, of any pretension, teaches from three to a hundred courses; and fourth, I advise business men who enroll with me so that their own advertising is immediately rendered doubly effective.

I think it entirely proper to say that the Powell System is today the only one that recognizes and provides for the special needs of the business-man student.

There are many reasons why the business man is benefited by studying advertising with me, among which are the lack of a sufficient number of trained ad. writers—my ability to properly advise him—a limited amount of money for advertising which precludes the employment of an ad. writer all the time, etc. And, again, clerks in many wholesale and retail houses are having their advertising educations paid for by their employers. The more we investigate the more marvelous the possibilities.

W. A. PIER
Advertising Writer,
Oneonta, N. Y.

Mr. Pier says:

"After completing your course in ad. writing I have no hesitation in saying I firmly believe yours to be the best system of instruction in the science of advertising to be [illegible] You teach practical [illegible] writing. The student [illegible] soon convinced [illegible] are a Past Master in [illegible] that relates to ad. writing and the manner in [illegible] course, the [illegible] gestions and criticisms are made to simplify matters that your own ideas are readily grasped and new ones drawn out. I investigated two other ad. schools before enrolling with you, and I feel perfectly satisfied that I secured instruction from the right source. I earnestly recommend the Powell System to every young man or woman who wishes to make a success of ad. writing.

In the United States today there are over 100,000 lawyers and over 30,000 journalists, but the total number of ad. writers are too insignificant in number to be worthy of mention—probably less than a thousand who earn their entire living in this vocation.

But I want to add a word of caution—don't go into advertising unless you are a sticker, and are willing to be steadfast. This great business only has room for those who have stick-to qualities. If you have them, plus a reasonable amount of energy, I can teach you in a few months how to earn more than double your present salary.

I only seek to enroll students who are brim-full of life and ambition, and who feel that they are willing to work to win. Powell graduates are a great success, not merely because my system of instruction is the best in existence, but because my interest in a student never flags.

I have published an artistic, comprehensive Prospectus which is by far the best explanatory treatise on learning ad. writing, and I shall be glad to mail it if you will write for it. It also tells the business man how to double his trade. Address me George H. Powell, 27 Temple Court, New York.

WHITTEMORE'S
GILT EDGE
OIL SHOE DRESSING
Shines Without Brushing

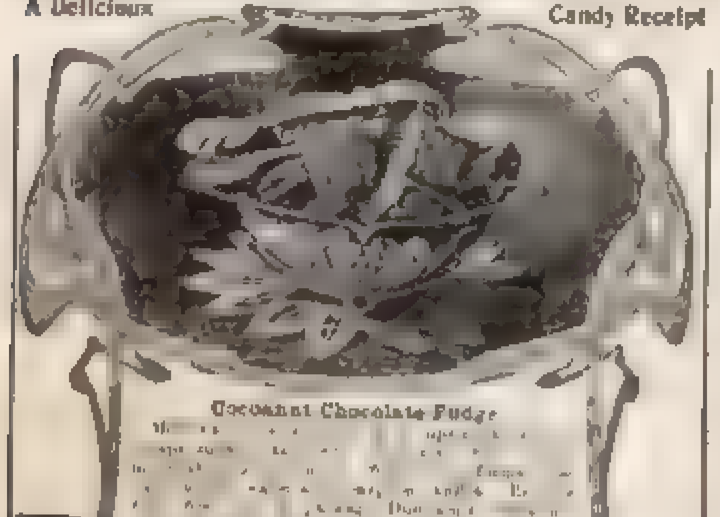
[illegible] ing time, labor, and brushes. Has been [illegible] and to-day is the most popular shoe dressing in the [illegible]. It imparts a beautiful lustre to all black shoes [illegible] leathers, is warranted not to soil the finest [illegible] the most delicate leather. It is always [illegible] to [illegible] up in [illegible] or deteriorate. Demand **Whittemore's "Gilt Edge" Oil Dressing**, and refuse to take inferior substitutes, which may ruin your shoes. Put up in 6 oz. bottles [illegible] Price [illegible]

If your dealer does not keep it, send us 25c. postage, and we will send you a full-size bottle prepaid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.
Sole Manufacturers, Dept. "P," CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WHITTEMORE'S "SUPERB" PASTE [illegible] 10 cents [illegible] prepaid.

A Delicious Candy Receipt

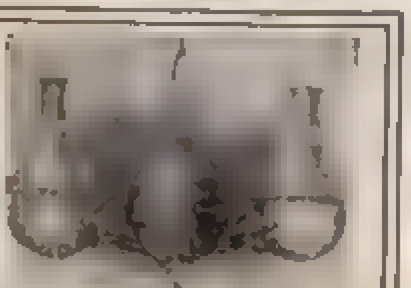


Cocoanut Chocolate Fudge
[illegible]
Mrs. S. T. Rorer

Dunham's Cocoanut

[illegible] retains all the delicious, delicate flavor of the [illegible] some and nutritious food. The beautiful snow-white appearance is fresh, natural purity carefully preserved and protected. These trade marks on [illegible] package. [illegible] name and address on a postal for "Dainty Desserts"—54 receipts illustrated.
DUNHAM MFG CO., 387 Pearl St. New York

THE ANGLE LAMP



[illegible] one good artificial light, that of kerosene oil. There is but one good kerosene lamp, that is the **Angle Lamp.** It yields a softer and yet more brilliant [illegible] flicker or [illegible]. Easy to operate [illegible] explosion-proof and ornamental. Only light that is all [illegible] and throws no shadow.

[illegible] the Angle Lamp at your dealers, or write for handsome free illustrated catalogue E P.
ANGLE LAMP CO., 76 Park Place, NEW YORK CITY

The New Indoor Game [illegible] rapidly popular. It resembles Golf in that it has nine holes, scores kept the same, medal or match play, and takes steady nerve, lots of skill and luck. If you do not know how to play Golf, this will teach [illegible]

The board is finished in red, green and natural wood with a fine polish.
Complete with rule-book, delivered free to any Express Office in the U. S. for $3.00.
Send for CATALOG G.
THE TABLE GOLF COMPANY
Wichita, Kas.

STOP FORGETTING Send today for FREE trial copyrighted lesson and Booklet, "How to Remember."
DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY, 933 Auditorium, Chicago.

COMMON HONESTY

(Continued from Page 5)

some bigger place for him—something where he could save a little sum for his old age and keep his daughter at home. In one of these new affairs ——"

Axel Potter (looking at his son searchingly). "That has occurred to me. How would it do to send him to the Los Angeles office? Nice climate for an old man—and the daughter is no good here—I'd have sent her off half a dozen times ——"

Barnard Potter (hastily, with rising color). "I don't think they'd like to leave their old home. I meant something more responsible in this office. He's such a faithful man. If he'd worked for himself as hard as he works for us he wouldn't be here now!"

Axel Potter. "Well, we'll see."

Barnard Potter (tentatively). "And there's another matter, sir, I have been thinking about. Don't you think you could do more for Alec M'Cord?"

Axel Potter (testily). "He's a good-for-nothing, impudent ——"

Barnard Potter (quickly). "You don't do him justice! I fancy he thinks he's abused—kept down."

Axel Potter. "I haven't seen any evidences that he's fit for more than he gets!"

Barnard Potter. "I know—but some people need the spur of faith to bring them to the goal. Trust him once! It can't ruin us if he fails. And" (hesitates), "and you said old M'Cord, Alec's uncle, made the business. If the old man had lived ——"

Axel Potter (with emphasis). "I have treated them all squarely. If it hadn't been for me, M'Cord's widow would not be drawing her fifteen thousand a year. We're quits."

Barnard Potter (with annoyance). "Yes but there's something else needed, isn't there? What would his uncle have done for him? Alec has good stuff in him—give him a show."

Axel Potter. "We'll see! By the way, I wish you'd look in the safe and bring me that old agreement of partnership marked X 22."

(Barnard goes out and Axel Potter wheels to his desk. The door to the outer offices opens noisily and Alec M'Cord bursts into the private office. He wears no coat, and walks noisily; his face is flushed. At the interruption Axel Potter looks up from his desk.)

Axel Potter. "Did I send for you, sir?"

Alec M'Cord. "No. That's why I came."

Axel Potter. "I am busy this morning—you will have to excuse me."

Alec M'Cord. "Oh!" (Walks with slight unsteadiness to a corner of the desk and balances himself there.) "That's it, is it? Well, I'll be obliged if you'll give me two minutes of your valuable time." (Axel Potter continues to write. M'Cord's voice rises petulantly.) "I'm going to leave your old junk-shop, do you hear?"

Axel Potter (keeps writing). "Very well—I believe you are behind in our books. Settle with Mr. Grindle. Is that all?"

Alec M'Cord (mocking Potter). "'Settle with Mr. Grindle. Is that all?' No, that's not all, old sharper. Look up! Look up, I say." (Seizes the desk-pad from the desk. Potter starts back.) "No, I'm not going to hit you. You've squeezed my relations, and the Stearns girls, and you've done me out of my chance in life—but I'm not going to hit you, coward."

Axel Potter (touching an electric bell on his desk). "You drunken fool. I'll have Mike throw you downstairs!"

Alec M'Cord. "Mike wouldn't do it—not for you. Now listen, won't you? You've knocked me and mine about long enough. I am going to get out all right, and we'll be square enough as the world goes. But as I shall never have the pleasure of your acquaintance hereafter, I want to tell you for once one of God's little truths. Now, my dear sir ——"

(Barnard has returned with the document and stands amazed in the rear. Axel Potter turns to him with a sneer on his face.)

Axel Potter. "Here, Barnard, take this drunkard out or tell Mike to, and see that he's paid and doesn't break any glass."

Barnard Potter. "Come, Alec! What are you making an ass of yourself for?"

Alec M'Cord. "Hold on, Pot." (Waves him off.) "You're all right, old Pot. It's the old man I've got a few words with. Just step into your office a moment, and when I'm done we'll go and have a gin fizz on it."

A NEW CREATION IN FOOT-WEAR

Built on the same stylish last, of the same quality leathers as the shoe you would pay $10 to $12 for elsewhere. The only difference is the price, $3.50 and $5. The Custom Last.

FOR BUSINESS OR EVENING WEAR
MILITARY HEEL
ARCHED INSTEP
FLAT FOREPART

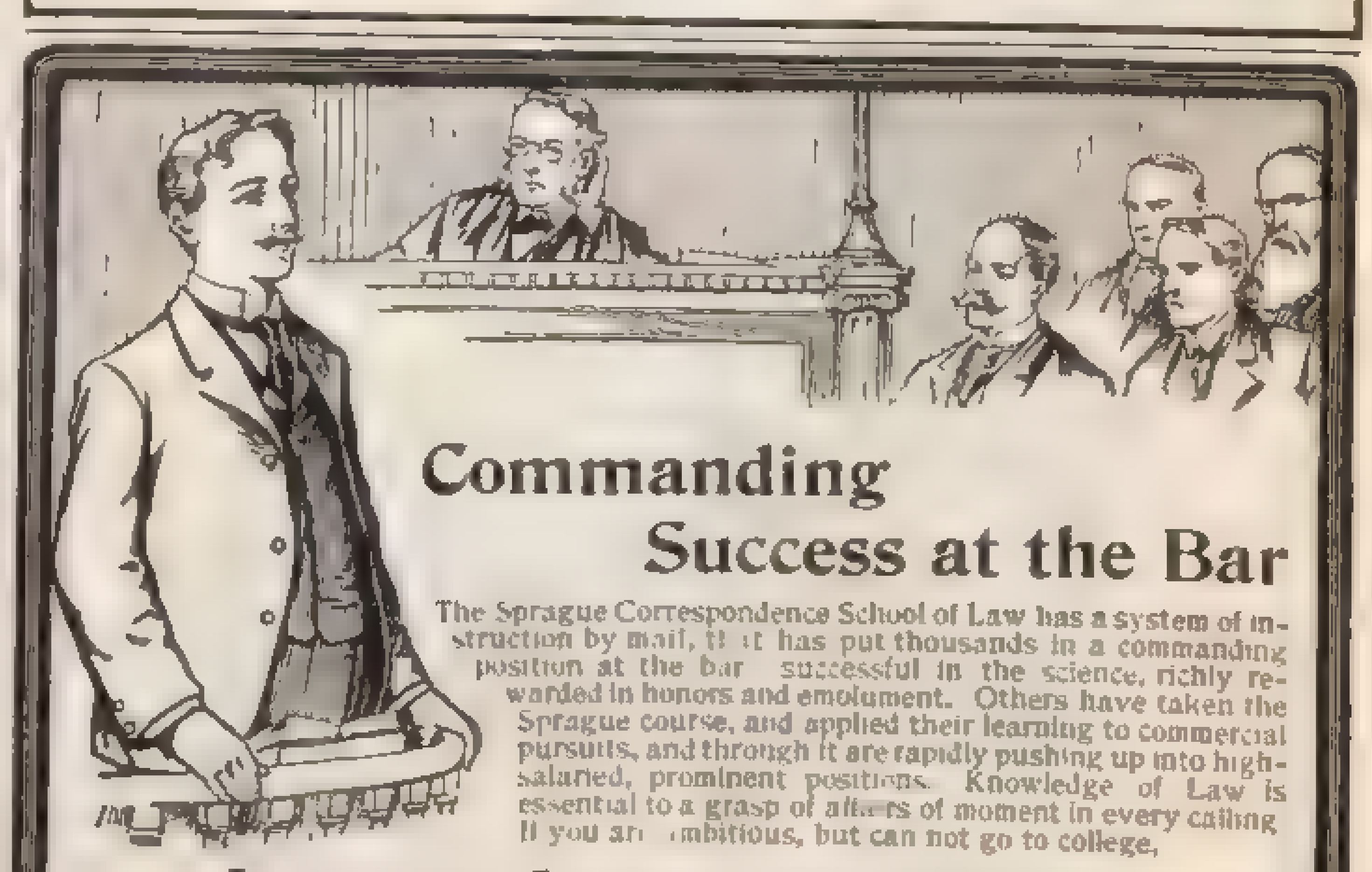
Sold in our 36 branch stores in all large cities. Mail-orders receive our most careful attention. Satisfaction guaranteed.

None but the pure oak-tanned "Rock Oak" soles, fast-color Eyelets and Hooks, and choicest leathers such as "Zeigel Eisman's Kangaroo" and "[illegible]'s Phoenix Kid" are used in our productions.

A handsomely illustrated brochure, showing fall and winter styles, gladly sent upon request

THE EMERSON SHOE HONEST ALL THROUGH

R. B. GROVER & COMPANY, Makers, Brockton, Mass.



Commanding Success at the Bar

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law has a system of instruction by mail, that has put thousands in a commanding position at the bar successful in the science, richly rewarded in honors and emolument. Others have taken the Sprague course, and applied their learning to commercial pursuits, and through it are rapidly pushing up into high-salaried, prominent positions. Knowledge of Law is essential to a grasp of affairs of moment in every calling. If you are ambitious, but can not go to college,

Learn Law at Home

Through the Sprague system. We originated and perfected this system, which has the enthusiastic endorsement of Bar, Bench and Law schools. We have hundreds of graduates in every state in active, lucrative practice, of whom we would like to tell you. Write to-day and let us help *you*. Preparatory, Commercial Law, or College Law Course.

THE SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW, 284 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

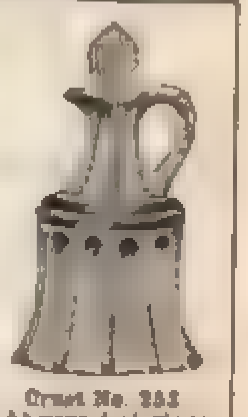
AN IDEAL ACHIEVED!
Sparkling Crystal Separating Glass

The pride and glory of the housewife. Gives an air of refined elegance to the table or sideboard because of its originality and dainty gracefulness.

Rich in design—beautiful in brilliancy of finish—Sensible in its separating features. Thoroughly sanitary—cleanliness unsurpassed. Easily filled and cleaned. Locked by handsome nickel ring. More economical than the ordinary kind and sold at same price.

[illegible] Spoon Holder [illegible] Cutting [illegible] —mailed free for your dealer's name

[illegible] PERFECTION GLASS COMPANY, Wheeling St., Washington, Pa.



Cruet No. 252
At your dealer's or sent Prepaid for 35 Cents.

TAILORING

On Credit
Suits $10
Made to Order and Measure, Fit Guaranteed for

Any honest man can get [illegible] on time payments [illegible] ter where he lives. You select the cloth from 75 samples sent, [illegible] popular styles [illegible] we will [illegible] latest fas[illegible]

We Guarantee the [illegible] your money back [illegible] tailors charge from $[illegible] time in which to pay

OUR TERMS [illegible] with the order and the [illegible] four equal monthly payments. Our [illegible] precisely the same as if [illegible] here t be measured. We take all [illegible]

[illegible] garments are cut and made in our own Union shops. We refer you to any bank in your town or any Express Co. as to our responsibility. Agents Wanted

Send for our FREE SAMPLES, Fashion Plate and Illustrated Booklet, explaining everything

PULLMAN TAILORING CO., 151 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO

Tricycles for Cripples

Chairs for Invalids

[illegible] Illustrated Catalogue Free [illegible]

THE WORTHINGTON MFG. CO., Dept. B, Elyria, O.
[illegible]

A five year guarantee doesn't make paint good; but

Patton's
SUN-PROOF Paint
makes good a five year guarantee

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint lasts twice as long. Covers much more surface.

[illegible] PLATE GLASS [illegible]

Send for Book of Paint Knowledge [illegible] free to

PATTON PAINT CO
231 Lake St. Milwaukee, Wis.

Battery Table Lamp, $3.00

Battery Hanging Lamp	$10 00
Telephone complete, $2 50 and	5.95
Electric Door Bells	30
Electric Carriage Lamps	5 00
Electric Hand Lanterns	3 00
$6 00 Batteries	2.95
Telegraph Outfits	2 25
Battery Motors	$1 00 to 12.00
Bicycle Electric Lights	2.00
Electric Railway	3.50
Pocket Flash Lights	1.50
Necktie Lights	75c to 3.00

[illegible] free book. Describes and [illegible] many of the most useful [illegible] tric devices, at wonderfully small prices. All practical. [illegible] in the world on [illegible] Agents can make handsome commissions and many sales. Write for complete information.

Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O.

TALKING PARROTS

Last chance to buy a young, tame **MEXICAN DOUBLE YELLOW HEAD**, the kind that learns to talk like a person, at only **$10**
Price advances October 1 to $12.
Each Parrot sold with a written guarantee to talk.
J. B. STANAWAY, 965 Garfield Ave., Jersey City N. J., writes 6-6-03: We have had our D. Y. H. now [illegible] and we would not sell him to-day for $[illegible] We never saw a prettier Parrot, or never hear[illegible] a Parrot which could beat ours for talking.
GEISLER'S BIRDSTORE, Dept. R, Omaha, Neb. *Largest Mail Order House of this kind in U. S. A. Est. 1888. Ill. Cat. free*

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL.
Largest Nursery [illegible] Result of 78 years' experience
STARK BROS. Louisiana, Mo. Dansville, N. Y., Etc.

CHEAP RATES and Through Service on Household Goods to and from California, Colorado, Oregon, Washington [illegible]
Trans-Continental Freight Co., X 325 Dearborn St., Chicago

Barnard Potter (taking M'Cord by the arm and trying to dislodge him from the desk). "Come, old man, you're too eloquent by half this early in the day."

Alec M'Cord (resisting). "Yes, by thunder, I believe I have a bit of a jag left over from last night; but it makes me think all the quicker."

(Peters enters in answer to the bell.)

Isaac Peters. "Anything wanted, sir? The porter is out for his lunch."

Axel Potter (pointing to Alec). "Take that drunken fellow downstairs."

Isaac Peters (throwing up his hands and speaking in a whisper). "You here, Alec! You darned little fool! Some one ought to throw a pail of water on you. Come on, come on, I say, and don't give Mr. Potter any taffy."

Alec M'Cord (stoutly resisting all efforts to dislodge him). "You here, old True-penny! Axel's man about the place! Now, I'll have my say—you fellows stand off, and then I'll go straight as a die!"

(They still try to urge him.)

"Don't ring for the police, old man. It will be over, like having a tooth out, before you know it. Now"—(plants himself squarely and shakes his finger at Axel Potter)—"you old sneak—beg pardon, Barnard—you rotten old cheese—listen to this, Peters, it concerns you! Wasn't it enough to ruin this man by a dirty trick that a Cripple Creek dive-keeper wouldn't have worked, without making him your choreman and using his girl to bang one of your typewriters? Say, answer me that."

Axel Potter. "Really, Barnard, if you can't get him out I shall have to ring for some of the porters."

Alec M'Cord. "Push a button, old man." (Gravely.) "Do you mean to deny that in eighteen hundred and ninety-four you entered into an agreement with old Peters here and a lot of other old junk-jobbers to maintain prices on nails? And do you know, Peters, what the rascal did? No, you don't know, you old chicken, of course. Well, he and two or three other toads had a previous understanding to cut prices, and after Peters here had loaded up with nails enough to cover the State, you toads just went back on him and Prince and the rest, and knocked the bottom out of prices. That's so, Peters." (Turning to Peters.) "Ask Grindle if the facts aren't correct. Ask Gordon and Hubbard; ask any one, 'cept dear old trusty Peters, who'd let a man snake his back fence off his place and not know it! You were a fool, Peters, all the same, to trust the toads, and a fool to speculate in nails. But a fool may have common honesty."

(Meantime the men are standing motionless. Axel Potter's face has a gray pallor as from sudden pain. Peters straightens himself and draws his lips together. Barnard looks from man to man.)

"Now, I don't say nothing about rebates with the railroads or squeezing your neighbor when you get the chance. I'm preaching no high-class morality, but I say an agreement is an agreement, and a man who goes back on his word is a liar and a skunk. I'm drunk. I know I'm drunk, but I don't lie, and the facts are *so*, and there are a dozen men who *know* they're so. Good-day to you, Potter. Take your junk-shop and go to h—l."

(Loosens his grip on the desk and staggers toward the outer office. As he passes Barnard Potter he stops.)

"Sorry, Pot, old man. Had to do it! Couldn't help myself."

Barnard Potter (waving his hand). "Get out."

(A moment's pause, and then Peters walks to Potter's desk.)

Isaac Peters. "Is that so, sir, what that drunken boy says? I've suspected it at times, but I can't believe it now. You remember the agreement at the Metropolitan Club, Potter?" (His voice rises, and he speaks mandatorily.) "What is the truth? I *will* know it, from you or from some one else."

Axel Potter. "See here, Peters, there's no use in raking up that business because a boy with a jag makes loose statements. You and I were rivals once, and you went down. We fought fair enough, I guess. There's never been a breath of suspicion against this house! You know how we stand with the trade and with the banks. You speculated rashly and got left. I've given you a safe place. Why, only an hour ago Barnard and I were talking of a better position for you!"

Barnard Potter (coming forward). "That isn't the question, sir, now!"

Isaac Peters (nervously). "No! Nor it isn't a question of commercial integrity, Mr. Potter. It is a question of common honesty—did you or did you not keep your agreement

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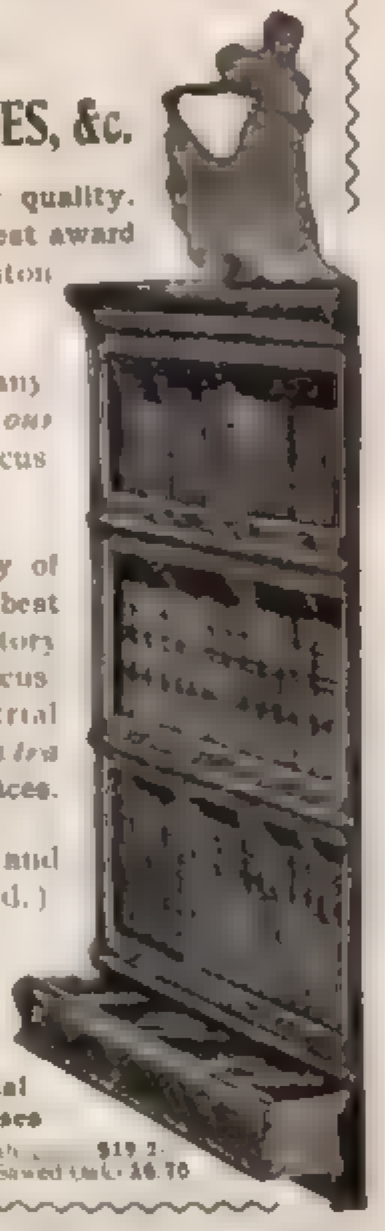

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with the men at the Metropolitan Club that evening?"

(A pause. Barnard Potter looks at his father, and as the silent moments lengthen out, his color fades to the pallor of a sick man.)

Isaac Peters (slowly, with dignity). "Very well, sir. I am answered! I wish the foolish boy hadn't spoken — I do from my heart, Potter. I have been very content, Potter; happier and easier in mind than I ever was in the old days. But it can't go on now. I shall leave at the close of the day's business."

(Miss Peters has entered with some telegrams and stands behind her father. Potter who has rested his head wearily on his hand beckons to her to give him the telegrams.)

"And my daughter, of course, will leave at the same time!"

Axel Potter (indistinctly). "As you think best, Peters."

Miss Peters. "Oh, father! So you have been told!"

Barnard Potter (looking keenly at the girl, whose face flushes defiantly and softens under his glance). "And this was the reason that you would never tell me?"

Miss Peters (gently). "Never!"

Axel Potter (rousing himself). "Very well, Mr. Peters. Will you please go now?"

Barnard Potter. "Not yet, father! Let me say one thing."

(Axel Potter's eyes glitter as he watches his son.)

"Mr. Peters, three months ago I asked your daughter to marry me. I should never have insulted her in that manner had I known, had I had the least suspicion that — that through *our* acts you had been ruined."

Axel Potter (rising and straightening himself, his eyes flashing). "Pshaw! There's been quite enough stage talk for one morning. I guess it's just about as well for one reason or another that you didn't make the daughter of a played-out bankrupt —— "

Barnard Potter (angrily). "Stop! There are other kinds of failure I see besides commercial failure, and of the men here I guess Peters is about the only one who hasn't failed."

Axel Potter (in loud tones). "You'll draw your college morals on me, will you, you cub!"

Barnard Potter (in low tones, with evident effort). "You don't understand! Is there nothing more than business honesty? Why don't you deny those charges — freezing out your dead partners' heirs, getting rebates from the railroads, making a private agreement and breaking it?"

Axel Potter. "I — don't — have — to — deny — them, boy! I have done business for thirty years, and I've done it, by and large, as honorably as the next man."

Miss Peters (in low tones). "Come, father!"

Barnard Potter. "Miss Peters, I cannot offer any reparation! You would not have it, if I could. And I do not possess a dollar, no" (turning to his father) "not one dollar. But I can go out into the city to-day as other men have and earn my living, and some day I will — well, let me have patience!"

Miss Peters (softly). "Barnard! Think of your father now."

(The father and daughter go out.)

Axel Potter. "Yes! Let the girl tell you not to turn on your father with your dainty notions, sir." (More weakly as his son starts to leave the office.) "Barnard, Barnard, don't go! I've fought for twenty years, twenty years, boy, to have you by my side. Will you leave me because you hear dirty tales? What I have done, many another man — no, I know that doesn't count with you now — it may some day! But I have done it for *you* more than for anything else. And when the work is finished, the rock is blasted out, and all that remains to be done — don't be a fool, Barnard! I'll do what you say, boy. You can have all the management — I won't interfere —— "

Barnard Potter (with breaking voice, looking at the documents in his hands). "That's no use now, sir. I couldn't do anything with this money! We must burn these partnership papers — I can't see my way now. Let me go into the fresh air! We'll talk later."

(Throws papers on desk and rushes from office.)

Axel Potter (drawing down his lips). "Very well — as — you — like."

(He takes up the blue legal-cap papers headed "Articles of Incorporation"; his hand trembles until the legal cap beats against his knee.) "Thirty years of business next January. It was only a matter of a few thousands."

(THE END)

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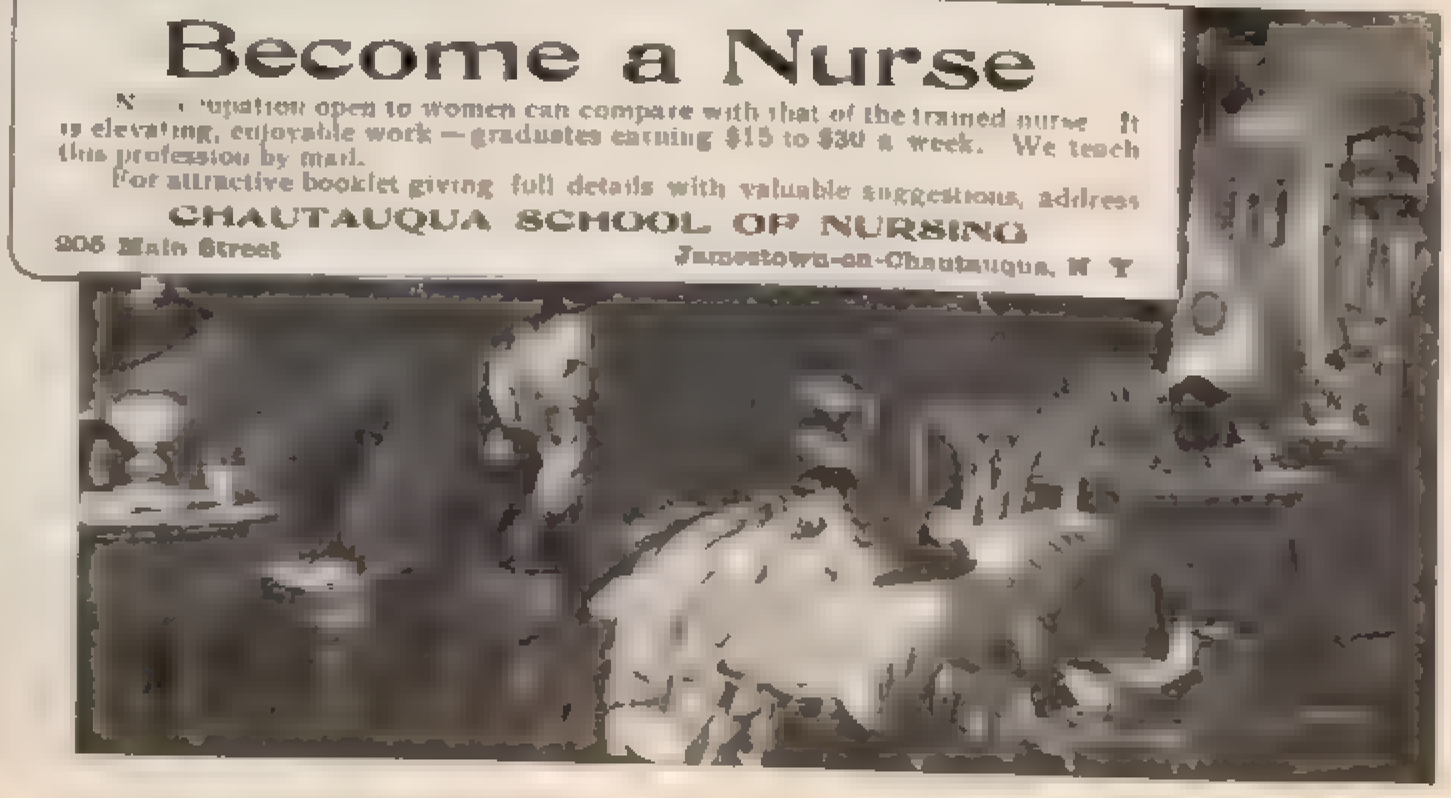

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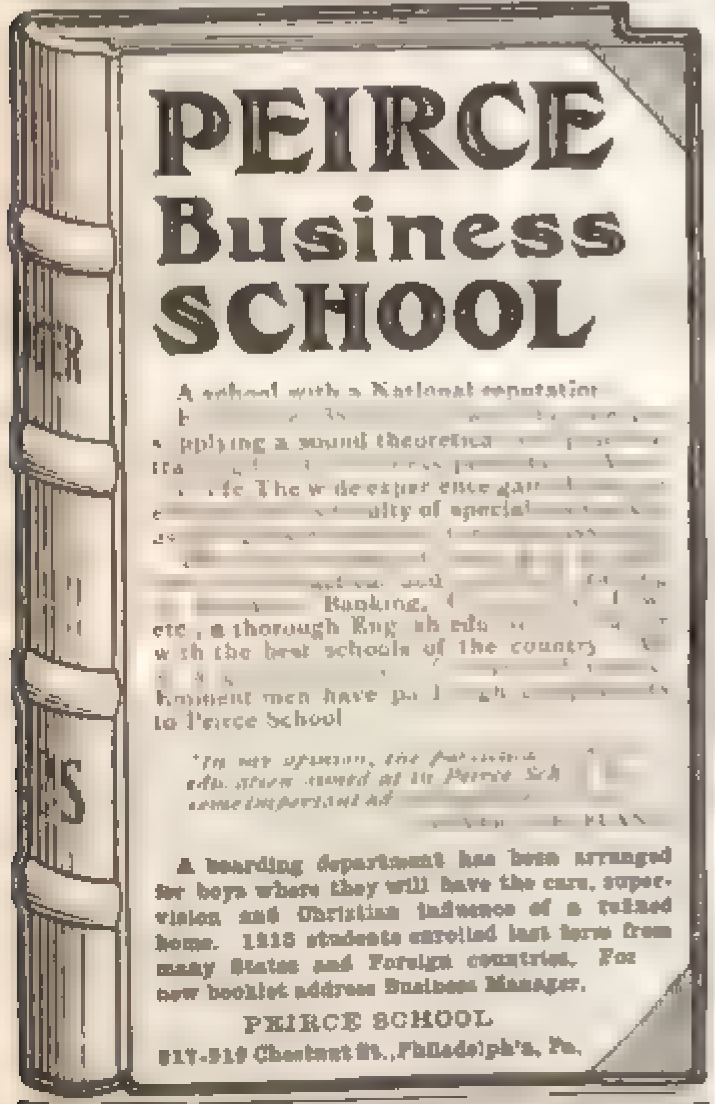

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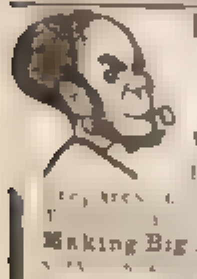

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"Love me, Love my Dog"

By Charles Battell Loomis

I'D SOONER call a man a liar than say ill of his dog to him. The more utterly useless a dog is the more a man resents any remarks that are passed on him

I knew Deacon Pepperill to be a good man and a kind man and a generous man, but when he asked me if I didn't think it was time I put my dog out of misery I began to think he had his faults like the rest of us and I've never felt quite the same to him since I know perfectly well that Mingo has outlived his usefulness, but I don't want any neighbor to tell me so, particularly one who has a young and handsome dog

It's well known here in Hillville that the reason Rev. Hiram Young was not called to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church was because he told Deacon Curtis in the most tactless way that his dog had snarled at him and ought to be chained up

The deacon had favored his candidacy up to that point, but I happen to know that he said to his wife, "A man that don't like dogs isn't the man to have the care of people's souls; and if Scip growled at Mr. Young it shows he knows what's what. A good sermon is a good thing but a good man is better and a good dog knows a good man when he sees one'

And the joke of the thing (to me) is that of all the measly, snarly dogs I ever saw Scip's the worst But I don't intend to let Deacon Curtis know I think so

When the people that bought the old Gayler place moved in I walked down there one evening to welcome them because I'm glad to have Yankee families move into the old Yankee houses. They were built for Yankees. I took Mingo down with me and Mr Beech was sitting on his piazza with a Gordon setter lying beside him. I said to myself, "Now we'll soon know whether we're likely to be good friends or not. If Mingo growls and the setter snarls it's going to be uphill neighborliness between me and Mr Beech '

Well, I wish you might have seen what happened. Mingo went up, waving his tail and the setter jumped off the piazza with his tail wigwagging, and in a minute those two dogs were playing together like kittens.

"That's a fine animal you have," said Mr Beech as I came up. "Thoroughbred?"

"No, plain dog," said I; but I was tickled to think his markings were so good

"Pretty handsome animal you have," said I "Easy seeing *he's* thoroughbred '

'But he isn't," said Mr. Beech coming down and cordially shaking hands with me as I introduced myself. "Worth a heap more than if he *was* a thoroughbred, for he isn't trained down to that point that he's all nerves and no backbone. Won't you come up and sit down?"

Well, we sat on the piazza together and pretty soon Mrs. Beech came out and I liked her as well as I had her husband and *she* had something nice to say about poor old Mingo, who is eight years old this summer and not so agile as he once was; and when I went home I told my wife that Hillville was lucky in getting such a family and she must pay a formal call as soon as she could

Now look at the other side of it. Deacon Curtis strolled around to see Mr. Beech the very next night. Sam Pennypacker told me about it. He took Scip along with him and as soon as Scip saw the setter he began to show his teeth and snarl; and, although the setter at first seemed disposed to be amiable, no self-respecting dog can stand such language as Scip poured out on him, and he answered back. And first thing you knew Scip and the setter were having a pitched battle, and Mr. Beech, seeing his dog was getting the worst of it, came out very angry and said hard things to Deacon Curtis and the deacon answered back; and now Deacon Curtis thinks that foreigners would be better in the place than such a citizen as Mr. Beech, and Mr. Beech told Sam Pennypacker he wondered how such a loose-tongued man as Curtis ever came to be a deacon.

Fact is, a man can afford to talk from the shoulder upon such subjects as the care of other people's children, other people's religion and the lynching of other people, but if the subject is the dog of the man he's talking to, he'd better be diplomatic.

I'm no worse than the next man, but I'm certain that I won't take from anybody what I actually think about poor old Mingo.

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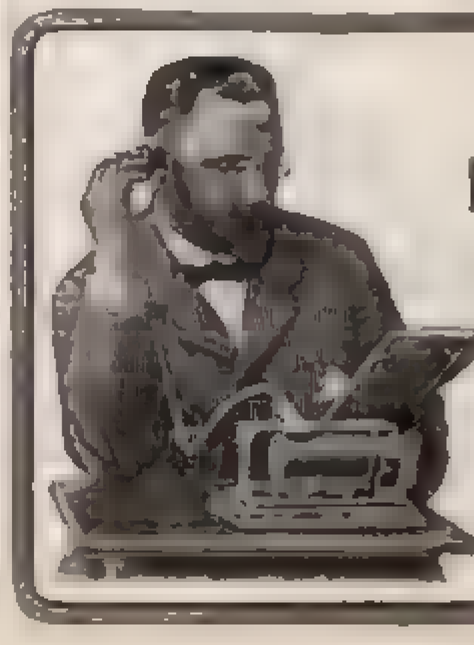

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Our
Cumberland Vest

This style $2.80 postpaid

(Usual $4.00 retail value

In sending your order, please give chest [illegible] (under the arms) and waist measure

Remember we promptly REFUND THE PURCHASE PRICE should any goods prove unsatisfactory. We guarantee satisfaction.

Originators of the popular ¼-size collars at 12½ cents each.

63 Styles

Over one million collars sold annually!

Our Cumberland Vest

The newest ideas in men's vests are in these electric steel, gun-metal-gray effects, and in very attractive, dressy patterns;—they entirely avoid "loudness" and are always in good taste indoors or outdoors, and for business, home or club wear. Thousands of readers of *THE SATURDAY EVENING POST* buy

MEN'S WEAR BY MAIL

from our large, beautifully illustrated MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE. A new and enlarged edition of this

Catalogue for Fall and Winter

is just from the press, and a copy will be mailed to you **FREE** upon request. Fashion's latest patterns in shirts, neckwear, hosiery, underwear, gloves, etc., are beautifully illustrated IN ACTUAL COLORS, together with clothing, housecoats, overcoats—in fact, "Everything for a Man to Wear" is quoted in detail. Write today—

THE WASHINGTON SHIRT CO.

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IN SETS, DELIVERED

Men's Sets, $2.25
Six each trousers and coat hangers; one each shelf bar and door loop.

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PATENTED.
Goodform Trousers Hanger (like illustration), sample postpaid, 25c; six Trouser Hangers and one Door Loop, $1.50, delivered.

The GOODFORM is the *only* perfect device for men's and women's attire. Sold everywhere at furnishing stores, or by us.

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P. S.—WE WORK ALL THE YEAR—ADVERTISE SPRING AND FALL

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4%

An [illegible] safe and convenient [illegible] of saving money. You can deposit your money in [illegible] Savings Banks by [illegible] where you live. We pay

4 PER CENT. INTEREST

[illegible] Write for Booklet K, "Banking by Mail."

The Federal Trust Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Capital $1,500,000 "The City of Banks"

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

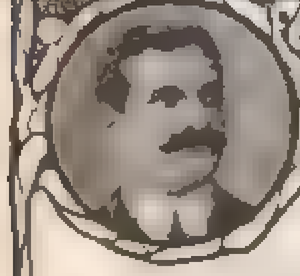
THE [illegible] remember that [illegible] will be the best [illegible] LOFTIS SYSTEM [illegible] Diamond rings, brooches, studs, [illegible] etc., may be bought on the INVESTMENT PLAN. [illegible] beautifully illustrated catalogue, and it will be delivered [illegible] ACCOUNT [illegible] CONFIDENTIAL CHARGE [illegible] money will be promptly [illegible] the business and one of the [illegible] 1858. We sell the finest Diamonds [illegible] under a written guarantee of quality and value, and at any time in the [illegible] in exchange for other goods or a larger Diamond. Our Confidential Credit System is open to all honest persons without regard to their financial worth, but to those who prefer to pay cash we make the most astounding and liberal offer ever made. It is no less than guaranteeing the return of all money paid—less [illegible] per cent at any time within [illegible]. Please write for our Catalogue [illegible] We also send a Souvenir Booklet which is worth its weight in gold to any person interested in Diamonds. [illegible] Mercantile Agency [illegible] reliable and prompt, [illegible]

OPPOSITE MARSHALL FIELD & CO.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
Diamond Importers and Manufacturing Jewelers

DEPT K 51, 92 to 98 STATE ST CHICAGO, ILL.
N. W. Cor. of State and Washington Sts.

LEARN to EARN
$1200 to $8000
A YEAR



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and the Science of
Business Management,
as taught by the Master

SAMUEL KNOPF
61 East Ninth Street, New York City

places you on the road to an independent, pleasant and highly prosperous business career.

If you have had a common school education, are ambitious and will apply yourself assiduously to the work, I will teach you advertising within three to six months, so that you will be able to earn a good salary.

Write to-day for Booklet L; It's free to Post readers. Read what some of my pupils say:

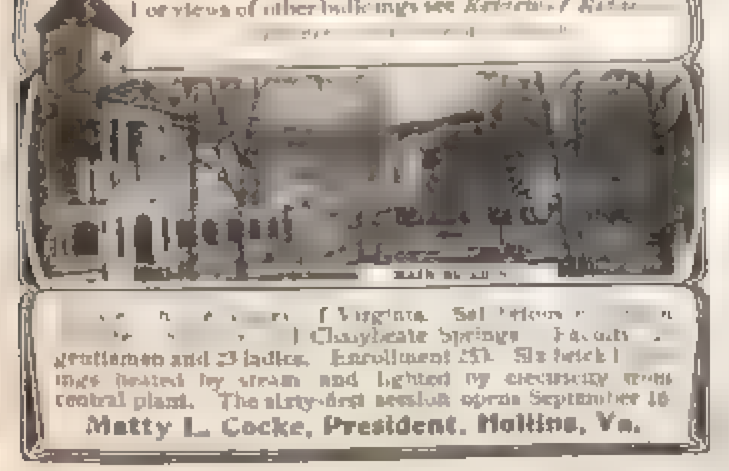
[illegible] ears evidence of [illegible] to be desired." [illegible]

MONTAGUE, MASS. — "Best of all, you know how to [illegible] EVERETT WHITALL.

[illegible]

[illegible] Your course is all you claim [illegible] ted me greatly [illegible]

HOLLINS INSTITUTE, Virginia
ESTABLISHED 1842
For the Higher Education of Young Ladies
For views of other buildings see [illegible]



[illegible] of Virginia. [illegible] Chalybeate Springs. Faculty [illegible] gentlemen and 23 ladies. Enrollment 25[illegible]. Six brick [illegible] ings heated by steam and lighted by electricity from central plant. The sixty-first session opens September 16.

Matty L. Cocke, President, Hollins, Va.

HOW TO
CONVERSE
The Art of Talking Well
Taught at Your Home
Salesmen, Agents, Managers, Social Aspirants Need our Course of Study

By our method we have taught hundreds of students How to succeed in Business — How to obtain and hold a better position — How and when and where to talk — for profit.

IN SOCIETY

We have taught them to fill the awkward pause. We have taught them how to entertain — We have raised their conversation above the gossip line.

Write at once for Information and Blanks.

A. P. GARDINER, President
20th Century Instruction Company
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THE ILLINOIS
COLLEGE OF
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A delightful profession, quickly learned. Pays well. Good positions secured for graduates. Only college of photography in the world. Annually graduates students from all states and foreign countries. Terms easy, living inexpensive.

FREE — beautiful illustrated catalogue

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Dupont Seminary Resident and day school for girls and young ladies. Exceptional advantages of location [illegible] beautiful building [illegible] cultured home life. Regular and special courses. Number of pupils limited. Expenses moderate. For catalogue address

THE PRINCIPAL, 1760 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Linden Hall Seminary

A Moravian Boarding School for Girls. Founded 1794. General and College Preparatory Courses. Special advantages in Music and Art. For catalogue address

Rev. Chas. D. Kreider, Principal, Lititz, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED Our line of advertising thermometer and calendar novelties for the season of 1903 and 1904 [illegible]. Send us 10 cents in stamps for sample [illegible]

TAYLOR BROS. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

Authorship and Photography

WHAT a man of original ideas can do for himself is illustrated in the career of Mr. Clifton Johnson, whose Country Life in New England is added to his already long list of books. Mr. Johnson's home is in the little rural village of Hadley, Massachusetts, an historic region where the red man made life peculiarly uncomfortable for the early settlers. Like the farmers' boys of the neighborhood, he struggled with the three R's at the common schools, but unlike many of them he saw the possibilities of a region in which the flavor of the olden time was still preserved. He equipped himself with a camera. He even learned to draw a little. He devoted himself to securing pictures of quaint old houses, embowering elms, old-fashioned gardens, and farmyard scenes. He wrote some descriptions and out of this grew a book — The New England Country — which recalled memories of the past to many who had graduated from farms to cities.

But life is more interesting than backgrounds and Mr. Johnson became the illustrator of "the little red schoolhouse." He induced the country boys and girls to pose for him. He showed them sitting on rude wooden benches, wrestling with problems on the blackboard, trudging through the snow, coasting and skating, and his book, The Country School in New England, brought back a host of wholesome memories.

After one or two other essays in this fresh field Mr. Johnson packed his camera and started for England. The New England photographer was a novel figure in the offices of the conservative English publishers. His dress and speech were unfamiliar. Possibly they looked at him askance, but he went on his way and did things. He introduced a new idea by following in the footsteps of that most delightful of naturalists, White, of Selborne. He photographed all manner of scenes at Selborne. It was not a question simply of old churches and houses, of quaint gardens and hedgerows, but also of life. He showed the rustic laborers digging in the fields, or burning waste, or gathering the crops, or lounging at their cottage doors.

Presently he produced a charming edition of the Natural History of Selborne, with these picturesque, natural illustrations, in a manner which had not occurred to the English publishers.

Other books followed. Dickens' Child's History of England was taken up, and the American artist-author traveled through England with his faithful camera and obtained cleverly selected pictures of the scenes of battles, historic buildings and all manner of subjects referred to in Dickens' familiar book. Later, Barrie and Maclaren drew artist and camera to Scotland, and in this country his camera illustrated Warner and Burroughs. With an instant appreciation of fresh and picturesque effects, and a lively sympathy with life, the artist has uniformly chosen subjects of peculiar interest. Sometimes he has written his own text, sometimes he has illustrated the text of others. He has developed a profession and his success has more than a literary interest.

The First Americans

The richness of early literature upon Mexico has been brought forward by the Duc de Loubat's efforts for publication of a translation of the manuscript of Brother Bernardo Sahagun, a sixteenth century Franciscan missionary in Mexico. The effort takes on a larger interest in view of the title, The Pre-Columbian Bible, which the Duke gives the work. It is in fact the most accurate history of early Aztec civilization in existence, and the manuscript for all these years has been reposing in the Library Medici in Florence. The only translation is in French. The strange character of the remote Aztec life has tempted various romancers, witness Mr. Janvier's Aztec Treasure House, and it is to be suspected that various students of the theme have also drawn upon their imaginations. Le Plongeon, for example, emphasized the natural causeway which was fabled to have led from Central America across the Atlantic, and the much-talked-of lost island of Atlantis played a part in his imaginings. But The Pre-Columbian Bible is an historic narrative. Some of these early books on Mexico have been translated through private

Mark Twain's
Writings

This is the authorized
Uniform Edition of all
my books.
Mark Twain

Mark Twain's permanent place in literature has long been assured. Such [illegible] as Professor Brander Matthews and W. D. Howells place him in the company of Cervantes and Fielding, of Molière, Cervantes and Le Sage. His Mississippi River tales alone stamp him as a master. And he has not only preserved to us forever the great Southwest, but he has given us a [illegible] with accurate and fascinating [illegible] of Europe and the far East. He is acknowledged [illegible] the **largest audience of any author now using the English language**. He is in a word a writer of world-wide [illegible] as **instructive** as he is **interesting** and **entertaining**, and there is a great and growing demand for his works in **complete** and **enduring** form.

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Ever on the alert to please our book public, and always anxious to popularize our book store, we have succeeded in securing the unsold portion of the recently published *de luxe* edition — the "Riverdale" — in 22 volumes. This edition is limited to 625 registered and numbered sets, [illegible] only a fraction of this number. The [illegible] delight to the eye; the illustrations are [illegible] hand painted) from sketches by the very best American artists — by such men as Frost, Smedley, de Thulstrup and Newell.

[illegible] see the work in its entirety, for **inspection alone** [illegible] an adequate idea of the **beauty** of the volumes and of the **fine appearance** they will present in your library.

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We earnestly desire our out-of-town book public to share in this [illegible] offer, and we will send you the entire set on approval charges prepaid; you may retain them five days for examination and decision, which we are confident will be favorable, in which [illegible] you simply send us $1.00 club fee and your first payment may be made thirty days later.

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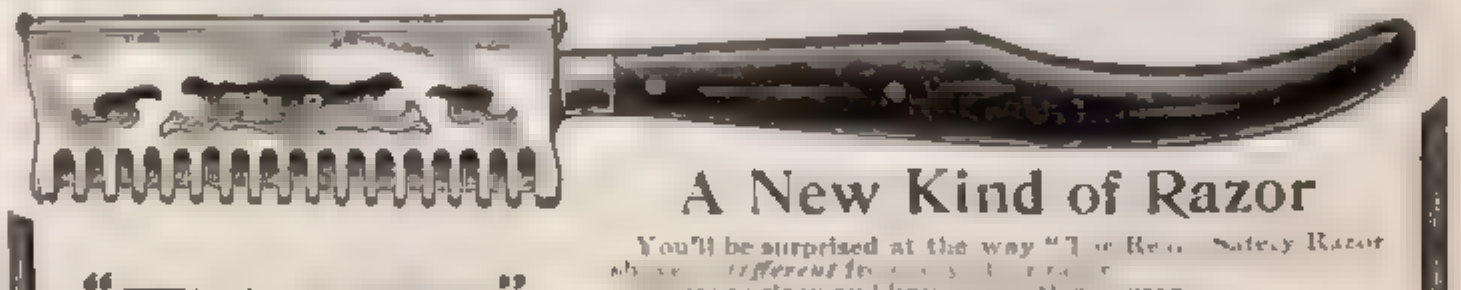

"THE REAL"
SAFETY RAZOR

A New Kind of Razor

You'll be surprised at the way "The Real" Safety Razor shaves [illegible] *different* [illegible] shaves clean and keeps [illegible] easy. It doesn't pull or break hairs.

"The Real" is the only perfect razor for *self-shaving*.

The *rigid handle* and the *anti-cut guard* make it better than the ordinary razor — *better control of the blade* [illegible] *or bone — quicker work* possible — *no cutting*.

It's better than other "safety razors" because it's a [illegible] line. Made of the *very finest* razor steel — *full* [illegible]

A $2 bill buys it — of your dealer if he has it — if not, from us. If the *first shave* isn't right — you may have your money back.

GEO. W. KORN RAZOR MFG. CO., Dept. G, Little Valley, N. Y. Agents Wanted Everywhere.

Ideal Leather

The leather with an enameled appearance and a glove leather feel. Strong and glossy, soft and pliable. Known by this trade mark in the shoe.

THIS SHOE IS MADE OF
WOLFF'S
Ideal
LEATHER
PATENTED

Ideal Leather [illegible] soft, light shoes strong. Made in kid, calf, goat, colt or cow hide. Write for book "How to Buy Shoes."

Wolff Process Leather Co.
Philadelphia

Shirts to order $1.50

[illegible] Chicago

[illegible] We send you samples of the latest and most exclusive Shirtings and a measurement blank. Select what you want and we'll make your shirts to order in any fashionable or plain style, with your initials on right sleeve, cuffs attached or separate, for

$1.50 each

These shirts are far superior to ready-to-wear shirts in appearance and fit and there is an individuality about them [illegible]

HOLMES 202 Dearborn Street Chicago

100 CANDLE POWER
A WEEK

CANTON INCANDESCENT GASOLINE LAMP
Only gasoline lamp lit with one match like Gas. Whitest, clearest, softest light for reading [illegible] COSTS 1-10th AS MUCH AS GAS. No dirt, [illegible] Should be in every home, store, office.
$2.75 AND UP
Artistic designs. Catalog free. Agents wanted
CANTON INCANDESCENT LIGHT CO.
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University Training
FOR BUSINESS
Accounting
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School of Commerce
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Evening Sessions.
Washington Square.
FALL TERM OPENS OCTOBER 1

LEARN ADVERTISING

If you want to know how to do your advertising at less cost, if you wish to become an advertising writer or manager at $20 to $100 weekly, if you wish to gain knowledge that will positively increase your salary or income, send three 2c. stamps for prospectus telling "Who Should Study Advertising," and booklets, "The Ill Fortunes of Brother Bill," "Other People's Brains," "How Shall a Young Man Succeed."

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES, 100 William Street, N.Y.

WEDDING INVITATIONS
and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-date [illegible] Samples and valuable booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," FREE
J W COCKRUM, 527 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.

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And trophies for sale. List free. Prints 6 cents
J. R. NISSLEY, ADA, OHIO

liberality and a very considerable library of [illegible]rrations has been collected by a Chicago amateur. The Duc de Loubat, whose suggestion is placed before the Congress of Americanists, is a former resident of New York. His title is a Papal one. The recent appeal of Columbia's president for funds recalls the fact that the Duke presented a million dollars to [illegible] some time since, subject, however, [illegible] charges during his life, which have not rendered the gift particularly productive thus far

Books About the Ghetto

The New York Ghetto was unknown a few years since, but of late it has afforded much literary material. One of the first prophets of the Ghetto was Mr A. [illegible] whose career was peculiar and in many respects characteristic. Born in Vilna, Russia, he was educated to be a Rabbi. Like so many young Russian students he became affiliated with the revolutionary party. He was suspected and denounced. The penalties of Siberia loomed before him, but luckily he was warned in time and he fled "between two days." On his arrival in New York he knew no English and he was nearly penniless. He betook himself to the Jewish quarter. With the patient energy characteristic of the race he searched for and obtained some work, ill-paid, but sufficient for a livelihood, and stole time from his sleep to master English. Within a year he was teaching English in a night-school. Presently he became the editor of a Yiddish paper, and began writing in English. Some of his short sketches attracted the attention of Mr. Howells, that discerning friend of young writers. Mr. Cahan wrote a short novel, Yekl, a realistic tale of the Ghetto, and he found an appreciative editor who accepted it for publication. Since then Mr. Cahan has done other good work, and he has graduated from Yiddish journalism to a connection with an important New York journal

Another of the Ghetto authors is Mr. Bernstein, a young man whose book of Ghetto tales appeared last autumn. Very vivid it is and real in its picturings of this life of hard, ill-paid work, with its haggling and bartering, its amusements, the diplomacy of the marriage broker, and the many odd customs which are kept alive among the dwellers in these crowded tenement-houses and these workers in the sweat-shops.

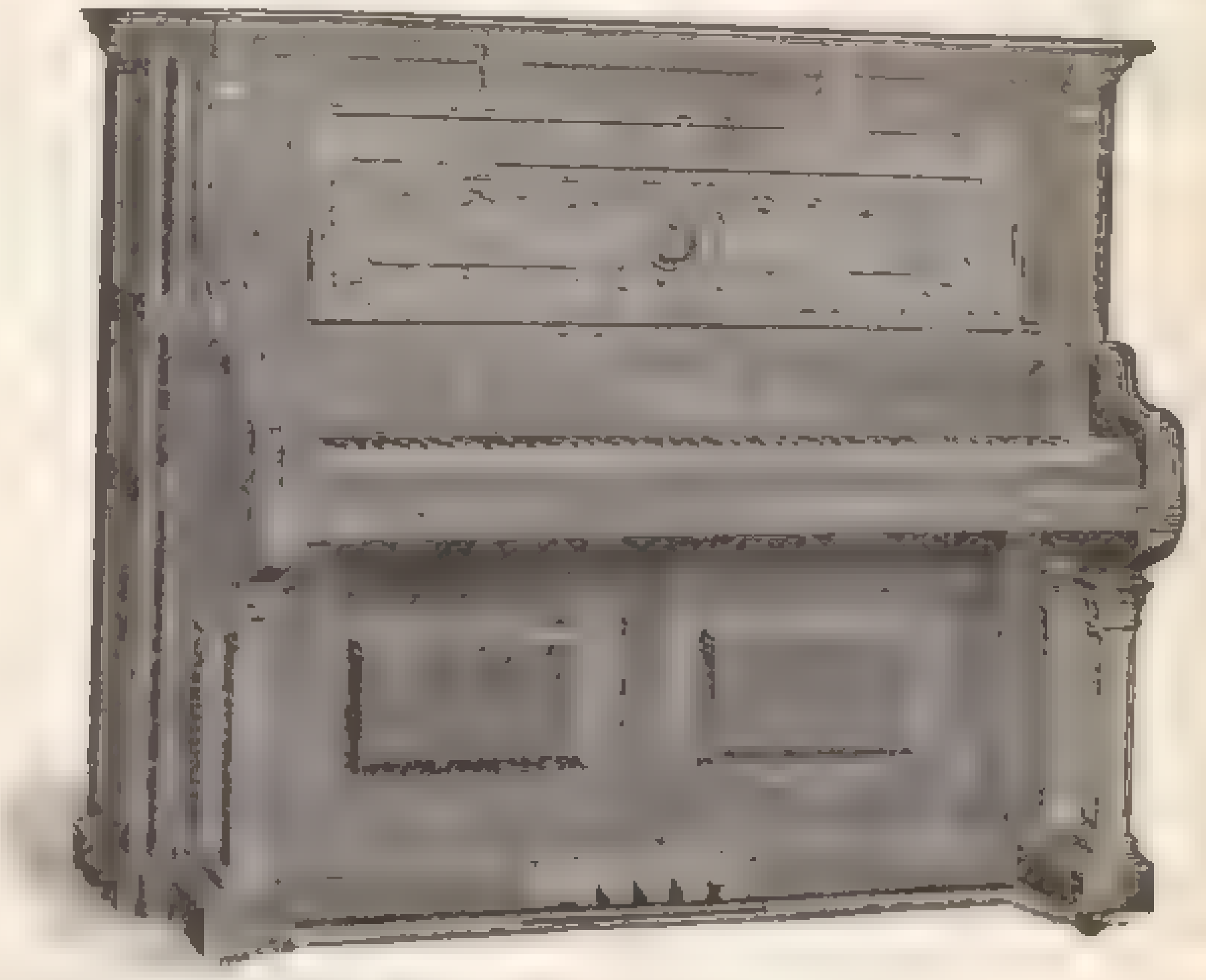
Still another book by Mr Hutchins Hapgood describes the Ghetto and tells us that the Russian and Polish Jews in New York form the largest Jewish city in the world. There is a Ghetto in Harlem as well as in the great tenement house quarter of the East Side. It contains scholars of profound knowledge [illegible] on Canal Street is the meeting-ground of artists, poets, scholars, journalists, socialists. It has been called "the mind of the Ghetto," and Hester Street has been termed the Ghetto's heart. The literature of locality certainly has a place for the strange life of the Ghetto

Specialized Fiction

The specialized fiction of New York grows apace. The late H. C. Bunner wrote of the older New York. Mr. Bishop and Mr Lathrop preceded Mrs. Harrison in touching on social aspects. Brander Matthews has sketched modern life uptown and in Wall Street, and various social phases have been tried again and again down to such recent tales as The Spenders. But there have also been an increasing number of pictures of the obscurer life. The Syrian quarter downtown on the West Side found a historian in Mr. Norman Duncan. Mr Janvier has sketched the French quarter and Mr Townsend the Chinese quarter over near Chatham Square. The tenement-house in general has figured in a variety of fiction, and the more opulent side suggested by the magical name of Wall Street has been dealt with effectively by Mr Lefevre. The one preeminent, all-embracing novel of New York may not be written, but the specialized treatment of the town is producing a library of New York fiction.

"FOR 35 YEARS A STANDARD PIANO"

The Wing Piano



A Wing Style—45 other styles to select from

You need this book IF YOU [illegible] BUY A PIANO. A Book—not a catalogue—that gives you all the information [illegible] It makes the selection of a piano easy. If read [illegible] "The Book of Complete Information about Pianos." [illegible] any one wishing to buy a piano. [illegible]

Save from $100 to $200 We make the WING PIANO and sell it ourselves. It goes direct from our factory to your home. We do not employ [illegible] When you buy the WING PIANO [illegible] the actual cost of construction [illegible] small wholesale profit. [illegible] small because we sell thousands of [illegible] yearly, and must charge from $[illegible] to $200 profit on each. They can't help it

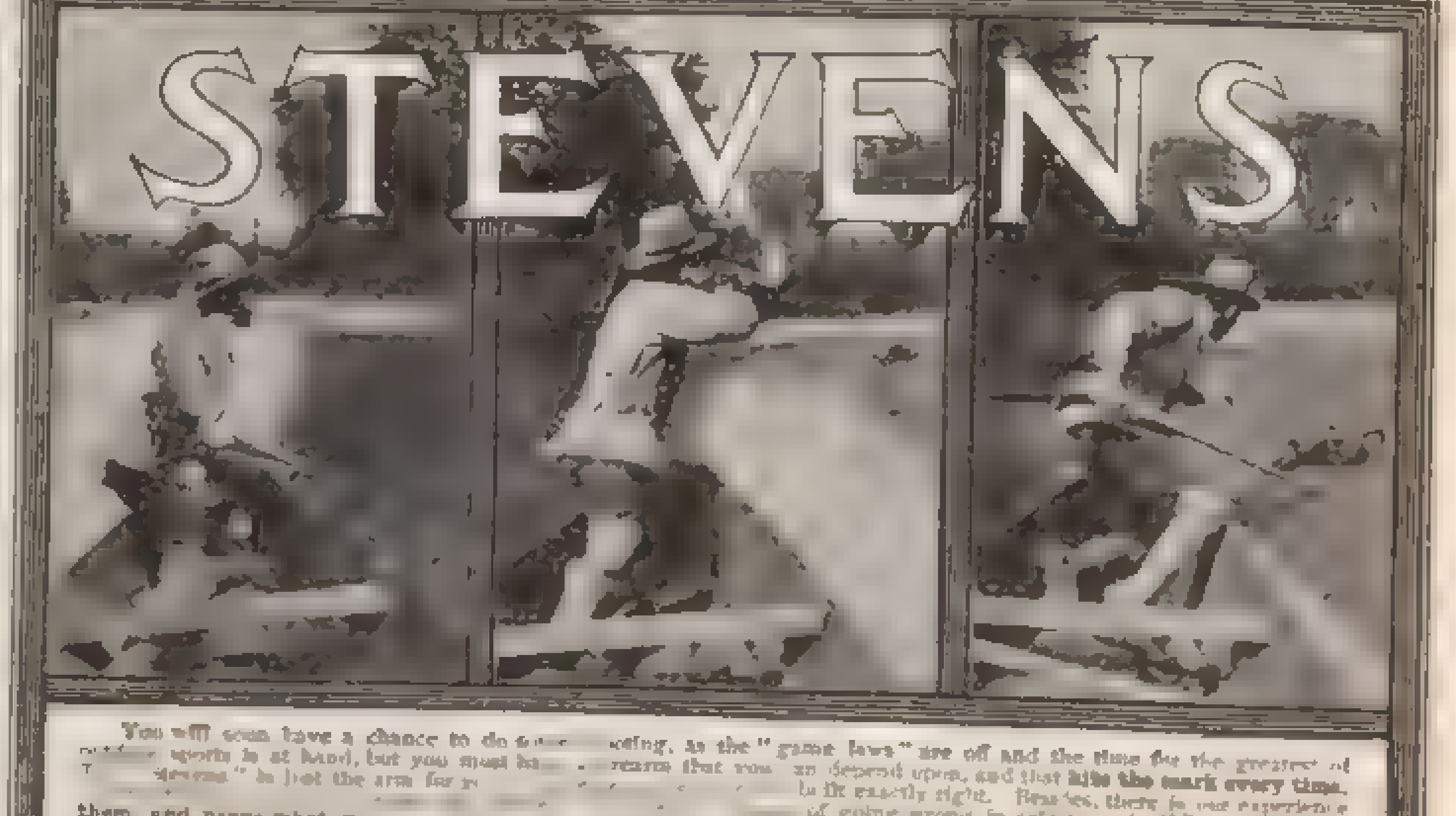
SENT ON TRIAL
We Pay Freight. No Money in Advance.
We will send any WING PIANO to any part of the United States on trial. We pay freight in advance, and do not ask for any advance payment or deposit. If the piano is not satisfactory after twenty days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense. You pay us nothing unless you keep the piano. There is absolutely no risk or expense to you.
Old instruments taken in exchange
EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS

Instrumental Attachment [illegible] feature of the Wing Piano [illegible] instruments, with [illegible] can be played [illegible] er on the piano [illegible] is rendered by an entire orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us, and it cannot be had in any other piano, although there are several in [illegible]

In 34 Years 33,000 Pianos We refer to over 33,000 [illegible] WING PIANOS [illegible] for twelve years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material.

Wing Organs [illegible] Wing Pianos. They have a sweet, powerful, lasting tone, easy action, very handsome appearance, need no tuning. [illegible]

WING & SON
477-479 West 13th Street • New York
1868—35th YEAR—1903



You will soon have a chance to do some shooting, as the "game laws" are off and the time for the greatest of outdoor sports is at hand, but you must have firearms that you can depend upon, and that hits the mark every time. The "Stevens" is just the arm for [illegible] is fit exactly right. Besides, there is our experience [illegible] them and prove what we say [illegible] of going wrong in selecting the "Stevens." Try [illegible] in colors which [illegible]
Address Puzzle Department [illegible]

RIFLES PISTOLS SHOTGUNS

Send for Illustrated catalog. Ask your dealer for the "Stevens." If he does not sell them, send price, and we will ship direct, express prepaid.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO., 165 Main Street, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

New York University Law School

Sixty-ninth year opens Oct 1, 1903. Day Classes with [illegible] P.M. Evening Classes, [illegible] P.M. [illegible] For circulars address L. J. TOMPKINS, Registrar, Washington Square, N.Y.

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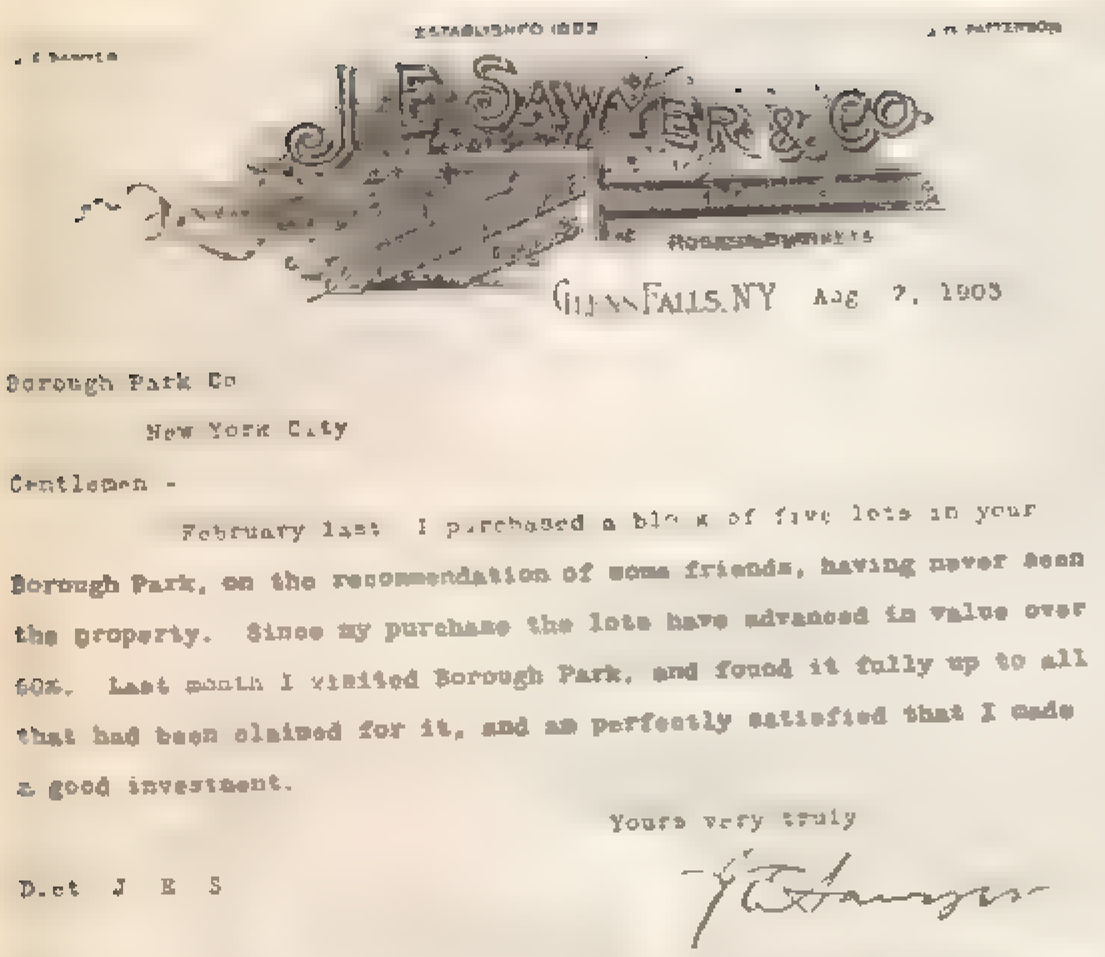


J. E. SAWYER & CO.

GLENS FALLS, NY Aug 7, 1903

Borough Park Co

New York City

Gentlemen -

February last I purchased a block of five lots in your Borough Park, on the recommendation of some friends, having never seen the property. Since my purchase the lots have advanced in value over 60%. Last month I visited Borough Park, and found it fully up to all that had been claimed for it, and am perfectly satisfied that I made a good investment.

Yours very truly

D.ct J E S

RUSSELL SAGE'S ADVICE

"Young Man, Buy New York Real Estate"

will soon rank with Horace Greeley's aphorism—"Young Man, Go West"

"If you are going to do a good thing, do it in the best way," is another maxim of which you will appreciate the force if you visit

Wm. H. Reynolds' Borough Park

before buying elsewhere.

BOROUGH PARK is not an outlying section composed of bare ground and promises, but a tract on which over seven hundred houses have been built by New York and Brooklyn business men during the past four years. We do not show you a few graded streets, a score of lamp posts and a few sign boards. We have:

769 houses, 100 more building;

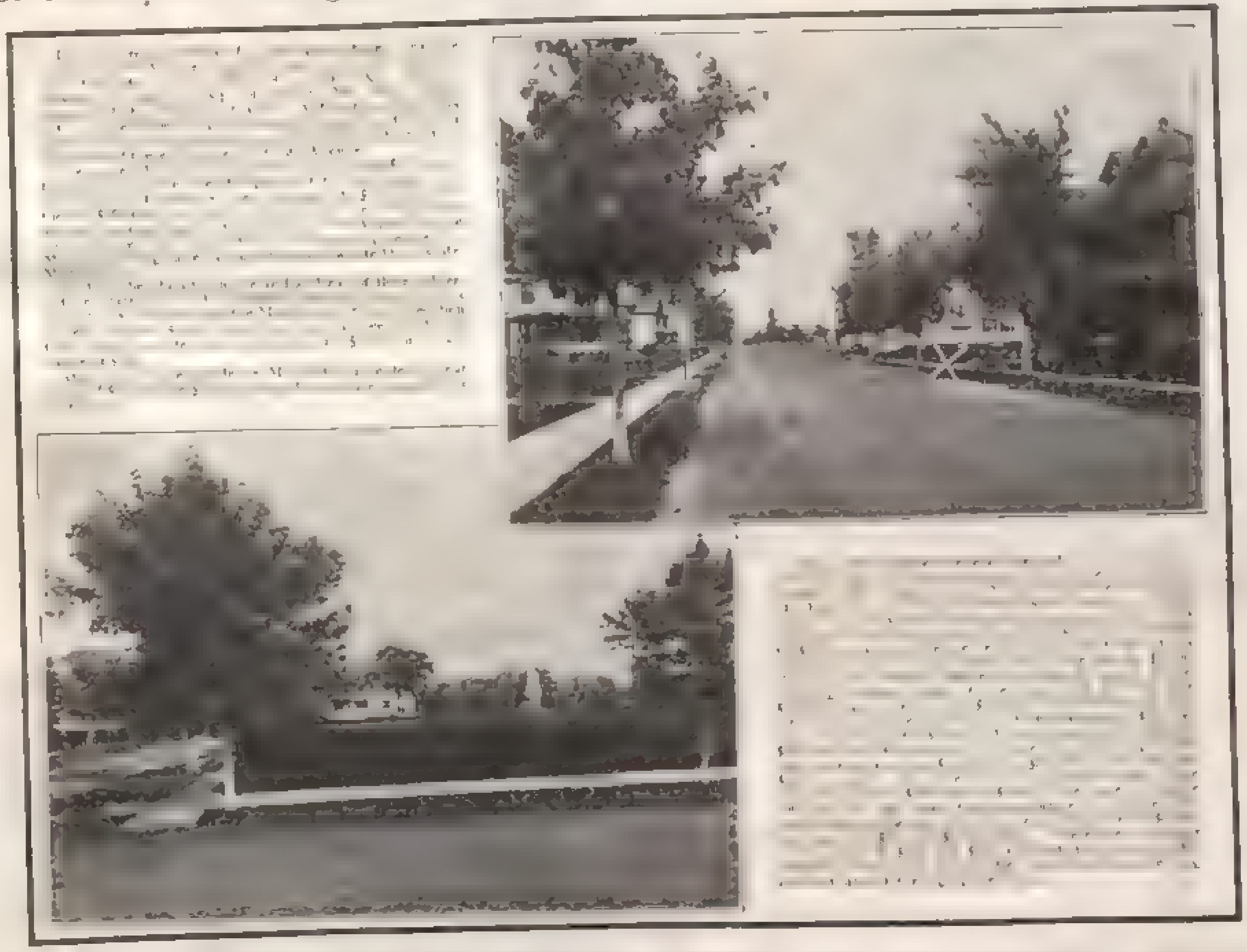
19 miles of cement sidewalks;

4000 trees growing;

250 lamp posts (letter boxes);

5 miles of hedges;

7 churches.



2 school houses to accommodate 2200 pupils;

Club House for residents, costing $55,000;

Sewers building, the trunk line costing over $1,000,000 complete;

New York fire and police protection.

Direct "L" Railway communication from the center of the property to Park Row, Manhattan, in twenty-six minutes; no change of cars and a five-cent fare.

[illegible] these facts. You could not possibly buy real estate in any one of New York's five [illegible] until the completion of the bridge and tunnel projects now in progress with- [illegible] great profit, but you might as well buy the best and [illegible] see *New York Herald* of Decem[illegible] 1902) on transit and [illegible] half of [illegible] could not be better spent other [illegible] if we had [illegible] for the betterment of [illegible] almost any piece of property [illegible]

Think what $[illegible] the expenditure of $[illegible] a small city [illegible]

The objection of hundreds of would-be investors in Borough [illegible] the money into them but quite another thing to sell one's lots.

[illegible] a "young concern," that is, as a live investment in [illegible] it with a large increase at any moment. [illegible] in these lots can fail to obtain an enormous [illegible] into the investment only with the [illegible] and in spite of the surprising returns [illegible] within a few months of a year [illegible] to await the [illegible] will throw such [illegible] into the section in which these lots are situated [illegible] for their money. Here are a few facts:

Mr. [illegible] New York City bought ten lots in Borough Park three years [illegible]

Mr. [illegible] $550. As Mr. Girard had only paid [illegible] purchase, his percentage of profit is enormous.

The following is a sample of the letters constantly received at the Borough Park Company's offices:

"J. R. Henry, Attorney & Counsellor at Law.
"309 Broadway, New York City

"Senator Wm. H. Reynolds, Pres. Borough Park Co., New York, July 16, 1903.
"277 Broadway, New York City.

"Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to say that the three lots which I purchased of you "in March, 1903, were sold yesterday at a profit of nearly 50 per cent. on the pur- "chase price. I regard your property as being unusually good for investment. I am,

"Very truly yours.
"(signed) JOHN RANDOLPH HENRY."

[illegible] Irwin F. Mather [illegible] N. Y., who purchased a pair of lots through our Glens Falls, N. Y., agent, Mr. [illegible] September, 1902, sold them for an advance of 150 per cent. in February of this y[illegible]

[illegible] in the open market realized by Borough Park cus- [illegible] of this advertisement to write to any of [illegible] the customers named for confirmation of these facts.

We allow the railway fares, both ways, to customers residing not more than fifteen hundred miles from New York.

We claim that [illegible] $10 [illegible] $475 [illegible] $1450 $10 [illegible] current prices [illegible] days.

We will cheerfully pay the railway fares and refund money paid by any purchaser, who, after inspecting Borough Park and any of the other Brooklyn real estate propositions, prefers to buy elsewhere: PROVIDED, such request be made within thirty days from the date of purchase.

Address **Wm. H. Reynolds' Borough Park Company**

277 Broadway, New York City

Sunny Shores and Sunny Slopes

HAWAII

Unrivaled in Equable Climate
Unequaled in variety of Scenic Resort
Unexcelled Tourists [illegible]
Unsurpassed in Fertility of Soil
Before fixing your Winter or Summer Itinerary

Hear of Hawaii!

Full information from all railroads, or
Hawaii Promotion Committee

LEARN TACT, TASTE, GOOD FORM

Good Manners

AND SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINING BY MAIL

The seventeen most famous social writers including: **Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. John Sherwood, Mrs. Burton Kingsland, Adelaide Gordon, Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Mrs Margaret E. Sangster, Mrs. John A. Logan and Marion Harland,** have just prepared a course of instruction in social usage, deportment and

The Art of Being Agreeable

It teaches the correct thing to do, to say, to write, to wear on all occasions. A complete guide to perfect ease of manner. An ideal text book for the polite education of children. Good manners are to-day essential to success

FREE BUREAU OF ENQUIRY

[illegible] containing complete [illegible] instruction and [illegible]

The New York Society of Self-Culture
Dept. Z8, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, N Y

Wonderful Washington

The State of Washington, with its [illegible] hops and apples, is a truly wonderful region. [illegible] tradesmen, professional men.

Very low price tickets will be on sale to Washington this fall via the Burlington Route

A postal card request will bring you full information in regard to the low rates. If you mention THE POST you will also receive descriptive literature of Washington.

P. S. EUSTIS,
Pass'r Traffic Manager,
CHICAGO

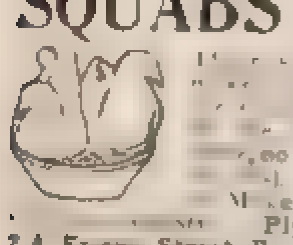
If You Have Talent for

DRAWING

[illegible] mail it with your name [illegible] and get a free Sample Lesson with terms and twenty portraits of well known newspaper [illegible]

New York School of Caricature
Studio 83-84-85 World Bldg., N Y.

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 [illegible] and restaurants charge 75 [illegible] $1.50 an order (serving one [illegible]) [illegible] no young stock to attend (parents [illegible]). Send for our FREE [illegible] "How to Make Money with Squabs" and learn [illegible]



Plymouth Rock Squab Company,
2 A Friend Street, Boston, Mass.

Come Here! When in search of health and rest for mind and body. [illegible]
STEUBEN SANITARIUM Hornellsville, N Y

THE BOSS

(Continued from Page 11)

"No, I barred th' Irish," said Big Kennedy. "Th' Irish are all right; I'm second-crop Irish — bein' born in this country — myself. But you don't never want one on a jury, especially on a charge of murder. They'll cry an' sympathize with you an' shake your hand an' send you flowers; but just th' same they always want you hanged."

As Big Kennedy had apprehended, the Judge on the bench was set hard and chill as Arctic ice against me; I could read it in his jadestone eye. He would do his utmost to put a halter about my neck, and the look he bestowed upon me, menacing and full of doom, made me feel lost and gallows-ripe indeed. Suppose they should hang me! I had seen Sheeny Joe dispatched for Sing Sing from that very room! The memory of it, with the Judge lowering from the [illegible] like a death threat, set a cold thought to creep and coil about my heart.

There came the pawnbroker to swear how he sold me the knife those years ago. Then a round dozen stood up to tell of my rush upon Jimmy the [illegible]; and how he fell: and how, a moment later, I fronted them with the red knife in my clutch and the dead man [illegible]tering where he went down.

When the People ended a score of witnesses took the stand in my behalf. One and all tutored by Big Kennedy, they told of the thrown knife which came singing through the air like a huge hornet from the far outskirts of the crowd. Some had not seen the hand that hurled the knife; others had been more fortunate, and described him faithfully as a small lean man, dark, a red silk cloth over his head and earrings dangling from his ears.

"He was a sailorman, too," said one, more graphic than the rest, "as I could tell by the tar on his hands an' a ship tattooed on th' back of one of 'em. He stood right by me when he flung th' knife."

"Why didn't you seize him?" questioned the District Attorney with a half sneer.

"Not on your life!" said the witness. "I ain't collarin' nobody. I don't get policeman's wages."

The Judge gave his instructions to the jury, and I may say he did his best, or worst, to drag me to the scaffold. The jurors listened, but they owned eyes as well as ears, and for every word spoken by the Judge's tongue, Big Kennedy's eyes spoke two. Also, there was that faultless exquisite, young Morton, close and familiar to my side. The dullest wit of that panel might tell how I was belted about by strong influences, and ones that could work a vengeance. Wherefore, when the jury at last retired, there went no one whose mind was not made up, and fewer than twenty minutes ran by before the foreman's rap on the door announced them as prepared to give decision. They filed soberly in. The clerk read the verdict.

"Not guilty."

The Judge's face was like thunder. He gulped and glared, and then demanded:

"Is this your verdict?"

"It is," returned the foreman, standing in his place; and his eleven fellow-jurors, two of whom belonged to my Red Jackets, nodded.

Home I went on wings. Anne met me in the hallway and welcomed me with a kiss. She wore a strange, worn look, but in my hurry for Apple Cheek I took no mighty heed of that.

"Where is she — where is my wife?" said I.

Then a blackcoated man came from the rear room; he looked the doctor and had the smell of drugs about him. Anne glanced at him questioningly.

"I think he may come in," he said. "But make no noise! Don't excite her!"

Apple Cheek, who was Apple Cheek no longer, with her face hollowed and white, was lying in the bed. Her eyes were big, and the ghost of a smile parted her wan lips.

"I'm so happy!" she whispered.

Then Anne, who had followed me to the bedside, drew away the coverings. It was like a revelation, for I had been told no word of it, nor so much as dreamed of such sweet chances. The dear surprise of it was in one sense like a blow, and I staggered on my feet as no fear of that day's peril had owned the power to make me. There, with little face upturned and sleeping, was a babe — our babe — Apple Cheek's and mine — our baby girl that had been born to us while its father lay in a jail on a charge of murder. While I looked it opened its eyes; and then a wailing, quivering cry went up that swept across my soul like a tune of music.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Quicksands of Business

How to Avoid Them

They swallow thousands of young people who have no special training for important positions. The **I. C. S.** holds out the opportunity that saves you. Thousands have been benefited in salary and position by our method of special training *by mail.* We help you to select an occupation *and succeed in it.* We prepare you to advance in your present work, or we aid you in changing to more profitable work for which we qualify you.

There is no such thing as failure if you follow our direction. The cost is small.

Courses, $10 up

Terms are easy. No books to buy. Requirements simple.

If you want to do better send for our 48-page book, "1001 Stories of Success," mailed **free** to all who cut out, fill in and mail *This Coupon.*

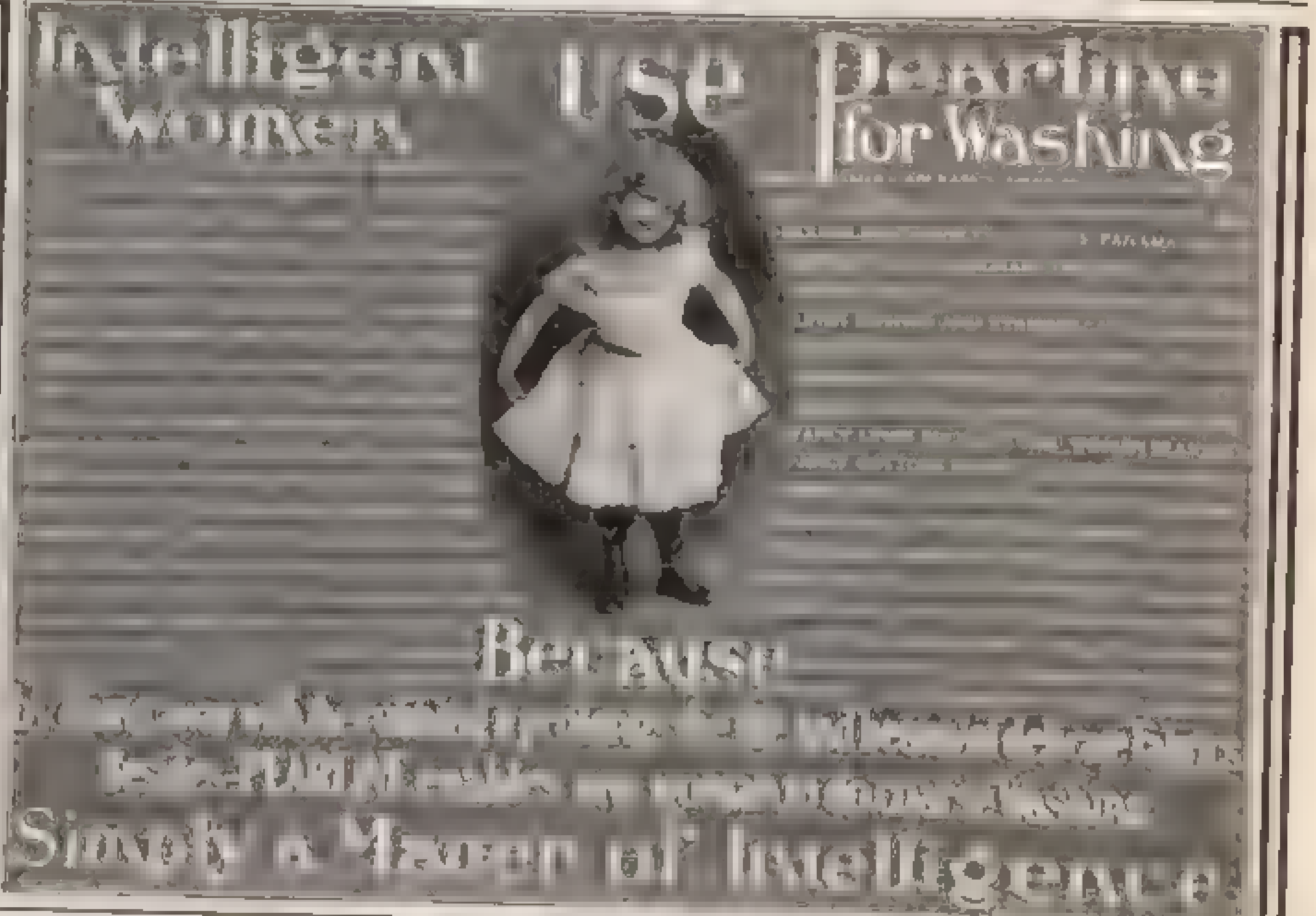
International Correspondence Schools
Box 1171, SCRANTON, PA.

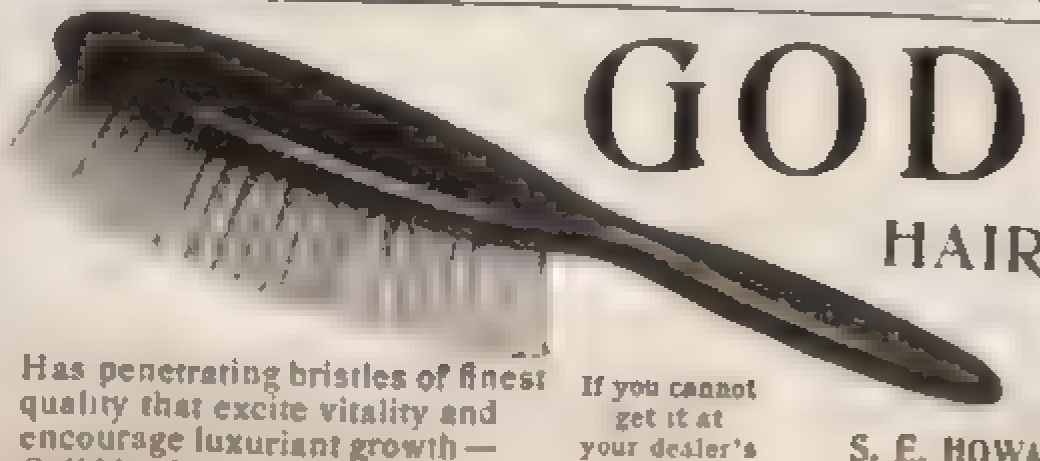
[illegible] X

☐	Mechan. Engineer	☐	Bookkeeper
☐	Mech. Draftsman	☐	Stenographer
☐	Elec. Engineer	☐	Teacher
☐	Electrician	☐	Show Card Writer
☐	Steam Engineer	☐	Ad Writer
☐	Civil Engineer	☐	French } with phonograph
☐	Architect	☐	German } with phonograph
☐	Chemist	☐	Spanish } with phonograph
☐	Orn. Designer		

Name

Street and No.




GODIVA
HAIR BRUSH

REACHES THE SCALP AT EVERY STROKE

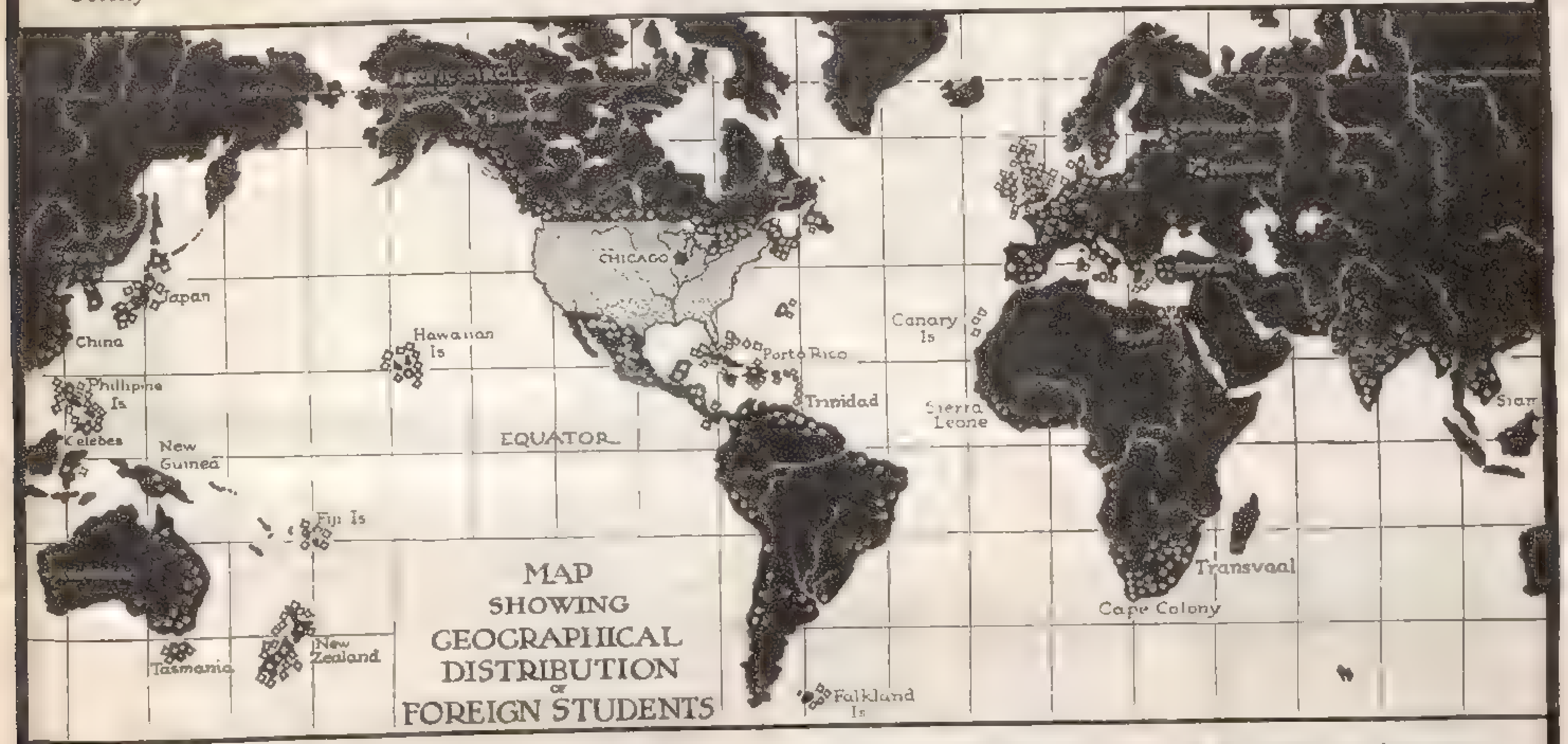
Has penetrating bristles of finest quality that excite vitality and encourage luxuriant growth — Solid back — A perfect brush

If you cannot get it at your dealer's write us

S. E. HOWARD'S SON & CO.
New York City

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE STUDENTS IN THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

THE Map below shows the distribution in every part of the world of American School Students. Every dot indicates a group of students—students within a few miles of the Arctic Circle—in the Fiji Islands—under the Equator—in the domain of the Great White Czar at Moscow and St. Petersburg—in Smyrna, the country of the Bible—in historic Rome—on the banks of the Nile—in benighted China—in India—in Ceylon—in Siam—in the Transvaal—in Cape Colony—in the Falkland Islands, off Cape Horn—in Hawaii—in New Zealand—in Tasmania and Australia—in the Philippines and in Korea. ¶ Yet the vast spaces which separate many pupils from the home of the School in Chicago—spaces so great that an exchange of letter sometimes takes three months, cannot deter ambition and determination. Wherever there is Youth, Hope and Industry there will be found pupils of the American School of Correspondence.



¶ The courses are Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Stationary, Locomotive and Marine Engineering, Architecture, Heating, Ventilation and Plumbing, Mechanical and Perspective Drawing, Pen and Ink Rendering, Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting, Refrigeration, Telephony, Telegraphy, Navigation and the Manufacture of Cotton and Woolen Cloth. ¶ They offer an opportunity to obtain instruction at home under the direction of members of the faculty of a resident engineering college of wide reputation. The instruction papers are used as text books by the United States Government in the School of Submarine Defense, Fort Totten, N. Y.

"ENGINEERS IN DEMAND"

(Reprinted from the Chicago Record Herald.)

[illegible]

NEEDS OF OTHER PLACES

[illegible]

¶ If you are too far from a technical school or college to attend it,—If you must support yourself, or have others dependent on you,—If you have not the entrance qualifications demanded by a resident college of engineering, the courses of the American School provide a means of fitting yourself for a position requiring technical knowledge without leaving home or giving up your position. ¶ Our courses also offer parents who have not the means to send their children to a college an opportunity to obtain for them a certain amount of technical training at a moderate cost.

American School of Correspondence

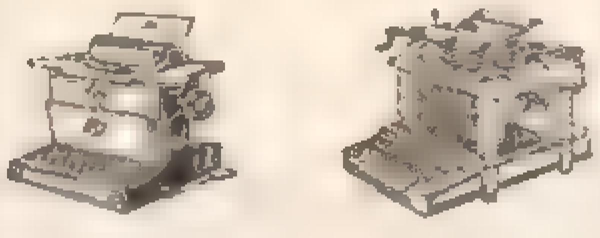
at

Armour Institute of Technology

Illustrated Catalogue may be had on request

Room 122c, CHICAGO, ILL.

A Record of 30 Years



1873 1903

THIRTY YEARS AGO the advent of the

REMINGTON

created the typewriter industry.

EVER SINCE the Remington has been the recognized leader among writing machines.

TODAY its supremacy is unquestioned.

SOLID MERIT is the foundation of its enduring rule.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
327 Broadway, New York

PERPETUAL PENCILS IN THE OFFICE

Always Sharp.

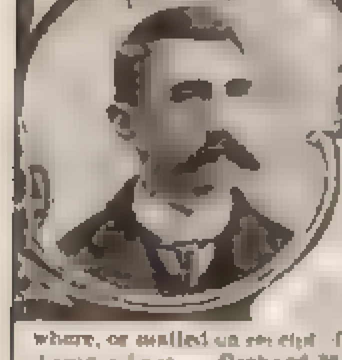
SELF-SHARPENING

Just Press the Top for a Sharp Point

Pencil and 12 leads, medium, hard or indelible, 25 cts.
At dealers or sent postpaid

American Lead Pencil Co. 494 Broadway, New York

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin

where, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free. Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

TEMPLIN'S
BULBS & PLANTS

Beautiful Winter Blooming Freesias

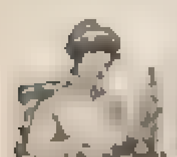
fragrant flowers

Special Offer

large Illustrated Catalog of "Ideal" and seeds, with instructions

L. Templin & Sons Box 111, Calla, Ohio

YOU CAN BE REPORTER EDITOR AUTHOR



Journalism and Story-Writing taught by mail. MSS. revised, and sold on commission to Syndicate Sheets. Writing for Profit

THORNTON WEST, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF; FOUNDED 1895
NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 67 The Baldwin, INDIANAPOLIS

DEAFNESS

The Morley Ear-Drum is the most recent and most effective *invisible* device for the relief of deafness. It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

The Morley Company, Dept. T
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

Sutton and Hynes, Bankers

(Continued from Page 10)

Not wishing to be diverted, she had slipped it back under the carpet and gone on.

Now she ran upstairs. The key was still under the carpet; and she knew where the money was as plainly as though she had seen it lying in the tin box.

But her problem was still with her. There must be some crisis impending in the bank. Her father, his mind worn out of gear, had probably taken this wild plunge in view of that crisis. If she should take the money out of the tin box the desperate man might resort to some other and more reckless expedient.

"Already," she thought, "he wavers along the verge of madness. One further shock may quite overthrow him." And if she [illegible] the money he might use it and be [illegible]. That at all hazards she must prevent. [illegible] meantime she could only wait, watch, [illegible]

When the family were around the sitting-room lamp that evening she noticed that her father was not reading, although he had a magazine in his hands. His eyes looked through the page and he did not turn the leaves. He was of a dignified, almost a noble appearance in his hard way. Now and then he put his hand up to his great beard. He had been a cabinet-maker in his youth. She noticed the hands, the strong and too skillful fingers. "Something has eaten into his mind; there is a slowly spreading spot of madness in him," she thought—then, at once, "Oh, if the air would only turn gracious! If it would only rain!"

In her room that night she went on with her tangled problem, bending all her faculties to it.

Suddenly she thought, with a prickle of the nerves, "If I could get hold of five thousand dollars in bills that could not be identified and change the packages, he would be safe."

Then it flashed upon her, "Why, this is just what he did. Thus he bent his mind and studied and brooded until he was ready for anything. In this way he came to take the package. He would not give up. His pride would not permit that. So he went on in his proud isolation—just as I am doing!"

The prickle of alarm again ran along her nerves. She thought, "After all, am I just like him? In spite of all the different training, different outlooks, different tastes, are we just alike at bottom?"

She put this before her: "If I should go to him, ask him to confess and make restitution and take his punishment? If I should go to Bob and tell him all?" She held that before her for some minutes, looking at it steadily. And she answered herself: "No, it is not crime that we have to deal with; it is insanity; it is a deranged mind."

But after she had accepted this answer she had a doubt whether it was not her pride that had answered; whether it was not in the blood that she had inherited from her father that she must go on and struggle to the end.

She gathered herself up. Whatever it was, she would go on.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

* * *

An Awkward Detail

WHEN Irving Bacheller was at the head of a newspaper syndicate in New York, some years before Eben Holden had made him wealthy and famous, he always sat in a large porch rocking-chair before a queer-shaped desk so heaped with letters that every few minutes a little epistolary avalanche would shoot down from it to the floor. One day a friend found him in a more than usually meditative state and said to him:

"What's the matter, Irving; got an idea?"

"Y-e-s," answered Bacheller very slowly, "a big one. One that will make us all rich. You know the great auk is extinct, and that there are only four of its eggs in existence. They are worth thousands of dollars apiece, and a great auk itself would be priceless. My notion is to get these eggs and hatch 'em."

"But how will you hatch them?" asked the other.

"Oh," answered Bacheller visibly annoyed, "I haven't given that part any thought yet. It's a mere detail—a mere detail. The plan is bound to succeed. And it will make us all rich."

SOME PEOPLE
Call Thrift Luck

Thousands of thrifty men and women have built up savings accounts in this bank that have not only made them independent but placed them in a class looked upon as lucky. Yet there was no luck—only thrift and economy—and a determination to succeed. This bank encourages thrift by accepting deposits in any amount from $1 up and paying interest at the rate of

4% COMPOUNDED EVERY SIX MONTHS

The following table shows the rapid growth of small weekly savings:

Weekly Savings	Rate of Interest	For 5 Years	For 10 Years	For 20 Years	For 40 Years
$0.25	Four Per Cent. per annum, compounding twice a year.	$ 73	$ 162	$ 403	$ 1,294
.50		146	324	806	2,588
1.00		293	650	1,614	5,177
2.00		585	1,301	3,228	10,355
5.00		1,462	3,252	8,070	25,888

This bank originated the banking by mail system. It has depositors in all parts of the civilized world.

Booklet and full information sent free if you mention The Saturday Evening Post

Peoples Savings Bank
PITTSBURGH, PA.
FOUNDED 1866.
Capital, Surplus and Profits, $1,116,000.00

ALWAYS READY FOR USE

No Honing! No Grinding!

ELECTRICALLY TEMPERED

Full Hollow Ground, $2.50 each

Two Razors in leather case, $5.50

Send for free book, "HINTS TO SHAVERS."

THE CARBO-MAGNETIC RAZOR

NO SMARTING AFTER SHAVING

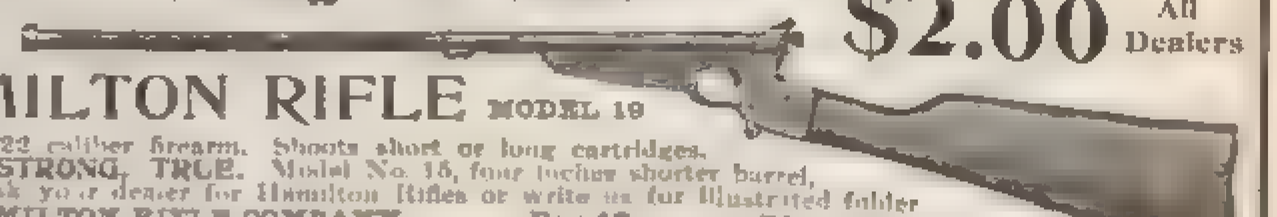
WITH ORDINARY CAREFUL USE WILL KEEP AN EDGE FOR YEARS WITHOUT HONING

"Carbo-Magnetic" Elastic Cushion Strop, $1.00 each

By all dealers in High-Grade Cutlery or sent by manufacturers postpaid.

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, Makers of Griffon Cutlery, 443-444 Broadway, New York

There's Nothing Can Beat THE HAMILTON RIFLE MODEL 19



$2.00 All Dealers

An ideal 22 caliber firearm. Shoots short or long cartridges.
LIGHT. STRONG. TRUE. Model No. 15, four inches shorter barrel, $1.50. Ask your dealer for Hamilton Rifles or write us for illustrated folder.
THE HAMILTON RIFLE COMPANY Box 18 PLYMOUTH, MICH.

How to Buy Farms in the Indian Territory

Send 25c. for book just issued giving full description of the Indian Territory and latest regulations of the Department of the Interior for the sale of land in the Creek Nation. This includes a rainfall map of the Mississippi Valley and the latest map of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, each in colors. A $100 worth of information for 25c. Address

JAMES L. LOMBARD
123 A 614 Homestead Building, Muskogee, I. T.

I CAN SELL YOUR REAL ESTATE no matter where it is or what it is worth.

Send description, state price and learn my wonderfully successful plan.

W. M. OSTRANDER
384 North American Building, PHILADELPHIA

FRENCH GERMAN SPANISH

Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

You begin to speak, read and write from the very first lesson. Over 800,000 students have bought this Method. Class now forming. Free tuition limited.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER LANGUAGE CLUB, Metropolis Building, New York City

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Comfort and service. Guaranteed — "All breaks made good." 50 cents and $1.00. Any shop or by mail.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 231 O, Shirley, Mass.

The Story of a Successful Uphill Fight

Edward T. Page

By an Eye Witness Timothy Wilson LeQuatte

Samuel A. Davis

When I was a young fellow in school, I used only to half believe the stories of how such men as Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield and the rest rose from obscurity to the head of the greatest nation in the world. The financial achievements of Jay Gould from traveling peddler to Money Prince read like an Arabian Night's story. The transformation of such poor boys as Dickens, Longfellow and Whittier into masters of English and of men's hearts as well, seemed to have something of the unreal in it.

And yet it is probable that to the men and women who were in daily contact with these men—to the people who knew of their aspirations, who were intimately acquainted with their earnestness of purpose and their untiring efforts to build solidly and well the foundation of their greatness—to these people there was no mystery about the achievement of the men whose lives have stood out so strongly against a background of ordinary mortals.

Because of my intimate relations with the founders of the first school of advertising in the world I have often been asked to explain how these two young men, from a meagre advertising appropriation of one dollar and seventy cents, have built a business that reaches out into almost every city and town in the United States and into every English-speaking country on the globe—to improve the tone and effectiveness of the advertising done in that town or city.

When I first met Messrs. Page and Davis they had passed the preliminary stage in the development of their idea. Their first city class had been graduated—a class of ten.

Three other classes had followed this first one.

They had demonstrated that the advertising business could be taught. Now they were ready to risk every dollar they had to prove that it could be taught by mail and to even better advantage than by oral lessons.

Practically every point must be put on paper to be illustrated, and, that being the case, it was just as easy to send a correction across the continent as across the room—every pupil must do all the work and, in turn, receive the personal attention of the instructors.

It was a year before I met them that they had conceived the idea of teaching their business to others. Ed. Page had sold out his newspaper down in Indiana, and had demonstrated his ability as an advertising man by making the advertising of "The Leader" (at that time one of the big stores on State Street) the talk of the town and "The Leader" crowds the envy of competitors. From there he had gone to Isaac Woolf's West Side Clothing Store, and had worked with that astute business man to rival anything on the West Side in the way of a clothing house.

The time came when the West Side offered too small a field for the operations of Mr. Woolf and he opened one of the biggest men's clothing stores in the West, on a prominent State Street corner. The advertising of both stores was placed under Mr. Page's direction, and about this time he began to notice the work of a young fellow by the name of Davis who had left his father's little store up in Connecticut and started into business life as the private stenographer of Charles Broadway Rouss, the eccentric millionaire merchant of New York, who, before his death, offered a million dollars for the restoration of his sight.

Young Davis gradually worked into the advertising business after this, filling positions of responsibility in the advertising departments of prominent stores in New York, Pittsburg, Denver and Chicago. The manufacturers of men's clothes were just beginning to realize the possibilities in advertising, and Kuh, Nathan & Fischer, one of the substantial old firms in the business, secured the services of Mr. Davis to manage that department of their business.

Woolf bought some of his stock of Kuh, Nathan & Fischer, and in coöperating on plans for pushing the sale of K. N. & F. goods through Woolf's stores the two advertising men came to know each other and to respect each other's mastery of the details of the business.

The strong points of one supplemented those of the other and made a perfect combination. Gradually their daily discussions at lunch and in the course of business developed the fact that the demand for good advertising men far exceeded the supply. The demand was growing without any apparent increase in the supply. The situation evidently called for some one to create a supply, and they decided to do it by teaching others the business it had taken them so many weary years to learn.

The $1.70 advertisement in the classified columns of "The Chicago Tribune" brought a score of inquiries, and they have often pointed out to me the table, over in one corner of the Boston Oyster House, where they opened that first mail over their lunch and formed the Page-Davis School of Advertising over the mail. When I first met them, a little over a year after this, they had graduated their first class and had moved from the little office in Steinway Hall to a couple of small rooms in the Medinah Temple. They met there at noons and in the evenings to go over their mail, answer letters and correct lessons.

At first I was about as skeptical as other men in the business were. I doubted whether this business could be taught. The advertising school was a sort of a joke to most of us. But I soon discovered that it was no joke to Page and Davis. As they were busy all day in their regular positions, it was necessary for me to see them at night about placing their business in the magazines. They started with an inch advertisement in Munsey's Magazine, and we spent three long evenings in working out copy that would express all of their confidence in the advertising business, the possibilities for students and the ability of Edward T. Page and Samuel A. Davis to give the necessary instruction, without making it so strong that the average man would not believe it. That was always their great fear—that people would not believe it.

That their fears were well-grounded was evidenced when our agency offered their advertisement to one of the best-known monthly periodicals in the United States. Their manager rightly conceived it to be his duty to protect the readers of his magazine against imposition, whether intentional or not, by advertisers or would-be advertisers in its columns. While disclaiming any intention to charge the Page-Davis Co. with intentionally misrepresenting the facts, he persistently declined their advertising on the ground that in his opinion no one could teach the advertising business by mail.

I had by this time come to understand their ideas so well, and had seen so many evidences of their ability and disposition to carry out every promise they made, that I offered the business to this publisher again and again; but it was almost a year before he finally accepted it. He was so thoroughly converted at last, however, that within three years from his first refusal of the business he was helping to organize one of the first of the imitators of this original school of advertising.

Even so liberal, broad-minded and big-hearted a fellow as the Western Representative of the "Youth's Companion" (who has since died in the very prime of his usefulness) felt that he could not conscientiously allow the Page-Davis proposition to be presented to the readers of the "Youth's Companion." It sounded too good to be true. Letters and evidence of all kinds failed to move him, and it was nearly a year before the columns of his paper were thrown open to the school for whose business every publisher is now asking.

But the opposition they encountered in those early days was a good thing for the school. It put the teachers on their mettle, and soon it was impossible to even hint at the possibility of inability on their part to keep the promises made in their advertising matter and to back up their strong statements about the school without being met with a mass of evidence that compelled belief in their ability and sincerity.

Even after the school had been running for nearly three years and had established a national reputation, the advertising manager of one of the monthly publications, in the heat of a controversy over some matter of policy, made an assertion in a letter that reflected on the good name of the school. Mr. Page and Mr. Davis did not rest until they had secured sworn statements from hundreds of students in all parts of the country, covering and completely refuting the publisher's slander. Not content with this, they gathered stacks of letters from advertisers and newspaper men who employed their students or had occasion to come in contact with their work. When the publisher was confronted with this mass of evidence he simply threw up his hands and said, "I had no idea that you had any such evidence of the success of your work. You are losing a great opportunity. Why don't you print this in our magazine?"

At another time a publisher questioned their statement that "Advertisement-writers earn from $25.00 a week to $100.00 a week." Immediately they began the collection and tabulation of statistics showing that practically every employed student of the school was earning at least $25.00 a week and that a number were earning over $5000.00 a year. These figures came to them in the shape of sworn statements over the signatures of their students and corroborative letters from employers. In addition to this, they were able to produce file after file of letters from retail stores, manufacturing concerns and mail-order houses offering to pay salaries ranging from $25.00 a week up, to students who were capable of handling their work.

Added to all of this was a compilation of statistics showing that thousands of firms were spending from $10,000 a year to a million dollars a year in advertising their business. To any one who was at all acquainted with the business it was an easy matter to demonstrate that a capable man, thoroughly versed in the details and principles of the business, could actually save over a thousand dollars a year to his firm out of a $10,000 appropriation. Aside from the money saved in the actual purchase of space, printing, illustrations, etc., the increase in the "pulling power" of a properly constructed advertisement over the work of an untrained man would increase the value of an appropriation many fold.

One of the most deeply rooted prejudices and one of the hardest to overcome was the idea that advertisement-writers were "born, not made." People believed that unless a man was foreordained to become an advertisement-writer he might just as well stick to the ribbon-counter or to such other lowly position as destiny or his own laziness had consigned him to.

Page and Davis took the ground that a man advertised for the purpose of selling his goods. Therefore the man who handled the advertising was a salesman pure and simple, and any man who could sell goods over a counter or in an office or on the road could be taught to sell the same goods by advertising. They have proven by their own students that any man or woman with common sense and a common-school education can learn the advertising business if he will study its principles and master its details as taught in their course.

Hundreds of small merchants and men of affairs have taken up the work within the last five years with the purpose of applying it to their own business, and I have never heard of a single one who was not satisfied that he had made a good investment.

This idea of educating the business men and their employees brought forth some amusing protests from old-time advertising men who objected to this invasion of what they considered their particular field. Of course, the more incompetent the fellow was, the more vigorously he protested—and naturally enough, for the education of his employer or of his employer's clerks meant an exposure of his bluff—his bread and butter depended on his ability to hoodwink his employer. One of these parasites, who fortunately have but few representatives in the advertising business, undertook to read Mr. Page a lecture on the sin of overcrowding the profession. While Mr. Page was listening to his story and incidentally leading him to the wildest flights of argument Mr. Davis was quietly going through the files, and presently he laid before his man a compilation from Dun's and Bradstreet's, from the United States official reports and from official reports of the various States, showing that if all of the firms who could use an advertising man to advantage were to be supplied, it would tax the capacity of the Page-Davis Co. for the next seventy-five years, and then the profession would be infinitely less crowded than the Law, Medicine or any of the older professions.

Then Mr. Page produced their records and made the fellow acknowledge that Page and Davis had established more new advertising departments than any other two men in the world. Needless to say, that ended the argument.

Both Page and Davis have a habit of answering inquiries from the curious by an illustration of some kind. Not long ago a man called Mr. Davis' attention to the fact that other schools claimed to have the same or a similar course to the Page-Davis Co. The answer was a story of Napoleon and a fellow-countryman who was always kept busy denying that he was the Emperor. When Napoleon's attention was called to the resemblance, the Great General only smiled and remarked, "Strange, no one ever takes me for Monsieur ——."

Of course they have their imitators, just as one successful gold-mine or oil-well develops hundreds of companies that promise wonderful things and finally leave their stockholders with some beautifully engraved stock certificates and a large deficit.

Others may intend to do the best they can for the students, but they have not had the experience of the Page-Davis Co. in building up the business and cannot hope to catch up with them in efficiency. Some one brought this point up in conversation with Mr. Page the other day. He laughed and said, "You know Darwin believed in the theory that man was descended from a monkey. That may be true—but it took ages to develop the complete man."

"Yes," added Mr. Davis, "my boy is a husky little fellow, but he will never be as old as his father as long as I live, and these other fellows can never catch up with us with the start we have and the hard work we have put into every lesson."

For several years both men have given their entire attention to the school. It is their business, and they conduct it on careful, conservative business lines. They don't send out printed matter promiscuously. If you want to examine their elegant prospectus or get any of their interesting literature write to their office at 90-92 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

The Saturday Evening Post Advertiser.

The EDISON
PHONOGRAPH

The **Phonograph** is the most delightful of all home entertainments.

Don't buy any talking machine until you have heard the **Phonograph** at the nearest dealer's.

5000 Stores sell Phonographs with Mr. Edison's recent wonderful improvements.

National Phonograph Co., Orange, N. J.

NEW YORK 83 Chambers St. CHICAGO 304 Wabash Ave. SAN FRANCISCO 933 Market St.

EUROPE: Antwerp, Belgium, 32 Rempart Saint Georges.

YOU LOOK AT YOUR NAILS
THEN USE
POLPASTA

Saves time, prevents brittle nails, cures callous cuticle, and gives the nails that peculiar well-cared-for-nicely-polished-look.

Not a Rouge, a Polishing Paste, 25 cts. per Jar

This outfit of TRADE F.B. MARK Manicure Goods, by mail for 25 cents.
- One F. B. Flexible File.
- Six F. B. Emery Boards.
- One F. B. Orange Stick.
- Sample of Polpasta.
- Sample of F. B. Nail Powder.

FORQUIGNON MFG. CO., 12 E. 16th St., New York

Samples and the book "How to Manicure" for 10 cents.

LUCKY PIN!

Oxidized Silver, Ruby Eyes—Unique—Attractive—**Appeals to everybody.** Sent post paid for **25 cts.** Stamps or Silver. **Order today.** You'll be delighted.

THE J. ARTHUR COMPANY
22 Colonial Arcade, Cleveland, O.

JOURNALISM

Bright young men and women, with a taste for writing, should cultivate it. The field of Journalism offers to ambitious students, money, fame, power. We train *by mail* to do every branch of literary work for newspaper and magazine. Write for "The How of It." **Free.**

SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
195 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

YOU CAN SUCCEED

in the poultry business just as we have if you follow the same plans. We tell all about what we have done and how we did it, in our new year book,

"Poultry for Profit"

Gives cuts of every variety of fowl, together with prices for **singles, pairs, trios and pens,** and eggs for hatching, in season. Cuts and plans for poultry houses. It costs too much money and time to be given away, but is sent for **10 cents.**

THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 18, Freeport, Ill.

SUSPENDERS GUYOT

Easiest, most comfortable. Have indestructible buttonholes. If not at dealer's send 50 cents for sample pair.

OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, New York City

Shorthand a Mine

We loan you a Remington machine, teach you Shorthand & Typewriting by Mail, and help you get a position in Chicago at good salary and with sure promotion. Mer. Sten. Inst. 195 Canal, Chicago Ill.

TELEGRAPHY

quickly taught. Situations secured for graduates. Established 31 years. Send for illustrated catalog.

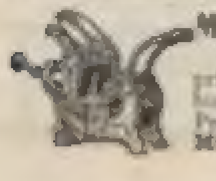
VALENTINES' SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Janesville, Wis.

GINSENG Culture is the very best "Rainy Day" Insurance. Safe as a Government Bond. 100 times as profitable. ¼ acre worth $10,000.00. *Particulars 4 cents.*

T. H. SUTTON, C 1820 W. Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.

STAMPS 100 all different Peru, Cuba, Bolivia, Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, Costa Rica, Turkey, Tunis, etc., **and ALBUM, only 10c.** 1000 fine mixed, 20c. 1000 hinges, 10c. 65 different U. S., 25c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. 1903 List **FREE.**

C. A. Stegman, 5948 Cote Brilliante Av., St. Louis, Mo.



MAKE MONEY with a MODEL PRESS

Men and boys everywhere are earning money printing cards, envelopes, letter heads, etc., for business houses. Outfit $5 up; 5 x 8 Foot Power Press, $32.50. Send stamp for catalogue A.

MODEL PRESS, 708 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

A Senator of Two Republics

(*Concluded from Page 7*)

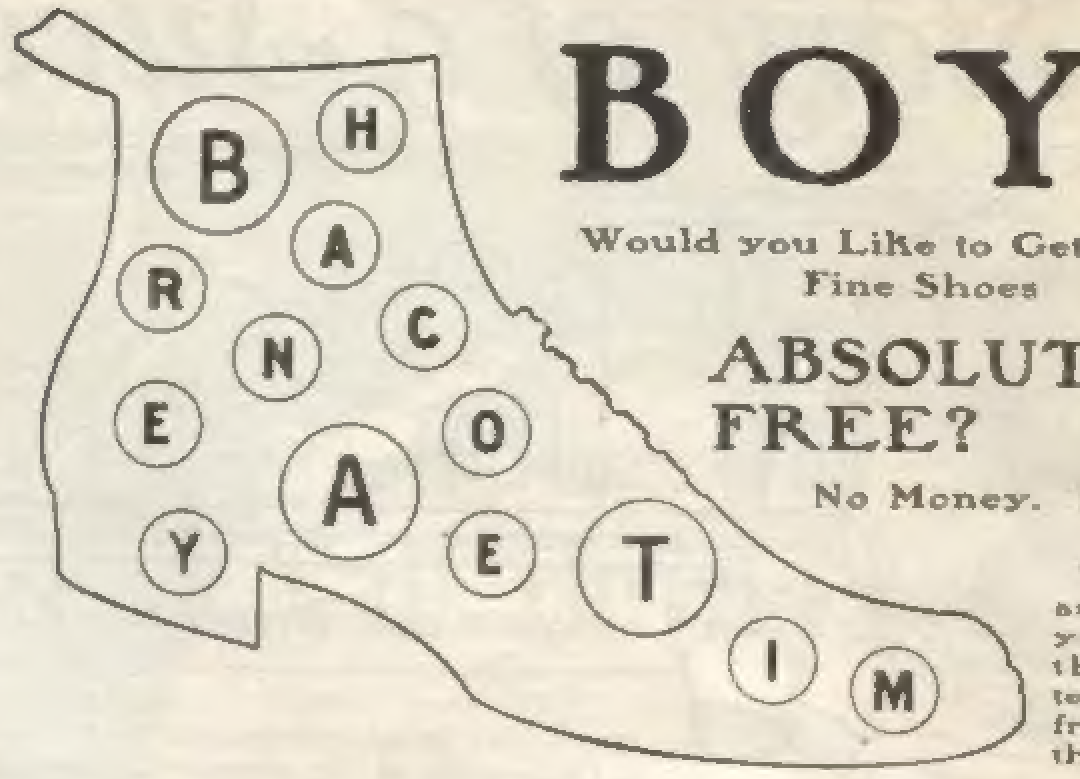
the question of the free coinage of both gold and silver at a fixed ratio, and I endeavored to impress upon him the absolute necessity of finding some compromise as to existing differences of opinion on the money question between Democrats. Just before I left for the train Mr. Cleveland asked me when I should go to Washington, and I told him that I should leave New York for Washington on the next day. He asked me to see Bland, and, without informing him of our conversation on the silver question, that I should sound him as to whether he and his friends would agree to the reënactment of what was known as the Bland-Allison Law providing for the coinage of not less than two nor more than four million of silver dollars each month. He asked me if I thought such legislation could pass the Senate, and when I assured him that it could, he said he would see Crisp, Speaker of the House of Representatives, when he reached Washington, and would learn from him what would be the chance of reënacting such legislation in the House. He requested me, after seeing Bland, to call upon him at the White House, after the brass bands and processions had left the city, and let him know the result of my interview.

I saw Bland three days afterward at my house in Washington, and after a long conversation, lasting some three hours, he reluctantly agreed to support the reënactment of the Bland-Allison Act, although he did not believe that the Goldbugs, as he called them, would assent to any such legislation. About four days after Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated I called upon him at the White House and told him that Bland would support the reënactment of the Bland-Allison Law, but that he did so with some reluctance. To my surprise, the President said emphatically that since our conversation at Lakewood he had come to the conclusion that not another silver dollar should be coined, and that the only financial measure he could approve would be the removal of the tax upon the circulation of State banks, which had been suggested to him the day before by Senator M. C. Butler, of South Carolina. Speaker Crisp told me afterward that the President had talked with him about the possibility of reënacting the Bland-Allison Law in the House, and that he had told the President there would be no trouble about such legislation.

No one was more strenuously opposed to the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act than myself, and I did everything in my power, with voice and vote, to defeat the recommendation of President Cleveland, but I have never thought and never said that he had any sinister or unpatriotic motive in his action upon that subject.

On April 10, 1897, as the sun began to redden the Eastern sky, Daniel W. Voorhees died in the City of Washington within a little more than one month after he had closed his public career. At the instance of Senator Morrill, a letter had been prepared and addressed to Senator Voorhees a few weeks before the end of the last session of his service asking him to deliver a lecture in the City of Washington on any subject he might select. Lying upon his death bed, and after the icy fingers of the great enemy were clutching at his heart-strings, he prepared a lecture entitled The Holy Sepulchre, or A Lawyer's View of the Divinity of Jesus of Nazareth. He never lived to deliver this lecture, but it will be found in the first volume of his speeches and lectures published by his children after he had passed away. It was eminently proper that the last work of his great brain and great heart should be an eloquent and earnest defense of the Christian religion. This lecture should be read in every home throughout the world, and no more appropriate epitaph could be written upon his tomb than the last sentences, as the pen dropped from his dying hand:

> "The Christian faith neither darkens nor discredits the destiny of the human race; its mission is one of hope and promise and happiness in all the pathways of life on the shores of time. To all the children of men of every faith and creed it comes in blessings; to the blind agnostic who is proud of his blindness, to the groping unbeliever who boasts of his darkness, and even to the eloquent scoffer with his bitter tongue, as well as to the faithful followers of the Cross—to one and to all it comes, with messages of charity, love, mercy, peace, rest and everlasting life, in the name of the Divine Master."



BOYS!

Would you Like to Get a Pair of Fine Shoes

ABSOLUTELY FREE?

No Money. No Labor

We simply ask that when you receive the shoes to tell your boy friends about them.

READ BELOW

WE HAVE been manufacturers of Men's and Boys' fine shoes for many years, and have built up an enormous business. We are putting on the market a ***New Shoe for Boys***—"a shoe like father wears"—with all the good points and stylish features that have been lacking in most boys' shoes heretofore. We will back this shoe with our reputation of 40 years' experience. We realize that ***a good name*** is essential for a good shoe. We have *the name* and would like to see if you can guess it—for if you guess promptly you will be rewarded. We will present absolutely free of all charges a pair of these shoes to the first ***hundred*** (100) boys who will tell us the name of our new shoe—providing the name of best local shoe dealer and his business card accompanies the answer.

EXPLANATION In diagram of shoe appears the various letters spelling the name. The large letters of course are the capitals. This is an easy puzzle, and the name is one that every American boy should guess. ***But do it quickly***—for the first hundred only will be entitled to a pair of shoes free. It will pay every boy to try.

Send in your answers—also dealer's name—to

A. J. BATES & CO.

8 Bates Street WEBSTER, MASS.

The Improved Method of
Finishing Floors

Old or new, for rugs or otherwise, with GRIPPIN'S WOOD CRACK and CREVICE FILLER and FINISHING SPECIALTIES, is very simple and economical, not requiring skilled labor though the highest degree of perfection is attained. We give full instructions for treating all surfaces.

Filling Cracks with Grippin's Filler and Patent Applier

If you have the care of floors, write to-day for our descriptive matter to

GRIPPIN MFG. CO.,
Dept. 8, Newark, New York

Marlin **16-Gauge** Shotgun

This is the smallest and lightest weight (about 6 1-2 pounds) repeating gun ever manufactured, and opens up many new possibilities to the up-to-date sportsman. It is not a 16 barrel on a 12 action, but a new, well-balanced, properly-proportioned gun that, with modern smokeless powders, enables a shooter to use a powerful load in a small shell and reduce, materially, the weight of shells and gun to be carried. The small, light gun handles fast, results in close holding and increased accuracy. *Full description in new Marlin Catalog No. A 543, just out.*

Send three stamps for postage to THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

This is the Kind of Evidence that Settles Every Question

"I am a Page-
IN HOC SIGNO
THE
STUDENTS AND
OF THE
Page-Davis Company
Enrolled through the New York office
PRESENT THROUGH
Mr. Samuel A. Davis, President
THIS TESTIMONIAL OF THEIR APPRE
KIND AND UNSPARING EFFORTS
Page-Davis Company
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT AND SUCCESS
New York, N.Y. May

It is a manifestation of appreciation. Another glowing tribute to the efficiency of the Page-Davis Method

We are satisfied to rest with your decision based upon the evidence from our students, who cover the entire civilized globe

Notice to You

Business men want Page-Davis graduates because the principles of the institution appeal to people with a proper mental foundation upon which to build a successful business career.

Notice to Employers

Concerns desirous of engaging competent advertisement-writers at a salary of $25 to $100 per week are requested to communicate with us. This service is gratis.

Is it possible that thinking men and women could ask for a more sincere opinion—a keener appreciation of the personal interest both Mr. Page and Mr. Davis give the students of advertising? Could you, with the slightest degree of fairness toward the opinions of honest, intelligent men and women, demand more proof of the real merits of the Page-Davis System of Instruction?

We Ask You as a Fair-Minded Person to Reason It Out for Yourself.

The character and standing of the institution is determined by the character of its students and *vice-versa*. This is a tribute that comes from the hearts of our students—of every man and woman who gave toward it. No word of mouth could speak more sincerely and with such fullness of the soul as does this gift from the students to their instructors.

It is a reflection of their thoughts. It is a sealed approval of our labor. It is an evidence of friendship. It is a proof of loyalty and the acknowledgment of our faithfulness in keeping our word.

On first consideration it would seem almost impossible that a body of students, whose only acquaintance with their instructors is through correspondence, should meet in unison and bestow upon these instructors a substantial sign of their endorsement of this course of study. The astonishment which is created in the minds of the general public is only natural because the Page-Davis Company is the first institution of correspondence instruction to receive such honors.

One year ago, April 21st, 1902, Mr. Page was given a banquet by the students in New York City, and now again on Thursday evening, May 14th, 1903, the new students and graduates have signified their appreciation of the work done under these instructors, by bestowing on Mr. Samuel A. Davis a loving cup.

There is a Reason for It

No other Correspondence School in the World Can Lay Claim to Similar Honors—honors that cannot be purchased—they are beyond price—they must be earned. The Page-Davis Company is the original school. The Page-Davis Students are the first to recognize the value of that fact and know of its importance.

We are glad to have you ask us what has the Page-Davis Company done, what our students are doing, and what we can do for you. We will answer promptly and completely, if you write to us for our large prospectus, mailed free.

It is universally conceded that no one ever dared to attempt to teach advertising until the Page-Davis Company proved it could be done. No one ever thought of teaching advertisement writing until the Page-Davis Company proved the practicability of teaching it. Every man who attempts to teach advertisement writing in his limited way speaks to the world of the efficiency and thus recognizes the success of the Page-Davis instruction. Every man holding a position to-day is a living evidence of the value of the Page-Davis instruction. Every student absorbing the instruction of the Page-Davis Company is adding his share to the accumulation of evidence. Each has his way of proclaiming the results of the Page-Davis system.

Page-Davis Company Should Not Be Subjected to Comparison

It is no more than natural to presume that the concern relied upon to prove to the business world the possibilities of teaching advertising, is sure to keep abreast in all the improvements necessary to qualify every student. You can therefore rest assured that the Page-Davis Company have omitted nothing that should be embodied in their course, nor have they added anything to the course that should be left out. Nothing would be gained by such procedure and it would not be good business policy.

There is No Gain in Experimenting

Now write to the Page-Davis Company, the institution that has not only supplied this possibility but the institution that stands alone for creating a method of instruction never solved by others and for its imparting of the vital principles of publicity in such a manner as to preclude every hope of approach. There is but one original method; there is but one original school. "Learn to write advertisements" and the name Page-Davis Company are to-day one and inseparable.

Do you realize the full significance of these facts to you? When we say, we can positively teach you advertisement writing by mail and fit you to earn from $25 to $100 per week we simply reiterate what those who have graduated and profited by our instruction are saying for us. Our lessons are for each individual, and just as personal as if you were the only student.

Now write to us at once—it takes one minute and one cent. Mr. Page and Mr. Davis will be pleased to correspond with you and explain everything to your fullest satisfaction.

Send for our handsome Prospectus—it tells all

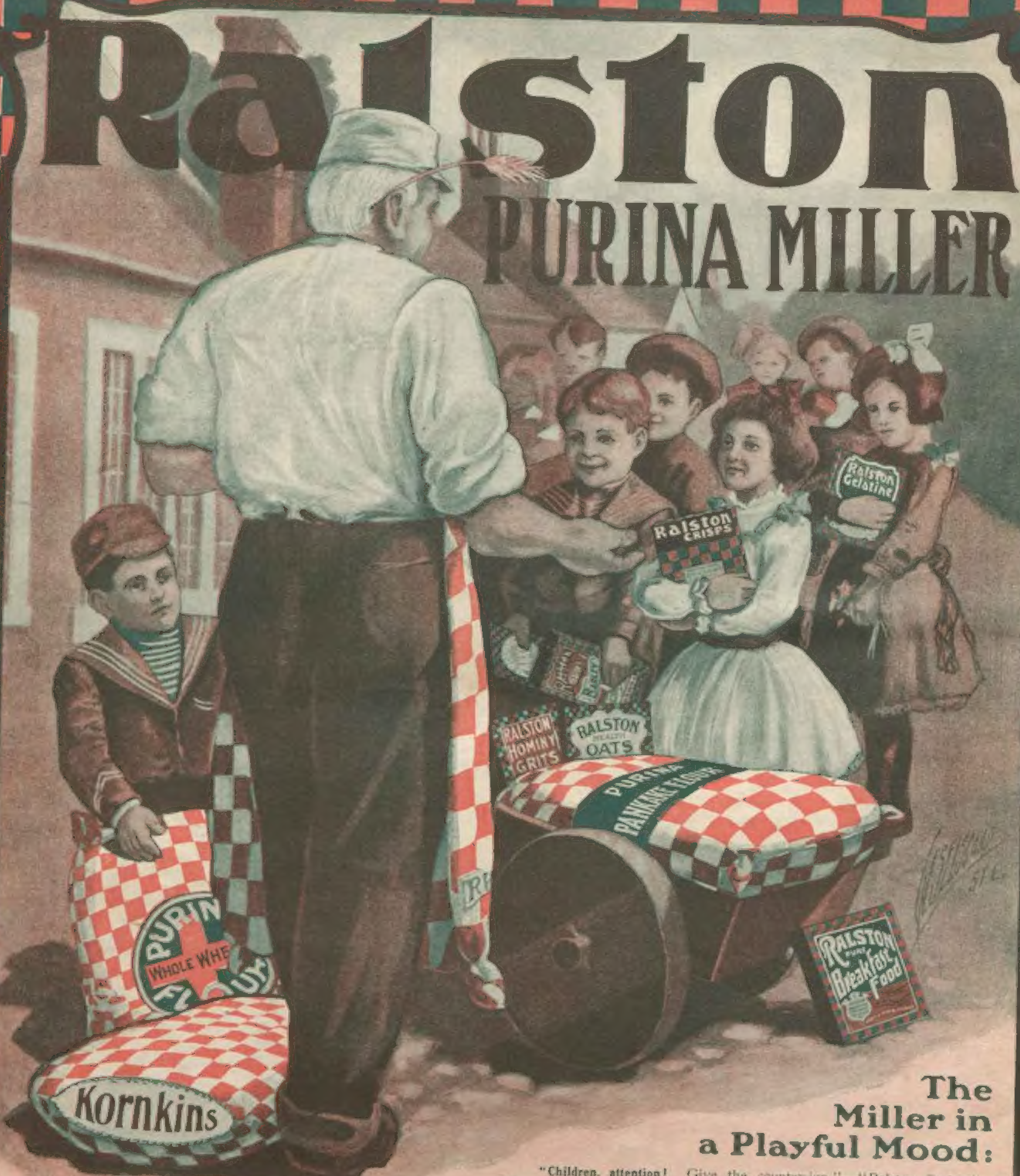
Page-Davis Company

Taught thoroughly, practically and exclusively by mail

(Address Either Office)

Suite 918, 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Suite 1718, 150 Nassau St., New York City


Ralston
PURINA MILLER
Ralston Crisps
Ralston Gelatine
RALSTON HOMINY GRITS
RALSTON HEALTH OATS
PURINA PANKAKE FLOUR
PURINA WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR
Kornkins
RALSTON PURE Breakfast Food

The Miller in a Playful Mood:

"**Children, attention!** Give the countersign."—"Ralston Purina." "How does it come?"—"In 'Checkerboard' packages." "Answer to the roll call: Ralston Breakfast Food"—"*Here.*" "Ralston Barley Food"—"*Here.*" "Ralston Health Oats"—"*Here.*" "Ralston Hominy Grits"—"*Here.*" "Ralston Kornkins"—"*Here.*" "Ralston Cereal Coffee"—"*Here.*" "Ralston Health Crisps"—"*Here.*" "Ralston Baking Powder"—"*Here.*" "Ralston Health Gelatine"—"*Here.*" "Purina Pankake Flour"—"*Here.*" "Purina Whole Wheat Flour"—"*Here.*" "Purina Pankake Syrup"—"*Here.*" "Ralston "Good. My compliments to your mothers, and tell them **if you just live up to Checkerboard Foods you'll be good children.**"

Ralston Purina Company

"Where Purity is Paramount"

St. Louis

How to get another $1.00 Magazine FREE for One Year: You'll find a Magazine Coupon in every package of Ralston Purina Foods. Just buy a package of Ralston Breakfast Food, or Ralston Crisps, and find out about this—the most liberal offer we've ever made. No chance—if you buy the variety you get your choice of any $1.00 Magazine FREE for *one year.*